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VOL · XXI

The American MERCURY

SEPTEMBER 1930

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY

H · L · MENCKEN

THE INSURANCE RACKET
ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

A Poet in a Cathedral	RAYMOND [illegible]
Uncle Sam in Siberia	OLAND D. RUSSELL
Lost Shepherds	E. BOYD BARRETT
Swell Letters in California	CAREY McWILLIAMS
The First Day Out	LAWRANCE MAYNARD
Negroes in [illegible]	ELEANOR R. WEMBRIDGE
Americanization: Three Cases	LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN
The Marvelous Cinema	ERNEST NEWMAN

Reviews of the New Books and Music

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VOLUME XXI September 1930 NUMBER 81

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

A HISTORY OF MODERN CULTURE.
By Preserved Smith. *Henry Holt & Company*
$5 8½ x 5⅜; 672 pp. *New York*

This is the first volume of a work that proposes to "survey the intellectual progress of Western culture as a whole"; it covers the period from 1543 to 1687. The material presented is of vast extent, but Dr. Smith's treatment of it is so skillful that the narrative runs smoothly and clearly. There are four main divisions. In the first the author deals with the physical sciences, including mathematics; in the second there is a discussion of philosophy, political theory, historiography, and biblical and classical scholarship; in the third, education, law and the influence of the churches are taken up, and in the fourth there are chapters on morals and manners, literature, art, and the general character of the age. In such a survey, of course, certain matters are bound to get relatively little attention, and in this one Dr. Smith says much less than he might have said about folk-lore, music, and the daily life of the common people. But what he actually discusses he deals with in a highly intelligent way, and so his book has great value. There are good bibliographies at the end and an adequate index.

THE OUTLAW YEARS.
By Robert M. Coates. *The Macaulay Company*
$3 8⅛ x 5½; 307 pp. *New York*

After a brief preface dealing with the general hardships of the pioneers of the Southwest, 1760-1800, Mr. Coates turns to the outlaws who preyed upon them during the thirty-five years following. These outlaws operated along the rude highways of the time—the Natchez trail, the Wilderness road, and so on—and along the rivers, especially the Ohio. They were men of great brutality and many of their murders were atrocious in the extreme. In the end nearly all of them came to violent ends. Micajah Harpe, for example, was executed by the bloody device of sawing off his head with a butcher knife. Mr. Coates devotes chapters to the two Harpes, Micajah and Willy, to Joseph Hare, to Samuel Mason, and to John Murrell. He presents no new material, but he offers a readable summary of the facts. There are a number

Continued on page vi

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

of amusing contemporary illustrations, and at the end there is a good bibliography, but the volume lacks an index.

MRS. GRUNDY.
By Leo Markun. *D. Appleton & Company*
$5 8¾ x 5⅞; 666 pp. *New York*

Mr. Markun opens this history of wowserism in the English-speaking lands, appropriately enough, with a chapter on John Calvin. He proceeds to an amusing account of the struggle between the flesh and the genteel conscience in England, culminating with the triumph of the latter under Victoria. Then he turns to the United States, and finds material for six long chapters. His narrative would have been more interesting if it had not been so long. Not infrequently he ranges over so much ground that the thread of his argument is lost. But his book will be a valuable source for future workers in the same field. It is lavishly illustrated and presents an immense mass of facts.

UR OF THE CHALDEES.
By C. Leonard Woolley. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7¼ x 4⅞; 210 pp. *New York*

Dr. Woolley, who is director of the joint expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania to Mesopotamia, has had long experience in the Euphrates region, and is probably better informed about its antiquities than any other man. The tombs whose contents he here describes go back to 3200-3500 B.C., and under them lies rubbish that is much older. They show that a relatively high civilization flourished in Sumer at least 5000 years ago. Dr. Woolley's narrative is pleasantly written and full of human touches. He describes movingly, for example, how he spent three weeks lifting a huge copper bull from its ancient bed, only to see it fall to pieces. His little book is well illustrated and at the end there is an index.

COMMUNIST & COÖPERATIVE COLONIES.
By Charles Gide. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$2.50 8½ x 5⅞; 223 pp. *New York*

Dr. Gide, who is one of the leading economists of Europe and has been a professor at the Universities of Bordeaux, Montpelier, and Paris, here outlines briefly the histories of the nearly 200 coöperative communities that have flourished in the world since the Industrial Revolution. Most of them had their being in the United States, and nearly all of the rest in some other section of the New World. They are by no means all dead. "Some of these associations are dying every day, but every day new ones are being born." Their founders "imagine that property

Continued on page viii

The Medieval Peasants Covering Their Fires for the Night, Gave Us Our Word

Curfew

In the Middle Ages, the peasants of France were required to cover or to extinguish their fires at a fixed hour in the evening. A bell was rung to notify them of the time to obey the command, "Cover the fire"—in French *couvre feu*. The French came to call the bell, and the time of its ringing, *covrefeu* or *cuevrefu*. The Norman French conquerors used it in England, and the medieval English adopted it as *curfu*, meaning the hour and the signal for all citizens to retire to their homes. It became *curfew*, which to-day, although indicating perhaps a later hour, still is the time, or the signal, to retire from public places.

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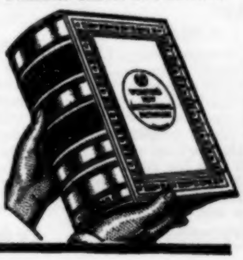

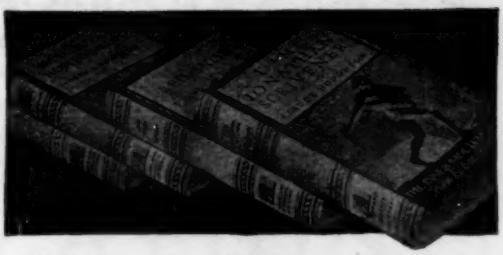

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

is the chief cause of dissensions among men in present-day society, as it is between nations, and that when property is abolished harmony will reign undisturbed. But . . . experience shows that if private property gives rise to conflict, so does community of property, and even more frequently. Moreover, it is a commonplace with students of law that joint ownership is the greatest cause of dissension between coproprietors, and it is therefore limited by law to a short period." Anyway, these coöperative communities seem to meet "one of the needs of mankind," and it is by no means unlikely that "either this century or next these communitarian associations—or integral coöperative societies, if you like—may occupy as large a place in the world as the religious communities did in the Middle Ages."

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

MARRIAGE: *Past, Present & Future.*
By Ralph de Pomerai. *Richard R. Smith*
$4 8¾ x 5½; 370 pp. *New York*

"Modern marriage," says Mr. de Pomerai, in his preface, "is in the melting-pot, our sexual relations are chaotic, and our conventional sexual morality is no longer authoritative." He then plunges into a

Continued on page x

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

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THAT MAN DAWES

BY PAUL R. LEACH. *Illustrated*
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The intimate, authorized story of America's most colorful statesman by the well known political writer of the Chicago Daily News. In addition to presenting a comprehensive, vivid picture of Dawes himself, Mr. Leach has drawn judiciously from his thorough knowledge of present-day politics to unite his study significantly to a clearly outlined, sweeping background of modern governmental affairs.

To be published October 15.

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BY ELISABETH CUTTING *Illustrated*
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8 vo. 361 pages. The present biography is an impartial attempt to discover the man, both through the estimates of contemporaries and through his letters and speeches. The author has assembled much source material in regard to England and France and the South that throws light on the period. The volume is a considered study of a strangely mixed and provocative character.

To be published September 12th.

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BY RICHARD COUNT DU-MOULIN ECKART
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WHAT'S AHEAD? Turn to page 8 and read advance announcements of important books soon to be published. They are conveniently listed under "FORTHCOMING BOOKS"

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

rapid survey of the history of the institution, and with that out of the way he takes up its future. It is in the latter section that he shines. Before many decades are gone, he says, "children will be practically cared for, educated, and supported by the state . . . ; the separate home will in a large number of cases cease to exist—its place possibly being taken by large commodious flats, with attached restaurants and every possible convenience. Working hours, already reduced to eight hours a day, will possibly be halved; considerable leisure will be available for all, and sexual relations will no longer be haunted by the spectres of disease and involuntary maternity." Of course, since "marriage is an ideal human society, the success of which is dependent upon physical, mental, temperamental, and spiritual compatibility, and as such compatibility cannot adequately be estimated except by prolonged cohabitation, human marriage must necessarily remain highly hazardous, and hence, in the interests of the individuals and human society, reasonable facilities for divorce must always be granted." But there is no need to worry. "We believe that the quality of deity is emergent in man, and that humanity will eventually enter into its full human and divine inheritance."

MUST ENGLAND LOSE INDIA?

By Arthur Osburn. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5½; 280 pp. *New York*

Lieut.-Colonel Osburn has been a surgeon in the British Army for more than twenty-five years, and in that capacity has spent long stretches of time in India. What he says about the country and its people here therefore comes from first-hand knowledge. The chief blame for the mess in the East he lays at the door of England. His compatriots, he says, in the beginning "raided and plundered, settled and intrigued on the rich coasts of India," so that now the country is "sucked dry." Later comers have done nothing to remedy conditions. Nearly all of them have treated the natives with "an overbearing arrogance and open contempt." Like the university and public school authorities back home, they have been "amazingly ignorant . . . concerning India and all things Indian." Something has to be done immediately. "As things are going now it looks as if we shall, and in the not distant future," lose India. Col. Osburn "looks forward to the time when the United States of India will dwell contented within the orbit of the British Commonwealth." In the meantime he urges greater care in the selection of officials sent there, and also the governmental "encouragement of birth-control" among the natives.

Continued in back advertising section, page xxiv

VOLUME XXI NUMBER 81

The American
MERCURY

September 1930

THE INSURANCE RACKET

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

Every American insurance agent has an attractive life policy for you in case you think of dying, an endowment policy if you still want to live, and an annuity or disability policy if you are in fear of growing old or crippled. If you can afford none of these, he has a promising offer on much more modest "industrial" terms, of a nice coffin and "really decent" funeral. His bag is full of bargains for you, your wife and your children, or, should you feel so inclined, for your parents and employés. You can have them at retail or at wholesale in the new "package" insurance. "Buy insurance," he urges, "and become part-owner of the $19,000,000,000 cash and securities in possession of the insurance companies under their $110,000,000,000 of coverage, which exceeds the total resources of all the banks in the United States and Canada, including savings banks, by about $34,000,000,000." How could anyone resist the temptation of such a chance?

We do not resist. About 70,000,000 of us in the United States and Canada carry a total of 95,000,000 policies. The insurance agents have warned us sufficiently of our great hazards, of the inevitable plight of our widows and children. We have swallowed their bait without thinking very much about the cost of the insurance they offer, its management, or its social efficacy. We still display enough interest in, say, public utility problems as to keep them always under discussion, but, though insurance, under our present way of life, is as essential as gas, light, telephone and water service, the insurance companies keep out of the sunlight of publicity. They all seem so sound and respectable. Insurance itself remains a mystery to most of us, and in the face of dividends, cash surrender values and so on, even experts do not know whether its net costs have gone up or down during the past few decades. The belief that even the humblest policy-holder always gets some benefit has lulled the public conscience and even numbed the pocket nerves.

It was not so in by-gone days. The infallibility and respectability of the private insurance companies are things of comparatively recent origin. The scandals of 1905, disclosed by a New York legislative commission of which the present Chief Justice of the United States, the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, was the chief counsel, are still fresh in the memories of the older generation. The insurance business was still relatively an infant then, and its operating methods were crude and unrefined. As it has grown fat with riches and built for itself magnificent temples, it has become venerable and hence more respectable. Unfortunately, despite these dressy fronts, the essential evils of 1905 remain unreformed.

The 1905 investigation disclosed, among other things, the following outstanding abuses in the private insurance business: (1) Nepotism. (2) Excessive salaries for high officers as against starvation wages for the hordes of clerks and agents. (3) Extravagant costs of writing insurance. (4) An excessive rate of lapses. (5) Control of legislation and public opinion by the expenditure of large sums for lobbying. Outside of the last, light upon which could be shed only by another government investigation, *all the other evils are not only being perpetuated today, but their extravagances and wastefulness are more appalling than ever before.*

In 1905 the nation was shocked to learn that the then president of the New York Life, John A. McCall, had employed his son-in-law, Darwin P. Kingsley, in 1902, at a salary of $35,000, while his son John C. McCall, who graduated from college in 1899, had risen from a salary of $2,500 in that year to $14,000 five years later. Well, in 1928, Mr. Kingsley, now president of the company, received a salary of $126,600; John C. McCall, as a vice-president, received $53,333.21, and Leo McCall, one of the secretaries, received $18,267.08, while Walton Kingsley, a son of Darwin, another secretary, received $23,771.02. Three Buckners in the same company were paid a total of $162,701.62, while another Buckner was a member of the board of directors.

The president of the Metropolitan Life in 1928 was the late Haley Fiske, who drew a salary of $200,000. One of his sons, Archibald, received $35,000 as a vice-president, while another, Haley, Jr., "although only five years with the company as divisional sales manager had [in 1927], for the fourth consecutive year, scored the record among all salesmen of the company in the writing of insurance." Father's tips to Junior were, of course, unfailing! In 1928 also, Frederick H. Ecker, now the president of the Metropolitan, drew a salary of $175,000 as vice-president, while his son Frederick W., as assistant-treasurer, received $25,000. It would seem that insurance executives have not only an infallible eugenic patent, but that their children, like the Prince of Wales, know how to choose their parents.

It was also a startling revelation in 1905 that while the clerks of the Metropolitan Life received an average wage of $775 a year, the president of the company was paid more than $100,000, while the vice-president got $75,000. Today, the clerical staff of the Metropolitan is apparently still underpaid. Late in 1927 it was stated that "a large percentage of the girl clerks start as low as $12 per week and rise from that to $16 weekly at the end of three years, while bookkeepers' salaries run from $18 to $25, rising to a maximum of $33 weekly between the tenth and twentieth year of service." But in 1928 the president of the same company was paid $200,000; one vice-president received $175,000; five other vice-presidents received salaries ranging from $32,500 to $45,000, and the treasurer got $37,000. In the same year, the New York Life, in addition to President Kingsley's huge salary, paid one of its vice-presidents $100,399.85 in "salaries, compensation and emoluments," as the language of the New York Insurance Department has it; eight other vice-presidents received salaries ranging from $23,000 to $53,000; the treasurer received $43,000; and three secretaries received from $15,000 to over $23,000.

In 1928, the year for which the latest reports are available, nineteen persons in the Metropolitan, which employs about 32,000 workers, drew a total of $919,000; twelve persons in the New York Life were paid more than $600,000; and thirteen persons in the Prudential, with about 25,000 employés, drew a total of $538,000. Ten persons in the Equitable Life Assurance Society received $387,961; while seven persons in the Travelers were paid $279,500, and six in the Mutual Life received $260,166. Altogether, eighty high officials of ten of the larger insurance companies received the staggering amount of $3,492,627 during 1928. There is no question that insurance *does* pay!

II

Although all this money comes directly from the pockets of the insured, there has been no complaint or protest against the racket, such as was raised, for instance, when the mayor of the richest and most populous city in the country recently raised his own salary from $25,000 to $40,000 a year. It takes brains, it appears, to be a high-powered insurance executive, and the public is only too happy to pay a large price for his services. Our public servants, some of whom are burdened by far greater responsibilities, do not deserve this consideration. It would seem trite to say that the business of the United States government is as big as that of any of the insurance companies. Yet the President of the United States and the ten members of his Cabinet receive altogether only $225,000 a year, less than one-fourth of what is received by the nineteen heads of the Metropolitan Life, a little over one-third of the total salaries of the twelve heads of the New York Life, and considerably less than the salary received by six officers in one of the smaller insurance companies. The President and the entire Cabinet are paid only $25,000 a year more than the president of the Metropolitan Life alone receives.

It is difficult to obtain reliable information as to the present salaries of the executives of the larger industrial corporations. Such information, under the current democratic control of industry, is withheld from the stockholders. It appears, however, that the cash value set by the insurance executives upon their peculiar talents is far above that claimed by the foremost American railroad executives. An investigation in 1922 by the Senate committee on interstate commerce disclosed the following salaries paid the presidents of the largest railroads, as compared with the $200,000 salary of the president of the Metropolitan. The presidents of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, the Illinois Central, and the Baltimore & Ohio, all of which employ either twice or more than twice the number of workers on the Metropolitan payroll, received respectively $50,000, $65,000 and $67,500 a year. The talents of the presidents of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad, the largest in the world, with five and eight times the number of workers employed by the Metropolitan, were valued at only $53,550 and $57,600 respectively.

Neither are salaries of the size received by insurance executives common among the heads of the oil industry. At a hearing before a Senate subcommittee on manufactures, in 1924, it was revealed that only one of them, the president of the Standard Oil of New Jersey, received a salary of as much as $125,000 in 1922. There were, indeed, few salaries above $50,000. Thus neither among the largest American railroads nor among the largest oil companies is there a salary anywhere near the amounts paid the president and vice-president of the Metropolitan Life.

During the 1905 investigations Vice-president Tarbell of the Equitable testified that the first year's commissions paid to agents on ordinary insurance amounted to about 60% of the premiums and that the commissions on renewals ranged from 7½ to 10%. Similar commissions were paid by the other companies. The public was jolted out of its usual complacency by these disclosures. Stricter regulation of the companies was demanded and enacted. But is the situation any better today?

A little over a year ago Albert Conway, superintendent of the New York State Insurance Department, made a study of the acquisition costs of the different companies. The investigation covered 47 companies authorized to do business in New York State, and 215 companies not authorized to do business there. Mr. Conway found that the acquisition cost in ordinary insurance was 48% in the case of the New York companies, which are limited in their expenditures by law, and 75.5% in the case of the companies not authorized to do business in New York. The renewal expense rate amounted to 14.3% in the case of the companies writing insurance in New York and to 23.4% in the case of the 215 other companies investigated. Of the total new business done in 1928, amounting to $269,713,118.41 in premiums collected, $114,848,777, or 42.5%, was absorbed by commissions alone. Thus we see that while for the strictly regulated companies the acquisition costs have been somewhat reduced, the costs of renewals have increased all along the line.

During 1928, the insurance companies' total expenditures were $2,202,527,550.43. But only $1,540,211,455.90 of this, or 69.9%, was paid to policy-holders; $662,316,094.53, or more than 30 cents in every dollar, went into the costs of management and dividends to stockholders. This was for the companies doing business in New York State. In all companies throughout the United States the expense ratio ran to about 35 cents in every dollar. How many efficiently run businesses require such enormous overhead? In the face of these facts even so inveterate a foe of governmental insurance as Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation, is forced to conclude that

> The overhead costs in commercial insurance companies consume a considerable part of all the premiums paid. . . . They carry on their business under a stress of competition that tends to become more and more sharp. *The selling end of the business tends to overbalance the fundamental purpose for which the companies exist.*

The nation was astounded in 1905 by the discovery that more than 44% of the ordinary policies written by the Prudential were permitted to lapse during the first three years, and that the rate rose to 66% for the same period in the case of industrial policies. As for the Metropolitan, the lapse rate of its industrial policies twenty-five years ago exceeded 51% in the first twelve months. All this was considered scandalous and the prestige of the insurance companies suffered greatly by the disclosure. For the so-called industrial insurance is the kind which, according to a leading insurance authority, is even today "the only medium in this country by which wage-earners of the lower income groups may provide against their most urgent necessities."

The cost of this insurance is extraordinarily high because the premiums are generally collected weekly or monthly in small sums by agents calling at the homes of the insured. Although the persons taking out such policies are those most in need of insurance protection, they are generally least able to pay for it. The primary purpose of industrial insurance is to provide funds "for a decent burial and the expenses of medical attendance during the last illness."

A quarter of a century has elapsed since 1905, and the country has gone through years of unprecedented prosperity. The doctrine that we are a nation of capitalists has been enthusiastically subscribed to, even by many labor leaders. Two years ago President Hoover boldly promised us the abolition of poverty upon his entry into the White House. But have things changed very much? Has the lapse rate on insurance policies been reduced? Has the public indignation of twenty-five years ago caused the companies to reform their methods of writing industrial insurance?

An examination of the published facts shows clearly that, on the contrary, conditions seem considerably worse today. The increased competition and the urge to become the "biggest" or "greatest" company have caused the companies to be ever more careless and negligent of the expenditures of the poorest of our people. The figures below are recorded in the 1929 report of the New York Superintendent of Insurance and relate to the companies authorized to do business in New York.

Of the 22,454,695 ordinary policies outstanding at the close of the prosperous year of 1928, only 563,088, amounting to $1,161,975,765, were terminated by "death, maturity, expiry or disability." Of the rest, 401,219 policies, to the amount of $1,133,613,159, were surrendered for one reason or another, while 764,733 policies, amounting to $2,055,035,127, were permitted to lapse. Thus even in ordinary insurance, we find that for every policy maturing more than two policies are either surrendered or lapsed, involving either complete or partial loss to the policy-holder. For every dollar maturing, nearly $3 is either surrendered or lapsed.

The story of industrial insurance is even more astounding. Of the nearly 72,000,000 industrial policies outstanding in 1928, only 952,809, totaling $209,913,564, matured, whereas 1,759,987, to the sum of $317,320,916, were surrendered and 5,802,441, valued at $1,594,472,261, were lapsed. We thus have the spectacle of eight persons in the prosperous year of 1928 losing either most or all of their investment as against one person who attained the goal of insurance. In other words, for every dollar paid out to the insured at least eight dollars were actually lost by these, the poorest folk of the nation.

The figures stand out in even greater relief for the individual companies. During 1928, the Metropolitan Life, the leading industrial insurance writer, terminated normally a total of 481,529 policies, to the amount of $66,429,200. In the same year, 738,178 policies, to the sum of $128,306,098, were surrendered, while 2,695,529 policies, amounting to $670,380,829, were permitted to lapse. In other words, in that year the Metropolitan saw the lapse or surrender of more than seven times as many policies as it paid out, and the value of the lapsed policies was more than ten times as great as that of the paid policies. The Prudential during the same year paid on 387,106 policies. As against these, 800,298 policies, totaling $141,454,589, were surrendered, while 2,382,173 policies, amounting to the startling sum of $744,270,196, lapsed. In other words, more than eight people lost their premiums in whole or in part for one who by timely death secured the benefits of his policy.

And conditions seem to be getting worse

instead of improving. Last Fall President Ecker of the Metropolitan testified before the New York Commission on Old Age Security that 15.81% of industrial insurance policies lapse in the first week, 7% in the second week, and 85% in the first year. "Lapses in the industrial business," declared Mr. Ecker, "are the waste in the business. . . . It is a waste that the very best efforts of management are constantly being directed to eliminate." Yet it is steadily increasing.

The 1930 report of the New York Commission on Old Age Security shows that there has been a steady rise in the terminations of industrial policies. The percentage increased from 51.1% in 1923 to 70.2% in 1927. Meanwhile, the value of these cancelled policies rose from 47.2% of the new business in 1923 to 64% in 1927. Furthermore, while natural terminations have been on the decline, surrenders and lapses have been on the increase. The terminations due to death declined from 11.6% in 1923 to 8.2% in 1927, the "matured" policies dropped from 3.7% in 1923 to 1.6% in 1927, and the total natural terminations declined from 18.2% to 11.8% in the same period. On the other hand, the percentage of lapsed and surrendered policies increased from 81.8% in 1923 to 88.3% in 1927. The figures are for the face value of the policies. The actual value of all the normally maturing policies represented only 9.3% of the total terminations in 1927. Says the Commission:

> These figures for good times suggest how precarious are the holdings of insurance by the wage-earners. . . . The amount of insurance which was terminated in 1927 was 211.9% higher than in 1923. It is possible that some people are taking out insurance before they have estimated their ability to pay and only after they have begun to feel the pinch. . . . It must be further noted that not one of the years above mentioned was of acute distress. On the contrary, they have, except for brief intervals of reaction, been years of unusual economic advance. What the termination rate for industrial policies will be when periods of unemployment overtake a large number of the wage-earners is something which we cannot foretell.

III

I could go on piling up the evidence. But, the reader may ask, what of it? Insurance is a private business and its management is the concern of its stockholders and policyholders. If one cannot afford to take out insurance at the present rates, one is not forced to do so. Insurance is obviously spreading rapidly, and why not let well enough alone?

The answer is simple. Under modern conditions of life, insurance has become an indispensable necessity and cannot be looked upon as a purely private business. As most of us depend upon our daily wages for our daily bread and cake, protection against the increasing hazards of modern life, such as accidents, sickness, disability, unemployment, widowhood, orphanage and old age, is of paramount importance. Individual provision against these emergencies is out of the question. By himself the wage-earner cannot lay by enough of his earnings to secure himself against these almost certain calamities. Only through the mutual protection of insurance,—through the spreading out of the risks to millions of individuals, living under various conditions and modes of life, can the least fortunate of our social order secure this protection.

This is so widely recognized as to require no further emphasis. For even more extensive than government control of railways, tramways, gas and light is the growth of government ownership and control of social insurance in practically all the industrial nations of Europe. With the steady expansion of our industrial and economic life, the question of control of insurance is therefore of supreme importance to America and cannot be further ignored. Insurance, of all public utilities, is preeminently the public's business.

But while the United States remains the most insecure land for the wage-earner, the private insurance companies, through subtle and often pernicious methods, have been and are to this very day hampering the development of better insurance in America. In the face of their knowledge of the woeful lack of security among American wage-earners, they deny the necessity of governmental action and contend that private insurance is already providing ample protection. America is the most insured country in the world, they argue, and there is no need for governmental legislation. Only the other day Samuel Crowther, in an article in *Forbes' Magazine,* repeated the statement that "the people of our nation are more adequately insured than those of any other nation."

The brazenness with which that argument is advanced is amazing. Annuity protection for old age has hardly made a beginning in the United States. Privately, the insurance executives admit that this kind of insurance "is not within the reach of the lower income groups." Yet many of the leading insurance executives had the effrontery to argue before the New York Commission on Old Age Security that the recent spread of group insurance would provide ample protection for old age and obviate any necessity for legislative action. This was asserted despite the fact that the average group insurance policy is only about $1500, and is paid only after the death of the employé and cannot be considered, even by the wildest stretch of an insurance executive's imagination, as having anything to do with old age.

Of a population of about 60,000,000 in Germany, nearly 22,000,000 persons, or more than one-third, are insured against old age, invalidity, sickness, unemployment, death and orphanage. Approximately 18,000,000, or nearly one-half, of the English people are likewise insured. But of the approximately 120,000,000 persons in the United States, more than 40% carry no insurance whatsoever. About 100,000, or less than one-tenth of 1%, may be said to be more or less protected against unemployment. Not more than one million are even partly insured against illness and invalidity, and not more than 5% are assured of old age protection. At the end of 1929, the 215 companies reporting to the New York Commission on Old Age Security were making payments on only 4,622 annuities, with the probability that the total lives covered were only about half that number. The commission declares:

> An analysis made by one large life insurance company of its group insurance claims for the year ending August 1st, 1928, brought out the fact that of every 100 employés dying in industry under group insurance coverage 43 had no other insurance. Of the 57 who carried individual policies as well as group policies, 8 had $250 of insurance or less; 11 had more than $250 but not more than $500; 15 had more than $500 but no more than $1,000; and only 23 of the 100 carried over $1,000 of life insurance. Considering that the employés covered by group insurance include in general the most stable workers in the most stable firms, it is fair to assume that they have the means to carry more than many other workers.

The only insurance common in this country is death insurance, better known as life insurance. About 68% of all ordinary policies are "whole life." When we remember that the average value of such policies according to the 1929 report of the New York Insurance Commissioner, amounted to but $2,540.75, the statement that this is the most insured country in the world becomes simply ridiculous. Think of the protection offered by a $2,500 insurance policy to a widow and her children!

As we have already seen, the masses of American wage-earners buy protection for their widows and children in the form of industrial insurance. There are three and one-half industrial policies to every ordinary policy. The average face value of an industrial insurance policy in 1928 was the munificent sum of $197.50! The average death claim in 1927 amounted to $173. Since most industrial insurance policies are taken out for the purpose of procuring a decent burial, and since the average American funeral, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, costs over $400, it is plain that the average policy can hardly purchase more than either a coffin or a grave, not both. The possession of even several of such policies would cover little more than burial expenses.

The insurance fraternity has naturally not told the public these facts. Instead, it has played up the total face value of the insurance outstanding. The public has been impressed with a significance of these figures that is totally irrelevant. We are constantly told of the more than $100,000,000,000 of coverage. But upon examination these rows of zeros quickly turn into air bubbles. First of all, it must be remembered that statistical totals and averages are often meaningless. The fact that Mr. Johnson the banker has an insurance policy of $1,000,000, and Mr. Smith the porter one of $100 gives an average policy of $500,050 each, but it does not help Smith's widow when she has to bury him. The total outstanding insurance includes thousands of policies for very high sums. In 1929, there were 312 persons with policies of $1,000,000 or more each, some amounting to $5,000,000, and one amounting to $7,000,000. If only the 312 persons with policies of $1,000,000 and over are taken out of the total, the average value of the 22,000,000 policies is immediately reduced by more than $20. Many wealthy persons have dozens of policies.

Then again, the companies never tell us of the inflated value of many such policies. An agent of one of the leading companies recently urged a friend of mine to take out a policy much above his means because, he declared, the premiums for the first two years would be only half the usual rates. "Take out the insurance for two years," he said, "then if you can't pay the full premium, reduce the insurance by half." Another leading insurance company offers half rates for the first five years. New policies are frequently written by agents by methods ranging all the way from cajolery to supplication. Persons so insured cannot possibly carry on the burden and many of them never intend to do so.

The New York Commission on Old Age Security concludes:

> Life insurance executives admit that ordinary life insurance is "class insurance," that it has not yet reached the bulk of the population. Industrial insurance, designed primarily for the poor, is really burial insurance, and the increase in industrial insurance really represents an increase in the cost of funerals. . . . Group insurance, which is an attempt by industry to take care of its workers, fills a very real need. But, like industrial pensions, only the most prosperous and best-managed corporations are likely to undertake it, and even they have restrictions which often bar the workers in irregular employments where income is lowest and protection most necessary. The face value of insurance policies is obviously much greater than the paid-up value, which is the only true saving.

It is evident, therefore, that in the United States, where life is more hazardous, employment less steady, families more disintegrated, and the rate of accidents higher than elsewhere, the present protection offered by insurance is less than the proverbial drop in the bucket. For the masses of the people, who need the protection most, there is hardly enough of it to meet a two months' emergency.

All these facts are only too well known to the insurance fraternity, but they have been in the forefront in opposing governmental insurance protection such as is now in existence in every other industrial nation. As early as 1907, when they had hardly recovered from the 1905 scandals, the companies fought most bitterly, legitimately and otherwise, against Louis D. Brandeis, then sponsoring the Massachusetts Savings Banks Life Insurance System. They not only prophesied disaster for this fund, but have used every imaginable means to block its progress since its establishment. Nevertheless, it has grown despite their attacks. Unencumbered by solicitors and high salaries, it has been selling ordinary insurance policies at 26% below the cost of the private companies and at 40% below the commercial rates on the weekly premium plan. Even more remarkable is the fact that while the ten-year rate of lapse among private industrial policies in Massachusetts averages 52.66% of all policies written, only 1.05% of the policies issued by the Savings Banks Life Insurance System have lapsed; and this without ballyhoo, without a single agent, and without a penny of commission.

The insurance companies' opposition to State social insurance is natural. They know only too well that the State can always underbid them. The Massachusetts Savings Banks Life Insurance System made a study of the cost of $1000 of life insurance at age 35 for 25 companies. After computing payments for fifteen years, deducting dividends and estimating the cash value at the end of the period, it was found that for six of the insurance companies the policy was worth only 75% of the payments minus dividends. For another six companies the insured received 80% of his net payments. There were only three private companies where the decrease in value was as little as 14%. A similar policy with the Massachusetts Savings Banks Life Insurance System at the end of the 15-year period was worth 107.5%. In other words, under the State insurance system the entire cost of the insurance is met out of the interest, and in addition $7.50 is left to add to the principal.

Workmen's compensation insurance further illustrates the cheaper cost of State insurance. In New York State the compensation rates are fixed by compensation rating boards. The New York State Insurance Fund writes all policies at an initial cost of 15% lower than the standard rates. The State Fund not only pays its pro-rata share of the tax levied on all compensation insurance companies, but in addition it has been paying regularly a further dividend of 15%. This means a net reduction of $27.75 for each $100 of premium below the standard rates charged by the insurance companies. The rates are even cheaper in the Ohio State Fund, which is the exclusive compensation carrier in that State. Furthermore, although the New York State Fund employs few solicitors, writes no other forms of insurance, and has no interlocking directors, it has grown steadily until it has become the largest compensation carrier in New York State. In 1929 it saved its policy-holders more than $1,600,000.

Some ten years ago there was a considerable movement in the United States for health insurance. A bill even passed one house of the New York Legislature. But despite the fact that illness is still our chief cause of distress, and that about 2,000,000 of our people are in hospital every day, the insurance companies, led by the Metropolitan Life and with the help of the socially ignorant medical profession, succeeded in crushing the movement.

The reign of the insurance companies for a few years immediately following the war was complete. Social insurance seemed dead and the private companies secure beyond all danger. However, during the past few years the movement for old age pensions has gained tremendous impetus and has become a national issue. Again we see the companies lining up solidly to prevent the success of the movement. Appearing before the New York Commission on Old Age Security, President Ecker of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company had this to contribute:

> The State should proceed very slowly, as far as any proposed plan is concerned, in regard to the industrial group. They present a most important problem which can be solved only by study, experiment and discussion. All the evidence available on State old age schemes in operation in other countries indicates that they are an unsatisfactory and incomplete solution for the industrial group. . . . The function of the State is rather to point the way than to undertake, itself, the initiation and operation of retirement plans for private industry.

Asked by a member of the commission whether he believed in a State pension plan to take care of what he characterized as the "industrial group," Mr. Ecker replied: "Just the contrary. I think the State had better study the subject and give the benefit of its investigation to the public in the way of directing public thought and aiding the evolving of a solution."

A recent canvass of opinion among insurance magnates on this question by the *Eastern Underwriter*, a leading insurance periodical, disclosed a similar attitude on the part of many others. They all agree that insurance should be written only by private insurance companies and that only the insurance fraternity knows how to run the business "efficiently." They warn against the pitfalls of governmental insurance.

With such hocus-pocus the insurance fraternity is playing the American market against governmental action. It cannot be expected to do otherwise. Even the President of the United States receives less than many a vice-president of an insurance company, and Presidents' sons and sons-in-law do not, as a rule, either become Cabinet ministers or inherit the White House.

A POET IN A CATHEDRAL

BY RAYMOND F. HOWES

In the shade where it is cool,
Let us play we go to school.
Put the dollies in a row,
They must learn with us, you know.
They should learn their A, B, C,
And to count their one, two, three.

This bit of verse from "Happy All Day Through" by John Gabbert Bowman, A.B., A.M., Litt.D., LL.D., is a minute but suggestive reflection of the man. For the chancellor of the great University of Pittsburgh is a pedagogue with a poetic soul. At the age of seven he made this solemn resolution: "I would be a poet. I would always feel beautiful inside and be large and kind and beneficial and be honored and do good"; and he has held steadily to that purpose for nearly fifty years. The results have been highly gratifying. He draws one of the largest salaries ever paid an American college president; he has built a Cathedral of Learning which is the tallest structure of its kind in the world; and his students, in honor of his manifold achievements, have publicly proclaimed him St. John.

Dr. Bowman makes it clear in his autobiographical study, "The World That Was," that he has always felt himself somehow different from other people. The feeling was fostered, if not actually implanted, by his father. John R. Bowman, a school principal in Davenport, Iowa, where John Gabbert Bowman was born in 1877, gave his son an exclusive diet of poetry as soon as he could read. "We did not know that there was anything worth reading in prose," wrote the son many years later. What happened was almost inevitable.

> On the Sunday afternoon which stands out clearest, a day in Spring, Dad read a poem about Absalom. He read slowly. I watched the page. His voice caught the swing of the lines. Sometimes he explained the meaning. Not even "The Children in the Wood" was so sad as the story of Absalom. A lump got into my throat. When he read the words, "my lost boy, Absalom," I slipped down and went away. I was careful to meet no one. I hurried to the yard, out to the garden, and down between two long rows of raspberry bushes. . . . Near the far end of the raspberries, where the bushes were thickest, I hid under a clump. . . . A long time went by. Something had to be done. The rhythm of Absalom rang in my ears. Then, little by little, things began to get clear. You had to make a choice in this world; you could step on toward Paradise and be large and kind like God, or you could hang by the hair like Absalom, and die. There was no middle way. . . . One thing was plain. I would be a poet.

The benefits of this decision began to appear at once. The boy's mother let him play in the fields instead of shelling peas, his brother gave him a raccoon cub, his school teacher held his hand when he forgot a recitation, and his father bought him —but the story must be told in his own words:

> One day I read that Goldsmith played a flute. Goldsmith was a poet; he played the flute: a poet, a flute. That evening I brought

"The Deserted Village" to Dad for reading aloud. . . . I explained that Goldsmith had a flute.

"There's a kind of melancholy about flute music," said Dad, "like that in 'The Deserted Village.' Goldsmith, I think, got a good deal out of his flute and put it into his poetry. There's song in the lines."

"Is a flute expensive?" I asked.

"I don't know about that," said Dad.

My idea had now become much better. A flute was just the thing. It was what a poet ought to have. Week after week, because I wanted to, Dad and I kept on with "The Deserted Village." I had never seen a flute; though now I connected it with the primroses of Sweet Auburn that peeped "beneath the thorn." I asked Dad if any of the words reminded him of a flute. No answer.

"The flute was a great help to Goldsmith, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps it was," Dad said.

It seemed that I should have to tell about my need for a flute, but that was to be only a last resort.

One evening Dad came home with a package in his hand. He took me into the sitting-room, where we were alone, and opened the package. It was a flute.

II

The elder Bowman must have had some misgivings when he pushed his sensitive son, then sixteen, over the edge of the home nest. But he need not have worried. The first year John made enough money teaching a country school and raising hogs to pay for a three-year course at the celebrated State University of Iowa. After his graduation he began to write, first, news stories for papers in Davenport and Chicago, and later, children's verse while teaching English at Iowa and Columbia. Thousands of infants still lisp his beautiful lines:

> Kitty, kitty, do you wish
> Breakfast in your little dish?
> Are you purring? Yes, and that
> Makes me love you, pretty cat.

He had been in New York little more than a year before he attracted the attention of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and also, the story goes, of the great Andrew Carnegie himself. So the third year found him secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Pegasus champed in the stable for five long Winters while John Gabbert Bowman studied the multitudinous American colleges and wrote dull reports on entrance requirements, courses of study, and methods of financing. Then, in 1911, the State University of Iowa recalled him as president. To the members of the Board of Education, chiefly hard-boiled lawyers and business men, this thin-faced, dreamy-eyed youth of thirty-four appeared as an ideal—that is, as a pliable—executive. Imagine their dismay when he demanded in advance a written statement of his functions and insisted on the exclusive right to recommend the appointment and dismissal of instructors. But they hired him, fought him for two years, and then accepted his resignation.

In an open letter to the board he wrote:

> You dismissed a professor of the university without a hearing and without the knowledge or advice of the chief executive of the institution. . . . The course you adopted . . . is unworthy of yourself, unjust to me, and involves a still more serious injustice to another man whose case should have been considered on its merits after proper hearing and investigation.

Whereupon the Cedar Rapids *Gazette* reported: "President Bowman says that the two years and a half as a university president have given him an inclination for business pursuits." But this statement turned out to be merely rhetorical. The American College of Surgeons, impressed by his defense of academic freedom and his executive ability, asked him to supervise a nation-wide campaign for better hospitals. He accepted, was appointed director, and for six years carried on a relentless war for higher medical standards. It was toward the end of this drive that he met the Hon. Andy Mellon. In 1921 he became chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh.

The industrialists who make up the Board of Trustees of that great seminary thought they were hiring an able administrator. They soon discovered that they had also hired a poet. For some reason, perhaps because his father had lived as a child on the banks of the Monongahela and had told him stories about "the hills that come down to kiss the rivers," Dr. Bowman found the Smoky City a powerful stimulus to his imagination. Standing on top of Herron Hill, where he could survey mile after mile of blast furnaces under their everlasting pall of yellow smoke, he began to see visions and dream dreams. "Where were there ever mud, trees, and Indians inviting conquest like these steel-girded, fire-belching mills, whose rails, pipes, sheets of iron, cars, boats, and engines go to all the corners of the world?" he asked himself. Pittsburgh, flowing with pickle brine and molten steel, became to him a promised land crying for a conqueror.

He decided to lead a Renaissance. In order to make the plan seem plausible, he edited the city's history, carefully discarding all the ugly events and magnifying the noble ones. Pittsburgh, he found, had been built by "courage, imagination, persistent purpose, confidence in the future, adaptability to practical conditions, faith in God, spiritual responsibility, the power and the will to create." This creative energy he resolved to turn to higher purposes.

No real Renaissance, of course, is complete without a cathedral. So Dr. Bowman decided upon a Cathedral of Learning which, in addition to symbolizing the high ideals of the community, would take care of the university's building programme. At first he had only a vague idea of its design: he was certain merely that it must be large and high and beautiful, "a promise of the New Day in tangible form." When he tried to explain his plan to Charles Z. Klauder, the architect, he played the fire music from "Die Walküre" on a phonograph, saying, "There you have it. Climax rising above climax, when you felt that each was the top of human achievement."

Mr. Klauder, a practical man, saw the point at once. "Those climaxes are buttresses," he said. Three years later, after a trip to Europe, he produced a plan for a 52-story skyscraper 680 feet high, to cost $10,000,000. Dr. Bowman accepted it and began a drive for funds.

III

Probably he will never know a happier time than the Winter of 1924 and Spring of 1925, when the campaign was in progress. He had at his command a committee of the most eminent capitalists of the district. Attending their meetings, he heard such glowing words as these from Dr. Mellon:

> It seems to me appropriate that the University of Pittsburgh should be the first to adapt science and architecture to the need of modern conditions in the educational world.

These from Dr. Samuel Harden Church, president of the Carnegie Institute:

> The Cathedral of Learning is the most brilliant, courageous, and beautiful idea for a modern university that has ever been conceived.

And these from the Hon. David A. Reed, LL.D., Senator from Pennsylvania:

> We, in Pittsburgh, are lucky beyond realization to have presented to us a dream like that building.

To cap it all, the late Judge Elbert H. Gary, LL.D., arriving in Pittsburgh to give the plan his pontifical blessing, said, "The Cathedral of Learning will receive the admiration and wonder of the world."

But even more enjoyable than hearing such friendly words was the opportunity to tell audiences of all kinds, week after week, what miracles the Cathedral would perform for them. When Dr. Bowman talked, his lean, rather expressionless face would light up with inspiration. His hearers forgot that he was a rather ordinary looking man of medium height with a touch of gray in his hair. The business men of Pittsburgh gaped when he opened vistas toward "new summits where the knowledge of good living, of good government, of philosophy and poetry, the knowledge of art, of science, of reason, the records and motives of humanity, the full satisfaction of the hopes and desires of men are waiting for more creative energy to give them expression and to utilize them for the happiness and good of all." And they nodded in solemn agreement when he told them that a university was like a saw-mill which transforms rough, knotty logs into polished, useful blocks of wood. Other audiences were even more responsive. After an emotional meeting one night in a tenement district, an immigrant woman rose with tears in her eyes to say: "I have no money. All my man earns goes to keep us. But in our house we will go without meat for a week. We will give what we save this way." The whole crowd subscribed.

On another occasion, after Dr. Bowman had delivered an impassioned radio speech, he received a letter from an old lady in Stamford, Conn. "Last night," she began, "your talk made my soul shed tears of joy and tears of blood"; and she ended, "I would be glad to be a doorkeeper in your cathedral, a scrubwoman just to be near all I have lost." Dr. Bowman was so touched that he had the letter printed on blotters and distributed throughout the city. Later he brought the lady to Pittsburgh, where she was advertised as St. Elizabeth and exhibited at campaign meetings.

While directing this campaign, he naturally had little time to give to the students and faculty of the university. He took a moment off, however, to write a note to a faculty meeting which had been called to discuss his rule against smoking in the university offices. After a number of professors had arisen to request that the rule be dropped, an assistant dean read the chancellor's ukase. It said briefly and decisively that smoking would not be allowed.

He decided, too, that everybody connected with the university ought to be a gentleman. Speaking extemporaneously on this topic at an assembly to welcome new students and instructors, he said: "To the new instructors I say, If you find in your classes a student who is not a gentleman, throw him out; and to the new students I say, If you find a professor who is not a gentleman"—he hesitated a moment—"well, throw him down the abandoned mine shaft up on the hill."

As a further step in the same direction, he stationed on the campus a new assistant to the dean of men, recruited from the guards at Bellefonte prison. This dignitary was instructed to stop petting and smoking in the busy corridors of the university and to see that male students removed their hats on entering Alumni Hall. Some time later the ex-guard reported to the student newspaper: "I haven't had any trouble with the students. They always coöperate with me. If they don't, I get after them. I don't fool or let them get away with anything."

This arrangement is probably only temporary, however, for Dr. Bowman has said that the Cathedral, when finished, will by its mere architectural grandeur compel all students, however ribald, to remove their hats. And "there will never be an atmosphere which will permit the barbershop-backroom type of loafing. One does not do that kind of loafing in this kind of building. Students will be drawn together here, each one showing the best that is in him."

With the faculty and students disposed of, Dr. Bowman turned his attention to the alumni. It was not difficult to give them what they wanted. The university floated a bond issue and built a stadium to seat 60,000 spectators. Then winning football teams had to be produced to draw the crowds. This turned out to be easy, as the record of Pitt teams for the past six years proves. The methods employed by the athletic department and the alumni to secure and retain promising players have been so bold and effective that they drew somewhat unfavorable criticism in the recent report on professionalism issued by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

IV

The spirit of peace and harmony so efficiently established on the campus did not, unfortunately, last long. Trouble broke out soon after the end of the Cathedral drive. Despite the astute scheme of soliciting ten-cent contributions from 10,000 school children (in return for which each child received a handsomely engraved certificate to hang on the wall) and the equally astute scheme of promising that everyone who gave more than $1,000 would have his name inscribed on a bronze tablet in the Cathedral's foyer, the committee secured most of the $8,000,000 that was actually raised among Pittsburgh capitalists. These gentlemen controlled not only the Board of Trustees of the university but also, after the election of Governor John S. Fisher in 1926, the university's annual appropriation from the State. If the Cathedral was to be built, Dr. Bowman could not afford to displease them in any way.

At this point he discovered, to his dismay, that some of his own rhetorical effusions, tossed off in the height of the campaign for funds, had unleashed the tongues of a group of students and instructors who held the ruling coal and steel barons responsible for most of Pennsylvania's ills. He had spoken eloquently of good government; they believed that the most effective way to secure it was to attack bad government. He had demanded "kinetic and exalted thinking on the part of students and faculty"; they believed that the most effective way to encourage it was to promote a free discussion of political, economic, and social evils by those best qualified to speak.

He had said, "No one thing is to characterize teaching at the University of Pittsburgh more than that the student is to think. He is to think hard, to think justly, to think to a purpose with all his brain and with all his energy." They interpreted that to mean that they might investigate even such forbidden subjects as Socialism. That such subversive ideas would irritate the Pittsburgh magnates was inevitable.

The storm broke in 1926 and swiftly gathered strength. One instructor, who had campaigned for Pinchot in the $3,000,000 primary of that year, described the methods of the Vare and Mellon machines to the Senate Investigating Committee; another, in several public speeches, discussed the coal strike; a third secured broadcasting privileges to talk on the work of the Pennsylvania Tax Commission; a fourth investigated conditions in the coal fields for the American Civil Liberties Union; seventeen of them, joining the new Pittsburgh branch of the Union, started a campaign to curb the unconstitutional practices of Pennsylvania State Cossacks. Meanwhile, the more advanced and saucy students formed a Liberal Club and listened to lectures by Scott Nearing, Arthur Garfield Hays and Harry Elmer Barnes.

The issue before Dr. Bowman was clear. He could uphold academic freedom at the risk of losing his Cathedral of Learning or he could support the donors of the Cathedral at the risk of losing academic prestige. A hint of his decision soon appeared in a published interview. He said:

> I would ten times rather graduate a boy whose motive is 100% and his intellect only passable than graduate a boy with 100% intellect but only passable motive. That has been one of our greatest mistakes, one of the primary reasons for our failure in the past: we have emphasized intellect to the neglect of soul, and when there is no soul-inspired motive back of knowledge the latter is worthless and even dangerous.

The implications of this doctrine appeared immediately. One professor, threatened with dismissal, agreed not to speak or write any more about the coal strike; another, by request, cancelled his radio speech on the Pennsylvania Tax Commission; a third, who had helped to write articles for THE AMERICAN MERCURY and the *Nation* exposing the doings of the State police, was advised to seek a position elsewhere; a fourth, who had been active in the work of the American Civil Liberties Union, was offered a $500 bonus to resign; and several others, fearing similar action, moved to other colleges at the first opportunity. When the Liberal Club tried to advertise its speakers on the university bulletin boards, Dr. Bowman had the posters removed; and when the student newspaper and humorous magazine criticized the administration he put them under censorship.

But despite increasing unrest among the faculty and students, this strategy worked smoothly until April, 1929. Then a blunder by the acting dean of men touched off an explosion which tore the university wide open. The Liberal Club, having joined in the current agitation for the release of Mooney and Billings, the California labor leaders, invited Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes to deliver an address on the case. The dean had apparently never heard of Dr. Barnes and therefore did not hesitate to order him thrown off the campus. He was rather amazed the next morning to discover that this was front-page news. The editors of the Pittsburgh newspapers, remembering that the slogan of the Cathedral of Learning drive had been "It's *Our* University," developed an intense interest in what Dr. Bowman preferred to call "an internal matter." Skeletons were dragged from seemingly inexhaustible closets and dangled before the public. The chancellor, harassed by an excited Board of Trustees, found himself in a predicament from which neither diplomacy nor a poetic soul could extricate him. Consequently he poured forth his wrath on the immediate sources of his discomfort. The Liberal Club was disbanded and two of its leaders were expelled from the university. At the same time Frederick E. Woltman, a graduate assistant in philosophy, was dismissed. The students gained a hearing only after their attorney had taken the case into court. Mr. Woltman had none at all.

Since the chancellor's only published allegation against Mr. Woltman, that he belonged to the Liberal Club, was incorrect, the instructor's friends inferred that he was dismissed because he had striven to secure the rights of peaceful picketing, free speech, and peaceable assembly for Pennsylvania laborers; had attacked, in The American Mercury and the *Nation*, the tyrannical acts of the State police and the privately employed but State-commissioned coal and iron police; and had published a series of interviews with university officials who, according to his accounts, had admitted their fear of withdrawal of funds by the State and the trustees if his activities were not suppressed. A few days after his dismissal Governor Fisher signed a bill giving the university $1,200,000, the largest appropriation in its history. Dr. Bowman rewarded the Governor last February with an honorary degree.

Commenting publicly on the chasing of Dr. Barnes, the expulsion of the Liberal Club leaders, and the dismissal of Mr. Woltman, the chancellor asserted that "no issue of freedom of speech was involved." He explained that "the university, as a matter of long-established policy, refuses to give sanction to propaganda or to allow itself to be used for propaganda." But during the same month he wrote a quarter-page newspaper advertisement for the Union Savings Bank of Pittsburgh, allowing that institution to use his picture and a biographical sketch setting forth in some detail his connection with the university. And the Pittsburgh *Record*, an official publication of the university, printed at the same time an article by Dean A. E. Holbrook of the Schools of Engineering and Mines extolling the private ownership of coal mines.

The whole situation was summarized last Winter in a report written, after a thorough investigation, by a committee of the American Association of University Professors. This report said in part:

> The dissolution of the Liberal Club and the dismissal of Mr. Woltman are the only incidents bearing on academic freedom which, so far, have issued in overt action by the administration. In the total situation, however, there are other elements which, in our judgment, outweigh these incidents in importance and hold even more sinister possibilities for the future. . . . It is generally agreed by all the members of the Pittsburgh faculty with whom we have conversed that there exists in the faculty of that institution a wide-spread feeling of insecurity and timidity. . . .
>
> They state that over a period of several years there has existed the conviction that a teacher must be extremely cautious in taking part in public discussion, especially if his convictions are enlisted on the side of unpopular causes. . . . This feeling of timidity . . . applies . . . to the public discussion of controversial, social, and economic questions, such as relations of labor and capital, government regulation of industry, and the domination of government by financial and business interests. It is believed to be particularly dangerous to gain publicity by presenting liberal ideas on such subjects in a manner calculated to secure a popular audience. . . .
>
> The Chancellor, in conversation with us, denied that it was the policy of the university to discourage members of the teaching staff from taking part in the discussion of public questions. He insisted, however, that the administration did object when such outside activities were undertaken from a desire for publicity or with the purpose of "carrying on propaganda" for some organization outside the university. . . .
>
> The Chancellor stated that it was his practice, if a member of the faculty seemed persistently to seek publicity, to remonstrate with him in a friendly way. If a man were thus remonstrated with, the purpose would be not to object to the content of his public utterances, but either to point out an adverse effect upon the university's interests of which the man might be unaware, or to object to the desire for notoriety as a motive. If a member of the faculty showed himself unamenable to friendly remonstrance, the Chancellor admitted that he would finally be dismissed. He asserted,

> moreover, that there were four or five members of the faculty to whom this was likely to happen. . . .
>
> The policy practised at the University of Pittsburgh amounts in effect to a form of repression in which the show of friendliness is made to do the work of force.

In reply to this report, Dr. Bowman denied none of the specific accusations. He said merely that the committee was prejudiced, that the investigation was not "conducted in fairness and executed in a judicial manner," and that the article showed a tendency to "make insinuations rather than to state facts." The student editor of the *Pitt Weekly*, picked by the administration, charged that the A.A.U.P. and various newspapers and magazines which had printed the facts were conspiring to ruin the good name of the university, and advised all students, faculty, alumni, and friends of Pitt to follow Dr. Bowman's policy of refusing to discuss the situation. "When the Cathedral is built," said the editor, "all will be well."

V

As a diplomat and administrator, then, Dr. Bowman has had his troubles. But lately his poetic soul has begun to find expression again. One of his new ideas is to furnish the ground-floor classrooms of the Cathedral in the styles of various foreign countries, with the Pittsburgh representatives of those countries and their home governments paying the bills. There will be a Dutch kitchen, for example, containing an immense open fireplace hung with copper kettles. If an instructor needs a blackboard, he will find it inside the kitchen cabinet. The blackboards in other rooms will be hidden by Italian tapestries, Persian prayer mats, and Spanish shawls. So completely did this project engross Dr. Bowman for a time that he began to draw all his current ideas from museums. Speaking before the faculty at their yearly dinner, he described a mummified cat and a bowl of petrified milk which he had observed in an Egyptian collection. "The faith of these ancient Egyptians is the sort of faith that we must have in our Cathedral," he said.

More recently Dr. Bowman has renewed his interest in the problem of securing teachers. This is really important, for he has lost many in the past few years. Of the seventeen who originally joined the Civil Liberties Union, eleven have departed, and Dr. Bowman himself has said that he may find it necessary to release four or five more. In addition, a large number of other men with liberal ideas have seized the first chance to leave. In place of such troublemakers Dr. Bowman demands "real teachers." Real teachers, as he once explained to an interviewer from the *American Magazine*, "care nothing for rules, marks, or grades. They merely live gloriously, love their boys and girls, give their lives away to them." He has amplified this idea somewhat in the *Journal of Higher Education*:

> We need teachers with the power to vitalize facts and to make them live in the minds of students. We usually think of this power as the special gift of poets or of artists. But, after all, is not the real teacher an artist? . . . Does he not open the boy's life to meaning and beauty in common things—to the meaning and beauty in common grass, for example? . . . Well, let us suppose that the boy goes to a class in organic chemistry. Some morning the professor comes in and talks about a complex, unstable compound called chlorophyll. It is the coloring substance of leaves and of grass. . . .
>
> The boy, next, goes to a class in English literature. The particular subject is Wordsworth. Wordsworth wrote about daffodils, oak trees, grass. The boy reads about these things. "What is permanent?" the teacher asks. "When the hills have been washed

away and the rocks disintegrated, will grass still be green? Are you as permanent as grass? Or as important? Can you rise to some of those rare moments when you feel, as Wordsworth did, that divinity exists in things such as grass, as well as in the characters of men?" The boy thinks for himself about these questions and, as he does so, common grass now takes on another meaning.

Like many another great man, John Gabbert Bowman remains a puzzle even to his most intimate friends. Those who remember his fight for academic freedom at the State University of Iowa believe that he is today a disillusioned dreamer, clinging tenaciously to his Cathedral of Learning but secretly ashamed of the part he has recently been forced to play. They cite as evidence his effort last year to obtain the presidency of the University of Chicago. The interpretation has a certain plausibility, and yet ——

Less than a month after the publication of the A.A.U.P. report he issued this proclamation to the academic world:

> The last rivet of the Cathedral of Learning is driven; thirteen thousand tons of steel are in place; and the last bucket of concrete for the floors will soon be poured. . . . The givers of the steel paid the human price of success for it. There it stands, lifted to a sort of victory. Victory—yes, a symbol of purpose and of hope; a fabric made of sacrifice, of faith, and of belief in good.

A few weeks later he set off for Europe, leaving orders that the new secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union should be released in June.

UNCLE SAM IN SIBERIA

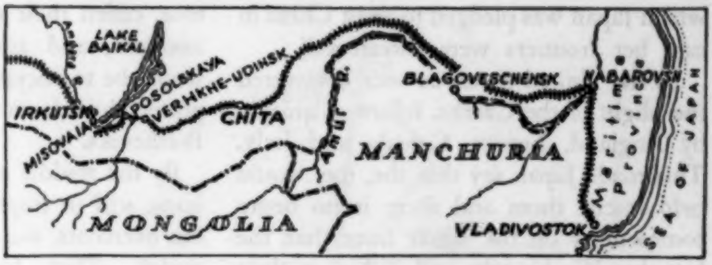
BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

America's final beau geste in the World War was the Siberian Expedition of 1918-20. Various objectives were given, but the one most emphasized for public consumption was the "rescue" of an army of 50,000 Czecho-Slovakians, supposedly menaced by the growing terror of Bolshevism. A single Allied operation served to rescue these Czechs, with little or no opposition, early in the campaign. Thereupon the war officially and incontinently ended, but our troops were not brought home from Siberia until fifteen months later, with a cost of 109 lives and millions of dollars.

So far as the other objectives of the expedition were concerned—the more truthful they were, the more vaguely they were stated in official pronouncements—the whole affair was an ignoble, tragic failure. In its major aspect, indeed, the campaign was no more nor less than a great militaristic gold rush. With the war moving to a close, the Allied nations were watching each other suspiciously with an eye to the division of the spoils. To the myopic gazes of Washington, London and Tokio it appeared that Bolshevik Russia would not be able to extend its power into Asia. So Siberia, with its vast resources of minerals, timber, fishing rights and fur, together with its strategic position in the East, stood forth like a solid gold nugget. The arm of neighboring Japan was reaching toward it. It was no time for any enlightened and altruistic nation to stand idly by.

All that was needed was an excuse to preserve whatever proprieties remained after the European gang fight. The Czechs furnished that excuse—and the great Siberian rush was on. It is doubtful to this day that the Czechs realize their rôle in the grim farce. Their peril at the hands of the straggling Bolshevik detachments and freed prisoners of war must have been surprising news to them when the first Allied troop-ships smoked into Vladivostok in the early Fall of 1918. But they were willing to be rescued, and politely sent a delegation of officers down to the docks to greet their flushed saviors. Thereafter, may it be said for the Czechs, they lent at all times what coöperation they could, by turns getting in dire straits and rallying to capture a few towns on their own.

The episode of the Czechs began on the Western front near the end of the war. The signing of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk between Germany and the Bolsheviks on March 3, 1918, left 50,000 of them stranded in Russia, well equipped and organized under one command. They had been unwilling to fight as Austria's conscripts against the Russians and had gone over in a body, to become a mainstay of the White Russians in the Ukraine. When peace was signed they were offered amnesty by the Emperor of Austria. Recalling previous betrayals, they refused it, and on the advice of French officers decided to make their way across Siberia to Vladivostok and return to the Western front by sea.



The Siberian Theatre of War

To this the Bolsheviks agreed, being in no position to conduct a private war with the well-armed Czechs, so eighty trains were provided and the valiant band started the trek eastward. There had been a half-hearted attempt to convert them to Bolshevism but they proved immune, priding themselves on both their culture and their patriotism. Each company boasted a library and their morale was further strengthened by the publication of a daily eight-page newspaper on their laborious journey.

With the revolution, however, the Russian railway organization broke down and the troubles of the Czechs began. It required fifty-seven days to transport the leading elements of the command, some 13,000 men, to Vladivostok. They arrived there practically unopposed on May 26, 1918, but the remainder were strung out all across the country.

Meanwhile, the many stragglers began to have friction with the Bolsheviki, which culminated late in May in an open break and serious fighting from Penza in Central European Russia to Irkutsk in Central Siberia. In point of fact, they were taking care of themselves to no disadvantage, but the Allied capitals quickly saw the possibilities of the situation, and a great cry went up over the peril of the brave Czechs.

Among the first to tap the situation was the ubiquitous Y. M. C. A. In a few weeks its heroic field men were leaping across the steppes with a new price schedule on chocolate, the old outfit of oily smiles, and a stock of freshly printed tracts on venereal disease. They met the Czechs somewhere in Central Siberia, and from then until the refugees were repatriated years later they were never without the guidance and companionship of the consecrated brethren of the Y. M. C. A.

II

The first signs of intervention came from the United States in a note to Japan expressing the "hope and purpose of the United States to take advantage of the earliest opportunity to send to Siberia a commission of merchants, agricultural experts, labor advisers, Red Cross representatives and agents of the Young Men's Christian Association, accustomed to organizing the best methods of spreading useful information and rendering educational help of a modest kind in order, in some sympathetic way, to relieve the immediate economic necessities of the people."

This, of course, fooled no one, not even the Italians, whose interests in Siberia must have been as remote as any. The up-and-coming Japanese acted promptly by starting 70,000 troops across the Chinese Eastern railway. The Allied capitals gasped a little at this and politely requested an explanation. Japan explained that the troop movement was in accordance with a Sino-Japanese agreement signed a few months before, still secret as to terms, but under which Japan was pledged to assist China in case her frontiers were threatened!

So the United States at once discovered the plight of the Czechs, followed quickly by England, France, Canada and Italy. This made Japan say that she, too, would help rescue them and there is no better commentary on the whole farce than the fact that Washington and Tokio, in their subsequent pronouncements, conceived of the Czechs moving westward and eastward across Siberia at the same time.

The great humanitarian, President Wilson, ordered out troops in August, 1918, proclaiming that America's motives were "two-fold," first, "to save the Czecho-Slovak armies which were threatened with destruction" and then "to steady any effort of the Russians at self-defense, or the establishment of law and order in which they might be willing to accept assistance." The latter was a promise—later fulfilled—that America would lend a willing hand to any White Russian counter-revolution which might restore the old order, and among other things would not forget the Russian debt to the United States.

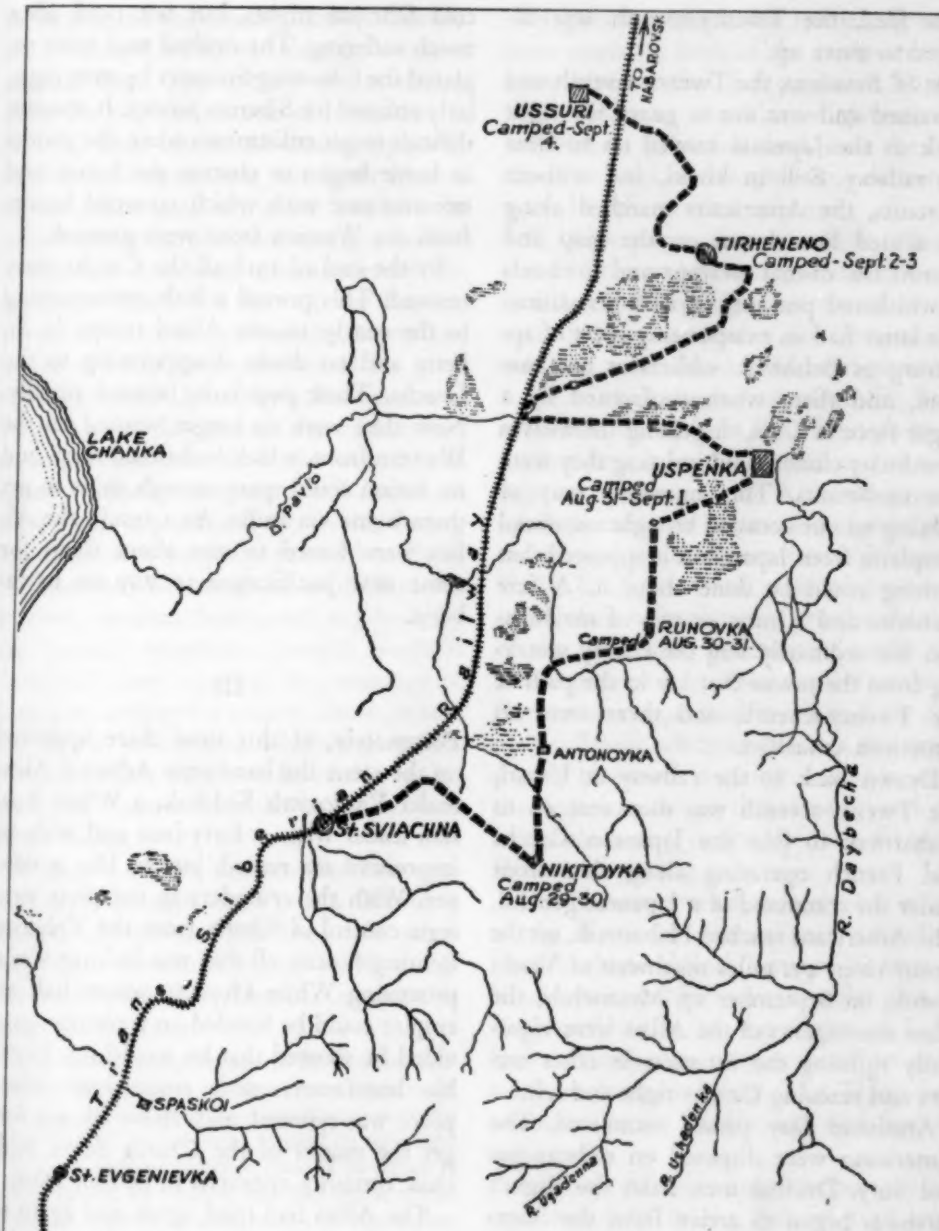
The Twenty-seventh and Thirty-first infantry regiments, then in the Philippines, were picked to make Siberia safe for Czecho-Slovakia. Embarkation orders brought great joy to these hard-fisted sunburnt regulars, who hadn't liked the idea of a war carried on by drafted farm-hands and bookkeepers while they, professional fighters, chafed and fried in the Philippines. With their auxiliaries, comprising altogether about 4,000 men, they embarked on three transports from Manila for Vladivostok. The bands played "Over There."

Meanwhile, England, Canada, Italy and France were sending slightly smaller contingents to help rescue the Czechs from an enemy outnumbered at that time by at least ten to one. The French, with sly humor, called their rescuing force a *cordon sanitaire,* and announced that its duty would be to encyst the Czech patriots and protect them from the insidious, unsanitary Bolsheviks.

By the middle of September the Americans, still in tropical uniforms and without overcoats, were all debarked at Vladivostok. They found the Japanese in command of the area. Throughout the campaign, in fact, the Japanese always managed to have an expeditionary officer outranking any of the Allied officers and therefore remained in charge. There could be no local objection, of course, for this was military usage, and they were all Allies. The American commander, Major General William S. Graves (now retired) was picked personally by Secretary of War Baker. He had been on the General Staff in Europe and was a brilliant, courageous and resourceful officer.

The Thirty-first was disposed in and about Vladivostok, with detachments sent to the more important mining centers in Suchan. It was decided that the Twenty-seventh would set out immediately with the Twelfth Japanese Division along the Trans-Siberian railway toward Ussuri, to establish contact with a Czech contingent there.

The Twenty-seventh was accordingly entrained behind the Japanese troops and moved up the line. An enemy force of Bolsheviks was sighted at Spaskoi by Japanese scouts and there were prospects of an engagement. The Twenty-seventh spit on its hands and yelled for action, but the Japanese, mindful of the glory which attended the race to Peking in the Boxer uprising, saw to it that the American troop trains were sidetracked for twenty-four hours while their little brown boys cleared out the first town. When all was clear and the press despatches from the front had


TO NABAROVSK
USSURI
Camped-Sept. 4.
TIRHENENO
Camped-Sept. 2-3
LAKE CHANKA
D. Pavlo
USPENKA
Camped Aug. 31-Sept. 1.
RUNOVKA
Camped Aug. 30-31.
ANTONOYKA
St. SVIACHNA
NIKITOYKA
Camped Aug. 29-30.
R. Daybecha
Trans Siberian Railway
SPASKOI
St. EVGENIEVKA
R. Ugadenna
R. Uzhedenka
VLADIVOSTOK

Operations in the Spaskoi-Ussuri Sector, beginning July, 1918 been filed, the Twenty-seventh was allowed to move up.

At St. Sviachna, the Twenty-seventh was detrained and sent out to guard the right flank as the Japanese moved on to clear the railway. Still in khaki, and without overcoats, the Americans marched along the dotted line shown on the map and cleaned the dismal swamps and lowlands of whiskered peasants of Red persuasion. The latter had an exasperating habit of appearing as Bolshevik soldiers at one moment, and then, when confronted by a larger force of arms, disguising themselves as ordinary citizens and insisting they were non-combatants. This unseemly way of fighting on one occasion brought an official complaint from Japan, but it appeared that nothing could be done about it. A few grenades and a burst or two of machine-gun fire ordinarily sent the enemy scurrying from the towns that lay in the path of the Twenty-seventh, and there were no American casualties.

Drawn back to the railway at Ussuri, the Twenty-seventh was then sent on to Habarovsk to join the Japanese, Czechs and French operating along that front under the command of a Japanese general. The Americans reached Habarovsk, on the Amur river, 450 miles northwest of Vladivostok, on September 17. Meanwhile, the other contingents of the Allies were vigorously righting the situation in other sectors and rescuing Czechs right and left.

Armistice Day passed unnoticed. The Americans were disposed on railway patrol duty. Drafted men from the Eighth Division began to arrive from the States and the two regiments were built up to war-time strength, altogether about 8,000 men. Fortunately, they brought Winter equipment and in time the regulars from the Philippines had something more than raincoats and blankets to withstand the cold Siberian nights, but not until after much suffering. The drafted men were replaced the following Summer by men regularly enlisted for Siberian service. It was not difficult to get enlistments when the youths at home began to observe the honor and circumstance with which returned heroes from the Western front were greeted.

By the end of 1918 all the Czechs were rescued. This proved a little embarrassing to the nearly 100,000 Allied troops in Siberia and no doubt disappointing to the Czechs. Their popularity waned rapidly. Now they were no longer wanted on the Western front, which had closed shop, and no nation could spare enough ships to get them home via India. As a result, the Allies were forced to cast about them for some new justification to stay on in Siberia.

III

Fortunately, at this time there appeared on the scene the handsome Admiral Alexander Vasilovitch Kolchak, a White Russian leader who, at forty-four and with an impressive sea record, looked like a winner. With the crusaders in complete strategic control of Siberia from the Volga to Behring Straits, all that was lacking was a promising White Hope to whom half an empire could be handed on a platter—provided he showed that he would not forget his benefactors with concessions when peace was restored, and, above all, not forget the matter of the Czarist debts. Kolchak certainly appeared to be that man.

The Allies had tried again and again to set up local governments at places under their control, to be ready for the ultimate knitting process. These experiments had generally proved failures. Any belligerent thrust in one direction to make the countryside less Red only resulted in a general reddening of the whole vicinity. Governments existed briefly and then gave way to martial law. The futility of interfering with the destined course of revolution in Siberia, from attempted democracy to established Communism, was never learned by the Allies until it was too late, and the whole enterprise an ignoble, tragic failure.

Kolchak had been commander of the mutinous Black Sea fleet of the Russian navy. Called upon to surrender, he walked to the rail and threw overboard his gold-encrusted sword, won for valiant action at Port Arthur. Impressed, the rabble sent down divers, recovered the sword and asked Kerensky to spare the Admiral. A subsequent trip around the world, during which he was cordially received at Paris, London and Washington, established his patriotic motives. Summoned to Siberia by the Cossack sycophant, General Gregorie Semenoff, then enjoying the patronage of Japan, he arranged a coup at Omsk, where the newly proclaimed Siberian Republic was on its last legs, and Kolchak was installed as dictator with the united benison of the Allies.

Within a month, the new Kolchak government, through its Foreign Minister, John Soukine, who had been first secretary of the Russian Embassy in Washington and knew his America, issued this gorgeous statement:

> The government which is headed by Admiral Kolchak as its Supreme Chief, bearing in mind that Russia has always sacredly fulfilled all its liabilities toward its own subjects, as well as to other nations to which it was bound by treaties, has deemed it necessary to state in its declaration of November 21 that it will not fail, as soon as Russia is reunited, to execute all liabilities of the State Treasury, *i.e.*, payments of interests and amortization on internal and external loans, payments on contracts and salaries of employés, and all other payments arising from law, contract or other legal foundations.

Singularly enough, this heartening news came upon the heels of the announcement from Moscow that a $150,000,000 loan of Wall Street to the Czarist government would have to be defaulted, since the Bolsheviks would not recognize any debts contracted by the previous régime.

A subsequent despatch from Siberia quoted Foreign Minister Soukine to the effect that the Kolchak government would soon be in the market for $164,000,000 worth of munitions and farm implements.

All this had the desired effect. Big Business in America, from Wall Steet down to the last Rotary luncheon speaker, began to urge recognition of the Kolchak government, pointing to its promise of debt payments and trade opportunities. Returned Y. M. C. A. men and political junketers added their voices, attesting to the stability of the month-old government under the Allied protectorate. A Russian Information Bureau was organized in New York and took full-page advertisements in the newspapers to preach a reunited Russia—and the American troops, their first mission accomplished, dug in for the long Siberian Winter of 1918-19.

The Twenty-seventh was given a sector of the Trans-Siberian railroad extending from Verhkne-Udinsk, 1,700 miles west of Vladivostok, to Misovaia, 100 miles west of Verhkne-Udinsk, on the shores of Lake Baikal. Companies were scattered to various posts for patrol duty. The Thirty-first remained in the Vladivostok and Suchan mine area.

An inter-Allied transportation conference was held in the Fall of 1918 over which a Japanese general presided. Col. John F. Stevens, an able American engineer, was in Siberia to reorganize communications. To aid him in untangling the Trans-Siberian road, the State Department had organized the Russian Railway Service Corps, composed of competent civilian engineers, who wore army uniforms with the letters RRS replacing the customary US on the collars. The general chaos had kept Colonel Stevens and his corps idle for over a year until, in September, it was decided that something must be done.

"No nationality trusted any other to work the line for the general need," wrote a British observer, A. Morgan Young, "and throughout September and October Stevens was kept idle while the line deteriorated. At length the worst possible form of compromise was effected, each nationality taking charge of a section of railway, with the result that strikes, misunderstanding, bitter disputes and chaos increased until the end of 1919, contributing not a little to the tragic failure of the whole preposterous enterprise."

The American troops, half-heartedly patrolling their railway section, began to grow dissatisfied. The war was over and the intricacies of Siberian politics had little appeal for the men of the infantry. The replacement troops, new to army discipline, were the first to show discontent. And in true military fashion, to stem this tide, commanding officers ordered a long series of formal guard mounts and regimental reviews on the desolate shores of Baikal and the wind-swept dunes of Suchan.

An influenza epidemic broke out and dysentery from bad water spread. Eight thousand patients were treated by the evacuation hospital at Vladivostok between October 18, 1919 and March 23, 1920.

Russian refugees were pouring eastward, and in the words of Surgeon-General M. W. Ireland, in his report of 1920, "association of troops with the civilian populations, and temptations offered by a female population possessing a peculiarly low standard of morals and victims of distressing economic conditions have contributed to no small degree to the excessive venereal rate." In that period 2,959 new cases of venereal disease were reported.

The Young Men's Christian Association was distressed but active. It conceived the idea of importing some moral motion pictures depicting the horrors of brothel life and hell-raising in general, but somehow they had little effect on quieting the hormones of the lonesome soldiers. The shows, indeed, were so popular with the men that they invariably brought crowded houses and cries for more, to the chaste puzzlement of the Y. M. C. A.

There weren't enough fights to keep the troops interested. The heaviest loss of the campaign occurred June 25 at Romanovka, fifty miles northeast of Vladivostok, when a force of 300 Bolsheviki made a surprise attack on Company A of the Thirty-first. Nineteen Americans were killed and twenty-seven others were wounded, two of whom died. The attack was invited by the mistake of a platoon commander who unwarily drew in his outposts at dawn after an all-night vigil, allowing the enemy to creep up in dense underbrush and fire from all sides on the sleeping Americans.

A platoon of Company M of the Twenty-seventh, under Lieut. Paul W. Kendall, now an instructor at West Point, had a lively skirmish with the troops of the treacherous Ataman Semenoff, throughout the campaign the *bête noir* of Siberia. Although nominally on the side of the Allies, Semenoff resented the Americans' act in taking over a section of his scenic railway, on which he was wont to cruise from his headquarters at Chita in an armored train called the Avenger. Forthwith he adopted for the motto of his troops *Americans ne dobre* (Americans no good), and instructed them to operate on that general plan.

A sergeant in Lieutenant Kendall's platoon posted at Posolskaya found time to woo an attractive telegraph operator at the station. In return for offerings of tinned willie, she tipped him off one day that an armored train of Semenoff's men was coming through that evening and there would be trouble. The Americans were housed in three wooden freight cars on a sidetrack. Early that evening Lieutenant Kendall placed all his men underneath the cars with a rifle and a handful of grenades apiece.

After a wait of several hours, the armored train appeared, stopped for water, and then, as it proceeded slowly down the track, the Cossacks poked machine-guns over the sides and opened a murderous pointblank fire on the cars of the Americans. The latter swarmed from beneath their splintered cars and stormed up the sides of the Cossack train, hurling grenades. The train plunged ahead but a sergeant crawled forward to stop it. He was shot from behind as he hurled a grenade at the engineer. Both were killed, but the doughboys captured the train and backed it up to the station with a hundred Cossacks and three officers prisoners. Two Americans had been killed and three were wounded. A dozen Russians were dead and twice that number wounded. Lieut. Kendall received a D. S. C. and the lady telegrapher enough tinned goods to open a delicatessen.

Three years later, when Semenoff came to America, Senator Borah, the American Legion, the Siberian Veterans' Association and Kiwanis went gunning for him. A Senate committee hearing aimed at his deportation brought testimony from Col. Charles H. Morrow, commander of the Twenty-seventh, that Semenoff had butchered 100,000 non-combatants, including women and children, while he was right bower of Kolchak at a time when the Allies did their best to keep the puppet Siberian government in power. In New York Semenoff divided his time between the Ritz-Carlton and the Ludlow street jail. He finally made his way unmolested to Japan, where he lives today, a flabby old man in astrakhan and drooping mustaches.

IV

In the Summer of 1919, the Allies played their last card on Kolchak. By now, with their help, the Admiral had between 200,000 and 300,000 men more or less under arms and was ready for a final fling at the Bolsheviks. From captured stores and their own heavy importations the Allies provided him food and clothes and rifles for his hungry, ill-clad peasants. But his recruits were difficult to keep. So soon as they were clothed and fed and once more in good fettle, many of them disappeared with their rifles, marching off to their homes with what extra food and clothing they could steal. Meanwhile, Moscow's fortunes were faring much better, with an effective mobilization of man-power and a heavy penetration into the East. By September the Soviets were ready for the final conflict to wrest Siberia from Kolchak and his uneasy backers.

The test never came. The Kolchak farce was moving to a rapid close. Gradually it dawned upon the capitals of the West that Bolshevism could not be beaten with bayonets. The Admiral was anything but an administrator and his régime began crumbling from within. So his powerful altruistic underwriters looked about them for a way to get out of it as best they could. Clamors at home for the withdrawal of the Americans grew in volume, although Professor Wilson up to the last issued lengthy messages restating the palpably weak excuses for American troops being in Siberia at all. "All the elements of the population in Siberia look to the United States for assistance," he said in a message to the Senate.

The British units were withdrawn, and then the Canadians, "in a state bordering on mutiny," according to a British commentator. General Graves of the Americans, as Winter approached, repeatedly protested against the continuance of an occupation which did great harm and contained no possibilities of doing any good. But America and Japan were still watching each other suspiciously and exchanged several more notes before Washington decided to abandon the gamble. On January 12 the United States finally notified Japan of her intention to evacuate, with a pious supplication that Japan would see fit to do likewise.

The game was lost. There was no thought now among the crusaders, except to get home. And so they missed, in the bustle of evacuation, the last tragic episode of the extravaganza. Only the Czechs—now all but forgotten by their erstwhile saviors—were left to see the dénouement.

Five thousand Czechs were still in Irkutsk, west of Lake Baikal, the last causeway of Kolchak against the stream of Bolshevism. With the Red invaders at the gates, Kolchak's own forces dissolved under him. He appealed to the Czechs to save him. Disgusted and weary, the Czechs, thinking only of their own safety, bartered with the Reds and turned over to them Imperial Russia's last hope of a comeback.

Dressed in a fur greatcoat and smoking a long Russian cigarette, the hawkish Admiral was stood before a firing squad. A fellow prisoner at his side screamed for mercy. The order to fire was given, but the executioners hesitated. A sergeant strode forward and, placing his pistol against the Admiral's neck, blew his head off. A hole was cut in the ice of Baikal and his body was thrown in.

"Slava Bogu!" shouted the Yanks back in Vladivostok as they went aboard the waiting transports. On their left shoulders they wore the insignia of the Bear that Walks Like a Man—the old Imperial bear that came down upon its belly while Russia reddened from Leningrad to Vladivostok.

When the first troop-ship arrived at San Francisco it bore a huge sign on its side proclaiming: "Bolsheviks, beware! We're coming home to join the Legion." America was already starting operations against Bolshevism on a new and safer front.

EDITORIALS

The Calamity of Appomattox

No American historian, so far as I know, has ever tried to work out the probable consequences if Grant instead of Lee had been on the hot spot at Appomattox. How long would the victorious Confederacy have endured? Could it have surmounted the difficulties inherent in the doctrine of States' Rights, so often inconvenient and even paralyzing to it during the war? Could it have remedied its plain economic deficiencies, and become a self-sustaining nation? How would it have protected itself against such war heroes as Beauregard and Longstreet, Joe Wheeler and Nathan B. Forrest? And what would have been its relations to the United States, socially, economically, spiritually and politically?

I am inclined, on all these counts, to be optimistic. The chief evils in the Federal victory lay in the fact, from which we still suffer abominably, that it was a victory of what we now call Babbitts over what used to be called gentlemen. I am not arguing here, of course, that the whole Confederate army was composed of gentlemen; on the contrary, it was chiefly made up, like the Federal army, of innocent and unwashed peasants, and not a few of them got into its corps of officers. But the impulse behind it, as everyone knows, was essentially aristocratic, and that aristocratic impulse would have fashioned the Confederacy if the fortunes of war had run the other way. Whatever the defects of the new commonwealth below the Potomac, it would have at least been a commonwealth founded upon a concept of human inequality, and with a superior minority at the helm. It might not have produced any more Washingtons, Madisons, Jeffersons, Calhouns and Randolphs of Roanoke, but it would certainly not have yielded itself to the Heflins, Caraways, Bilbos and Tillmans.

The rise of such bounders was a natural and inevitable consequence of the military disaster. That disaster left the Southern gentry deflated and almost helpless. Thousands of the best young men among them had been killed, and thousands of those who survived came North. They commonly did well in the North, and were good citizens. My own native town of Baltimore was greatly enriched by their immigration, both culturally and materially; if it is less corrupt today than most other large American cities, then the credit belongs largely to Virginians, many of whom arrived with no baggage save good manners and empty bellies.

Back home they were sorely missed. First the carpet-baggers ravaged the land, and then it fell into the hands of the native white trash, already so poor that war and Reconstruction could not make them any poorer. When things began to improve they seized whatever was seizable, and their heirs and assigns, now poor no longer, hold it to this day. A raw plutocracy owns and operates the New South, with no challenge save from a proletariat, white and black, that is still three-fourths peasant, and hence too stupid to be dangerous. The aristocracy is almost extinct, at least as a force in government. It may survive in backwaters and on puerile levels, but of the men who run the South today, and represent it at Washington, not 5%, by any Southern standard, are gentlemen.

If the war had gone with the Confederates no such vermin would be in the saddle, nor would there be any sign below the Potomac of their chief contributions to American *Kultur*—Ku Kluxry, political ecclesiasticism, nigger-baiting, and the more homicidal variety of Prohibition. Such things might have arisen in America, but they would not have arisen in the South. The old aristocracy, however degenerate it might have become, would have at least retained sufficient decency to see to that. New Orleans, today, would still be a highly charming and civilized (if perhaps somewhat zymotic) city, with a touch of Paris and another of Port Said. Charleston, which even now sprouts poets, would also sprout philosophers. The University of Virginia would be what Jefferson intended it to be, and no snouting Methodist would haunt its campus. Richmond would be, not the dull suburb of nothing that it is now, but a beautiful and consoling second-rate capital, comparable to Budapest, Brussels, Stockholm or The Hague. And all of us, with the Middle West pumping its revolting silo juices into the East and West alike, would be making frequent leaps over the Potomac, to drink the sound red wine there and breathe the free air.

My guess is that the two Republics, after sixty-five years, would be getting on pretty amicably. Perhaps they'd have come to terms as early as 1890, and fought the Spanish-American War together. In 1917 the confiding North might have gone out to save the world for democracy, but the South, vaccinated against Wall Street and the *New Republic,* would have kept aloof—and maybe rolled up a couple of billions of profit from the holy crusade. It would probably be far richer today, independent, than it is with the clutch of the Yankee mortgage-shark still on its collar. It would be getting and using his money just the same, but his toll would be less. As things stand, he not only exploits the South economically; he also pollutes and debases it spiritually. It suffers damnably from low wages, but it suffers even more from the Chamber of Commerce metaphysic.

No doubt the Confederates, victorious, would have abolished slavery by the middle 80's. They were headed that way before the war, and the more sagacious of them were all in favor of it. But they were in favor of it on sound economic grounds, and not on the brummagem moral grounds which persuaded the North. The difference here is immense. In human history a moral victory is always a disaster, for it debauches and degrades both the victor and the vanquished. The triumph of sin in 1865 would have stimulated and helped to civilize both sides. The Methodist millennium would have been set back at least a century, and maybe forever, and the whole democratic movement would have been halted.

Today the way out looks painful and hazardous. Civilization in the United States survives only in the big cities, and many of them—notably Boston and Philadelphia—seem to be sliding down to the cow country level. No doubt this standardization will go on until a few of the more resolute towns, headed by New York, take to open revolt, and try to break out of the Union. Already, indeed, it is talked of. But it will be hard to accomplish, for the tradition that the Union is indissoluble is now firmly established. If it had been broken in 1865 life would be far pleasanter today for every American of any noticeable culture and decency. There are, to be sure, advantages in Union for everyone, but it must be manifest that they are greatest for the worst kinds of people. All the benefit that a New Yorker gets out of Kansas is no more than what he might get out of Saskatchewan, the Argentine pampas, or Siberia. But New York to a Kansan is not only a place where he may get drunk, look at dirty shows and buy bogus antiques; it is also a place where he may enforce his barnyard theology upon his betters.

Science and Pseudo-Science

Again one hears the old charge—this time, humorously enough, it issues simultaneously from Harvard, Princeton and the Total Immersion Belt—that science is no more than a series of gratuitous postulates; in other words, that it is quite as dogmatic as theology. Who believes such rubbish? Certainly it is hard to imagine any enlightened man doing so. The plain fact is that science is incurably pragmatic, and holds nothing to be true beyond challenge—not even the imbecility of the persons who defame it. If some one proved definitely tomorrow that the evolutionary hypothesis was false, then 95% of all the reputable biologists in the world would scrap it the day after, and most of the laggards would follow next week. And if the same or some other magician demonstrated that the sun really moves around the earth (as the Popes used to declare on the direct authority of God's word of honor), then by Christmas no astronomer would be denying it.

The common allegation that the evolutionary hypothesis itself had a hard struggle to survive in the world of science is complete nonsense. Only two scientists of any genuine dignity resisted it: Virchow and Agassiz—and both of them were famous for their bull-headedness quite as much as for their learning. All the other contemporary biologists saw the force of Darwin's suggestions almost instantly, and proceeded with great diligence and enthusiasm to examine their implications. Seven years after "The Origin of Species" Haeckel published "Die generelle Morphologie der Organismen", and the battle was over. So with the revolutionary work of Pasteur, Koch and Lister. It was adopted and turned to use the moment it was understood. And so with every other scientific discovery and innovation since the Eighteenth Century.

The same Wesleyans, whether overt or occult, who accuse men of science of dogmatism frequently depart from that charge long enough to allege that they are just the contrary—that is, that they go swarming after new notions uncritically, like morons after a new movie star. The support for this is commonly sought in the permutations of atomic theory during the past twenty-five years. How many different atoms have flourished in that time I don't know, but probably the number has run beyond a dozen. Even today they continue to rise and subside, clash and explode. But here the gentlemen of the orthodox faculty simply confuse working hypotheses with statements of fact. No two things could be more unlike. Did Niels Bohr believe that his toy atom was a complete representation of the real atom? Plainly, he did not. He devised it simply to clarify thinking on the subject—and to such effect that more and better thinking has been done about it since than ever before.

Unfortunately, the way thus opened to scientists has also proved attractive to metaphysicians. They invade physics today, and to its considerable damage. They adulterate its collection of facts with their puerile speculations, and try to give it a transcendental flavor. If they prevail, it will become dogmatic enough, God knows! But they will not prevail. Presently they will be heaved out, as their predecessors were heaved out two centuries ago, and the accumulation of facts will proceed. Each will come in accompanied by a cloud of hypotheses, but as the cloud blows away the fact will remain. That is the history of science since the earliest days. It begins with uncertainty and ends with a fact. The history of theology is the precise contrary. It begins with certainty and ends with a falsehood. The older a given theology grows the more dogmatic it is, and the less true it is.

Progress in Legal Science

Gradually, from the ruck of laws and decisions, a distinctively American jurisprudence emerges. Not long ago, in the Mooney case, the Supreme Court of California made a notable contribution to it: to wit, the doctrine that a man accused falsely of a crime is bound to find out and bring to justice whoever actually committed it, and that he may be justly kept in prison until he does so. I daresay that this doctrine would greatly astonish the English authorities; if so, let them remember that American legal science is now on its own legs, and careth not a damn for either English precedent or ordinary common sense.

In a series of highly constructive decisions the Supreme Court of the United States has disposed of one of the oldest of legal principles: that criminal statutes must be construed strictly. It began the work in the celebrated Diggs-Caminetti case, wherein it held that a man might be jailed for a given act, A, under a law which prohibited and penalized a quite different act, B. This decision, unfortunately, was not unanimous; Mr. Justice McKenna, for one, dissented very tartly. Of late, dealing with Prohibition, the court has got rid of that shade of uncertainty by deciding flatly and unanimously—with the "liberal" Mr. Justice Holmes speaking for it!—that the Volstead Act must be "*liberally* construed". And in between, in a case from Pennsylvania, it decided that a given man, A, admittedly guilty of no crime, might be penalized heavily on the ground that another man, B, under similar circumstances, might conceivably commit a crime. Here also, I believe, Mr. Justice Holmes was on the side of the New Jurisprudence.

The old rule against double jeopardy, embodied by the Fathers in the Fifth Amendment, is already on its way to the boneyard. The court long ago decided that it did not apply to prosecutions instituted in State and Federal courts simultaneously. Thus, for a single act, to wit, transporting a glass of wine from his own house to his sick neighbor's next door, a man may be sent to prison for two years in Kansas, and then, on his release, go to some Federal hoosegow for three or four years more, depending on the *Katzenjammer* of the trial judge. Not long ago Mr. Attorney-General Mitchell was before a committee of Congress arguing gravely, as a constructive expert in American law, that even under the Federal code alone, it ought to be possible, and in fact was just and righteous, to jail a man *n* times for precisely the same act. That, he explained, was because the Fathers, in the Fifth Amendment, had used the word "offense" instead of "act". How many members of the committee could see the difference I don't know, but no doubt the lawyers among them had no difficulty. As for the Supreme Court, the chances are at least 10,000 to 1 that it will adopt Dr. Mitchell's reasoning instantly, once a case comes before it.

Another ancient principle that has succumbed to the New Jurisprudence is the one to the effect that a plaintiff must come into court with clean hands. Obviously, if it were enforced the corps of Prohibition agents would carry on their Christian work under a cruel handicap, especially in padlock proceedings. In England it would sufficiently dispose of them to show that they incited the crime they complain of; in the United States they may do all the inciting they please, and even go to the length of committing one crime in order to prepare the way for another. Here the learned may object that the old rule applies only to equity proceedings. But is it so soon—and so significantly!—forgotten that a padlock case, by the theory of the New Jurisprudence, is an equity proceeding?

I touch only the edges of the fascinating subject. Many other ancient rules of law and equity have been similarly mauled and scrapped, and yet others will take their turns tomorrow. The older books of law are no longer of any use to an American law student. He must forget all the principles in them, and learn a set of entirely new ones; and often they are based upon novel and astonishing distortions of the meaning of plain English. Law, once so simple that an Abraham Lincoln could master it in a few months, becomes an acroamatic and transcendental discipline, comprehensible only to men who see false as true and black as white. The best judge is the one most gifted at reading into words what they do not mean, and out of them what they do.

◆

The I. Q. of Holy Church

If only because it is manifestly more honest, intelligent and urbane than any of the dominant Protestant sects, the Catholic church usually enjoys a good press in the United States. Ku Kluxers allege that this is because newspaper and magazine editors are afraid of its ire, but that is not altogether true. Some of the more bullet-headed Irish bishops may occasionally try to put down a critic by force, but not often. The commoner method is simple remonstrance, and not infrequently is so artfully employed that the offender is persuaded, and emerges from the experience convinced that the church and its agents are excessively amiable, enlightened, sagacious and high-toned.

This judgment, alas, is somewhat oversanguine. There are undoubtedly many shrewd fellows among the Catholic clergy, and there are many more who are charming and amusing, but the church as a church, like any other ecclesiastical organization, is highly unintelligent. It is forever making thumping errors, both in psychology and in politics, and despite its occasional brilliant successes among sentimental pseudo-intellectuals, as in England, and among the *Chandala,* as in America, it seems destined to go downhill hereafter. Consider its position in the world today. After 1800 years of uninterrupted propaganda, during 1500 of which it was virtually unopposed in Christendom, scarcely a dozen really first-rate men subscribe to its ideas, and not a single first-rate nation!

Its poverty in this respect is well demonstrated by its almost comical excess of enthusiasm whenever a stray member of the *intelligentsia* succumbs. Reading the Catholic papers—I allude, of course, to the more intelligent of them, not to the dismal diocesan rags—an uninformed person might easily gather the impression that Hilaire Belloc is the greatest historian who ever lived, and G. K. Chesterton the most profound metaphysician. Both men, obviously, are immensely clever, but the Catholic Hazlitts are not content to say so much: they must make them universal geniuses. Similarly, at least on this side of the water, the late Joyce Kilmer is converted into a poet comparable to Whitman or Browning, and the late Bertram C. A. Windle becomes a scientist almost equal to Pasteur, Koch, Darwin or Johannes Müller. The thing proceeds to the lowest and most grotesque levels. Even Harvey Wickham, among Catholic critics, is usually spoken of as if he were a grand and incomparable fellow, glorious alike to the True Religion and the human race.

This gurgling, it seems to me, is injudicious. A more moderate rejoicing would be far more convincing. And a more moderate reviling would probably do more damage to the church's chief current enemies—the birth controllers and the physical scientists. The war upon birth control, as it is commonly carried on by virgin bishops, is not only unfair, but also ridiculous, for it is based upon theological postulates that no educated man could conceivably accept. There is, I believe, a lot to be said against the birth controllers—for example, on the score of their false pretenses: they really know no more about preventing conception than any corner druggist. But their Catholic critics, so far as I know, have never said it. Instead, they ground their case upon a dogmatism that is offensive to every intellectual decency, and try to dispose of their opponents by denouncing them as mere voluptuaries. This last is sheer nonsense. The principal birth controllers are as serious as so many witch-burners, and the theory that they are voluptuaries is easily refuted by looking at one of them, preferably a female.

The war upon modern science, carried on in Boston by Cardinal O'Connell and elsewhere by ecclesiastics even less prudent, is quite as silly. Its sole effect must be to make every enlightened Catholic blush. And in the long run, if he be of a reflective habit, it must make him wonder whether he really belongs in the Roman camp. Every Catholic of that sort, the world being what it is, has a hard enough time already to hold his faith: it is opposed not only by a multitude of objective evidences but also by the inner spirit of his day and generation. Certainly it does not help him to be told that Belloc is a great historian and that Gibbon was an ass, that Kilmer was a good poet and Hardy a bad one, and that Windle was superior to Einstein. Nor does it help him to be taught solemnly that the hatching of rachitic and syphilitic children is an act of merit, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam.* H. L. M.

THE FIRST DAY OUT

BY LAWRANCE MAYNARD

I DON'T know what the outside of the New Jersey State Prison looks like. I have never seen it. I didn't cast a glance back at the receding pile of stone and steel as I sped away in the taxi that had been waiting for me. I knew that the proper thing to do was to hear the clang of the steel gates as they closed behind me, to stand bewildered on the threshold for a moment, and then to feast my hungry eyes on the glorious sunshine and the unfamiliar freshness of the green grass and the flowers.

Perhaps I should have shouted exultantly, "Free! Free at last!" and then gone gropingly into the new world, walking slowly with hesitating steps and backward glances at the forbidding gray walls, sighing a fervent prayer of thanksgiving that I was free of them. That was the way the released convicts always had done it in the prison stories I had read.

But to me, in those first few moments, the prison had ceased to exist, the convict was dead, and no doubts assailed me. The sunshine and the grass and the flowers were as they had always been, familiar things that called for no joyous song of freedom. My thoughts were not retrospective. I knew where I was going, what I had to do. I belonged in the world, and it seemed to be saying, "Hurry up; you've been neglecting me; come and take what I have for you!"

I sat in the taxi, my box of belongings on the seat beside me. The driver looked back at me, smiled knowingly, and said: "Pennsylvania Station, hunh?"

"Yes," I agreed. I was beginning to feel uncomfortable about that box of property that I had taken from the prison. The things were packed not very neatly in a tobacco carton. I wouldn't want to carry that on the street very much. But I could check it at the station. I got to thinking about the impression it would make on the check-room attendant.

We drove on a short distance, and the driver looked back and smiled.

"Pennsylvania Station—that's where they *all* head for. They buy a ticket for as far as the five bucks'll take 'em, I guess."

That reminded me of something.

"Stop first at the Trenton Bank," I told him. "I've got to cash a check."

"You're lucky," he said.

At the bank I presented the check for $200 which the warden had given me because there had not been enough cash in the prison cash-drawer to pay me all that was coming to me.

"You'll have to be identified," said the professionally suspicious teller automatically.

"I don't know anyone here," I replied, helplessly.

"Can't you get Mr. Cole, the prison secretary, to indorse it for you?"

"Well, yes," I said, unenthusiastically; "I suppose I *could* go over there and get him to indorse it."

I didn't enjoy the prospect. The prison

seemed to be following me, reaching out and claiming my acquaintance in the manner of a disreputable accomplice of the past who insists on renewing relationship with a now respectable business man. In those first few moments I had completely forgotten its existence, but now I began to realize that for a little while it would cling to me.

"Mr. Cole personally handed me this check ten minutes ago," I told the teller.

"Well, I'll call him up." I nodded agreement, and he began to talk over the telephone, watching me the while as if he expected me to run away.

"Slender chap . . . dark eyes . . . blue suit . . . dark cap . . . yes, this must be the right fellow then . . . thank you . . . goodbye. . . ."

It was all right, then. The teller had a stack of bills in his hand.

"How'll you have it, tens or twenties?"

"It doesn't matter."

He counted out ten twenties.

"Don't lose it," he smiled.

"I won't."

"Good luck to you!"

"Thanks."

"I've read about you. You're all right."

"Thank you."

"Drop in sometime when you're in town."

"I will; goodbye."

II

Not so bad, after all, I thought. Here was a man who knew where I'd been—and he didn't recoil in horror. He had smiled and wished me luck. He, a respectable banker! He had treated me as an equal! . . . I realized, then, that I hadn't expected to be treated as an equal. I was not accustomed to being treated as an equal. . . .Well, but I *was* his equal, wasn't I?

The thought astonished me. It hadn't occurred to me before. I had thought of my work, of my writing, of the success I would be in the world, but somehow I had neglected to consider the problem of social intercourse. Contact with people had not entered into my calculations. But I would have to meet people, would have to adjust myself to association with people whose ideas were not prison-made, with people who were respectable. And I would have to get over my habit of looking up to them—get rid of the feeling that anyone not a prisoner was my superior. I wouldn't have to "sir" them and "yes" them and apologize to them for my presumption of the right to live. I was free, and could face the world. I walked with a lighter step as I went back to my taxicab.

But there was that ugly bundle again, bringing back the sense of inferiority. I sat and hated it until we reached the station. The driver took it from me, and I asked him to check it. As he walked with it into the station I hung back, pretending not to be with him. That tobacco carton!

I paid the driver and sought a nearby barber-shop.

"Shave," I said, climbing into the proffered chair.

"Don't you want a haircut first?" the barber suggested.

"Just a shave," I replied.

"Hair's a bit ragged," he insisted.

I became immediately conscious of my prison haircut. I imagined that the barber knew who last had clipped my hair. I wished that I had waited until I had bought my own razor, to shave in the privacy of a room. This barber knew all about haircuts, and he would know that for some time no professional barber had touched my hair. What would he think? Would he imagine that I had been cutting it myself? I felt cheap. Cutting my own hair! What kind of man would do that? What must that barber be thinking?

"All right, cut it then," I said, defensively, defiantly.

I watched the barber in the mirror as he prepared for work. I thought I caught a look of contempt on his face. He went to the front of the shop, near another barber. I imagined that he was telling the other man all about me, that they were laughing at me. I watched my barber covertly in the mirror, but the other barber did not look at me. When my barber looked up and caught my eye in the mirror I dropped my head in confusion. When he returned I sat stiff and self-conscious in the chair. He had difficulty in turning my head so that he could use the clippers.

"Don't you want it washed?" he asked. "It's full of dust."

"I haven't time," I said.

I wished that he would finish the job and let me go. I felt like a defendant in the witness-chair. I felt that the barber was a judge, cross-examining me, wanting to know where I had been, what I was doing, and what right I had to be alive. Then, my humiliation made me angry with myself, angry with the barber for making me feel inferior. To myself I made out a case in defense of myself. I thought:

"This man is nothing but a barber. He'll never be anything but a barber. I am a successful writer. One of my stories brings me more than he earns in a month. I must remember that I am a writer and not a cringing convict. When I left the gates of that prison behind I was full of confidence, and now I am allowing a barber to make an outcast of me because my hair was cut by a convict barber and the prison dust is in my hair. That is none of his business. I pay him to remedy those defects. He is my servant. He has no right to make me feel inferior."

I said to him:

"Yes, wash my hair. I believe it does need it."

"It won't take but a few minutes," he said, "and it is very sticky."

Again I felt the need to apologize, to explain. I said:

"Yes—I've been using some pomade on it, and the dust clung to it. It's messy stuff."

"I got some greaseless hairdressing," he said. "I'll use some on your hair after it's washed."

I was shaved, and my hair was cut and washed and dried, when the evening papers arrived. On the front page was a headline:

COURT OF PARDONS PAROLES MORE THAN FIFTY; MAYNARD, AUTHOR, AMONG THOSE RELEASED.

The barbers were reading the papers, commenting on the action of the Court of Pardons.

"I guess that fellow Maynard was lucky," one said.

"Yeah; he wrote a book."

"I guess he made a lot of dough."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"It pays to write a book nowadays. I see where this fellow that wrote 'Green Pastures' won a prize."

"Oh, yeah? 'Green Pastures.' I ain't read it."

"It's a new play, over in New York. I read about it. I like books."

"Yeah, so do I. I ain't got much time to read, though. But I like good books once in a while. I read some books by that guy Edgar Wallace. They say he writes one every week."

"He ain't won no prizes, though, like this 'Green Pastures'."

"No, but he makes dough."

"When he wins a prize he'll be makin' *real* dough. That guy that wrote 'Green Pastures'—say, I'd like to be in his shoes.

. . . You know, it says here this guy Maynard's book went big. He got a break. Maybe he'll win a prize."

I couldn't help breaking into the conversation. I finished knotting my tie and said:

"I don't think so."

"He might," the barber said.

"It's not that kind of a book," I said.

"Why, it's just the same kind of stuff like 'Green Pastures'."

"Oh, is it?" This was news to me, and I wanted to know how the literary barber reasoned.

"Why, sure," he said; "they're both farm stories. Pastures and pigs. This Maynard wrote about pigs, and this other guy wrote about pastures, and I guess if one farm book wins the prize that shows the judges like farm stuff, don't it?"

"That's right," I said; "maybe this book will win a prize too."

I went away from there wondering if anybody had read my book.

III

I went on over to New York, and began to feel self-conscious about my prison clothing. I didn't like the cap I had on, so I went into a hat store and bought a Panama. I had them wrap up the cap so I could wear the new hat.

On the street I noticed the vast difference between the clothing made by the prison tailors and that of others. I knew that everyone must be staring at the peculiar cut of my dark blue coat. I began to hang my head. I couldn't meet the eyes of those I passed on the street. The prison still had me in its arms, was enfolding me in itself in the form of a dark blue suit. Those clothes were calling out my disgrace. Prison-made, they shouted to the world.

Prison-made! Everything I had was prison-made. Even my ideas, to a certain extent. I felt a revulsion every time I saw a cop. Everybody knew I had come from prison. Or, if they didn't know I had come from prison, they wondered where in hell I had come from with such clothing. I must get rid of the prison clothing at once.

I went into a haberdasher's and bought a pair of gray flannel trousers. That would help. I would get a room and change, and the dark coat with the light trousers would serve until I could get a suit. I thought of the tobacco carton in Trenton, and imagined myself carrying it through the streets. I must do something about that. I bought a suit-case, thinking that I could carry it back to Trenton and pack the contents of the disreputable bundle in it at the station. I probably could do that without attracting much attention. To me, it seemed that everything I did was observed critically. In Trenton the taxi driver had carried the box for me, and I was glad that he had known from where I had come. He would understand. It would be so much more simple if everybody knew, so that everybody would understand. If people knew I had been in prison they wouldn't expect much of me; they wouldn't think I was merely a fool.

As I passed clothing stores along the street I bought shirts and ties and underwear. I didn't buy everything in one store because I felt that by doing so the clerks would think me strange. A man buying all new clothing would be conspicuous. People would wonder why he needed so many new things all at once. They'd think he had been broke, and that as soon as he got a little money he went out and bought clothes.

I didn't want people to think I had been broke. That was why I went from shop to shop, buying a shirt here, another there, and underwear or socks somewhere else. A clerk would say, "Is there anything else?" and I'd reply, "No; I have everything I need." I couldn't have them knowing that I didn't have anything at all. By the time I got to Times square my suit-case was filled. I started in search of a room.

There are many hotels of all kinds in the Times square district. I could have entered any one of a score and got a room. I passed them up, merely glancing into them as I passed. I walked and walked, lacking the nerve to enter a lobby. I couldn't face the ordeal of walking through a lobby where everyone could see me. I felt conspicuous with my suit-case. I felt conspicuously prison-made. Every time I saw a hotel I thought, "I'll go in and get a room," but when I came to the door I passed by. If there happened to be a doorman I avoided his eyes. I tried to appear nonchalant. I didn't want anyone to think I was searching for a room. I would keep walking, and people would think I had a destination. It was queer to be walking with a suit-case and no destination. No one must know. People would laugh at me.

I was very tired. For three years I had done no long-distance walking. My exercise had been limited by walls. During my last year at the prison I had not gone to the yard at all, because its cheerless gray dustiness was suffocating to the body, and the repetitiously complaining conversation of the moron inmates was smothering to the mind. Now I had been walking for hours, and my feet hurt. Blisters. Those heavy, convict-made shoes. I must buy new ones. People would be looking at my feet.

My feet. Painful, very. I'd have to find a room and rest them. I'd never get anywhere by walking on. And people must be noticing me by this time. I had walked so much that the same people must have met me more than once. They would wonder what was wrong with me. I reasoned, "Well, if anybody passes me on the street more than once he has no right to wonder about *me*. What's *he* doing walking so much?" But I was obsessed with the fear of people looking at me.

At last I found a hotel with no lobby. A decent-looking place, though, with an elevator. I went in and got over the ordeal of renting a room.

After a rest and a bath I got into my new flannel trousers and felt better, but out on the street I began to suffer again—acutely conscious of my prison shoes. Why, I wailed to myself, must they make them so heavy, with such broad bulldog toes and such thick soles? Plenty of material, and durable, but so different from the shoes worn on Broadway. Why couldn't the prison authorities realize that departing convicts do not want clothes made to last, but rather clothes made like the things worn by free men?

The first thought of every released prisoner is new clothes, and the price he can get for those given him by the prison. The State pays $12.15 for a parole suit, wholesale, and the convict sells his entire outfit for five dollars . . . I wanted to go into a good restaurant and eat a good meal, but I sought out a lunch counter, then went to my room vowing to buy new shoes at once.

"What size?" asked the shoe clerk.

"Six and a half E," I replied, trying to appear at ease.

The clerk brought out the low-cut black shoes I had asked for. "If you'll just sit down and remove your shoes," he suggested, "I'll try them on you."

"No," I said; "I haven't much time, and I know my size. I'm sure they'll fit."

I didn't want to remove those shoes from the prison. I didn't want the clerk to get a good look at the things. He would be sure to wonder where I had bought them. He would think I had come from some strange place where people wore shoes such as never were worn in cities. He would feel contempt for my taste. I didn't want him to see those shoes. It seemed that they were leaping out from my feet, filling the room with their monstrous size, crushing me under the heaviness of their soles. But the clerk said:

"You'd better try them on. We like to be sure before a customer leaves, so that there will be no dissatisfaction."

I sat down and removed one shoe. The new shoe was a perfect fit. I took two pairs, one black and one sport. Hurriedly I returned the prison shoe to my foot, paid for the new shoes and departed. I felt better. That clerk had tortured me. If only I had had the courage to say, "See here, I've been in State's prison. These are prison-made shoes. I want to get rid of them. Aren't they horrible?" I would have felt better. The clerk would have agreed that the prison shoes were pretty bad, and we would have had something in common. As it was, I was imagining that he was wondering what kind of a guy I was to be wearing such things. Self-consciousness. It would be so much easier if people *knew* where I had been. Then, too, it would have been much easier if I had been able to say, "I don't give a damn what people think." I felt that people were demanding explanations of me, and I could not explain.

All day I had been fearing the glances of people. In the hotel, in restaurants, on the street, I felt the shame of something I was hiding, felt the queerness of the mark the prison had left on me. It was the same when I went to buy a ready-made suit. I still wore the coat of the prison suit, and when I removed it to try on the new one I took care to fold it on a table so that the salesman could not see its cut. I waited while minor alterations were made in the two suits I purchased, then hurried to my room and changed. I then took the prison suit and shoes out and sold them. I didn't need the money, but I didn't want the suit in my way. If the second-hand dealer had refused to buy it I would have left it with him for nothing. As it was, he looked at the coat and said:

"Hmm—material is all right, but it's a cheap suit."

"I know it's a cheap suit," I agreed.

"Such a funny cut. That tailor must not know his business I guess. Who was he?"

"I don't know him," I hedged.

"Well, I couldn't use it like that. To use it, I would have to make it over. Such a funny cut, I couldn't sell it."

"I suppose not," I said, wishing that I had thrown the suit away.

"Well, I'll give you five dollars for the suit with the shoes."

"All right; I'll take it."

"It's a funny cut. I don't know what you got it for."

"If I liked it I wouldn't be selling it, would I?"

IV

I wanted him to know that the suit hadn't been of my choosing. He looked at me strangely. I believe he thought that I had stolen the suit. The thought occurred to me then, and for a moment I really felt guilty. The past came back to me—other second-hand stores and pawn shops when my merchandise had not been so honestly come by. Then I realized that what I offered for sale really belonged to me, and I felt more secure, more independent. Here was I, selling something that belonged to me when I didn't actually need the money.

It was a new sensation, and I felt a bit thrilled. I realized that from now on I was to be respectable, law-abiding, with nothing to fear. With the disposal of this suit I would shed the last vestige of prison.

"Give me the five dollars," I said, peremptorily.

"It's a funny cut," he repeated.

"I got it in a funny place," I said.

"A funny place?"

"Yes; a very funny place."

He looked at me strangely, as if he thought me out of my head.

"What's this—a funny place?"

Oh hell, I thought, is this going to keep up? I'm tired of feeling guilty because people don't know where I got my outlandish clothes——

"I just got out of jail," I said to the second-hand man. "I just got out, and the suit was made in a State prison."

His eyes opened wide, and he stared at me. Then he examined the suit more closely, and took it to the light.

"So—they give you clothes?—They give you *suits?*"

"Did you think we came out naked?"

"They give suits—oh, what suits!"

He asked some questions about the prison, and I answered, relieved to be able to confide in some one. Finally I told him to give me the money and let me go.

"It's a funny cut," he said. "I don't think I can give you more than four dollars."

"You said five."

"Yes, but the suit ain't much good."

"All right, give me the four."

"You come out of prison, you need money, hunh?"

"Give me the four dollars."

"Well, I don't know what I can do with the damn suit, but here's the money."

Across the street a fat woman was watching us from the doorway of her shop. She knew I was selling a suit. She would think I was broke, selling the clothing off my back. She was staring at me, perhaps hoping I would come over with something else to sell. I looked over and grinned. I took the four one-dollar bills, reached in my pocket and took out a roll of tens, and some twenties. Very conspicuously I added the four ones to the roll, flourished the bills and returned them to my pocket. The fat woman stared harder. The second-hand man also stared.

"Maybe you want to buy something," he suggested.

"No. Goodbye."

As I went out he examined the coat again, mumbling, "It's a funny cut."

The fat woman stood in the doorway and fanned herself. I smiled at her, and then laughed aloud. I went whistling along the street. I was free at last. No longer need I fear what people would think of my clothing. I had discarded everything from the prison. The cell that I had taken with me from the prison had been shattered. The last bar was back there in the second-hand store.

As I walked along the street I knew that along with the prison clothes I had discarded my prison ideas; when I passed a policeman on the street I walked by with head erect, and I did not think evil of him. That night I merely laughed when an old friend described how he had called the cops on some disturbers of the peace in his apartment-house. Two days earlier I would have joined my prison-mates in calling him a rat or a louse. Now I merely laughed, and thought him a bit vain for taking so seriously the disturbance of his peace.

Peace, I thought, is not a thing to be measured by the rectitude of the people in the next apartment. I had found it by the selling of a suit of clothes and the bold telling of where I had got it.

SWELL LETTERS IN CALIFORNIA

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

California has always been a land of authors. From the year 1602, when Don Sebastian Vizcaino made a note in one of his diaries that "this land has a genial climate," to the appearance of the latest volume of free verse in San Diego or of the most recent advertisement of the Southern California All-Year-Round Club, climate and literature have formed a holy alliance.

Fray Juan Crespi, standing on the present site of the City of Angels, shortly after Vizcaino's expedition, observed that "this delightful place among the trees on the river has large vineyards of wild grapes and an infinity of rose-bushes in full bloom." The die was cast and California quickly became the Romantic State, the Glamorous Commonwealth, the land of poppies, guitars, Spanish missions, and exotic fruits. It is not without significance that the first magazine published in Los Angeles of any consequence was called the *Land of Sunshine* and that it was heavily subsidized by a real estate promotion company. Yet some of the early commentators were not so enthusiastic as Crespi, for Sir George Simpson denounced Los Angeles as "a den of thieves, the noted abode of the lowest gamblers and drunkards." But this flatly contradicted R. H. Dana, who asserted that he had never seen a drunkard in California!

Such sour fellows as Simpson have always been in the minority, and, for the most part, California has projected the legend of its poesy with such unparalleled success that today it would take a group of industrious census-takers to count its poets. The names of its essayists must run into the thousands, and Mr. Joseph W. Lippincott estimates that the total number of California authors exceeds those of all other States three to one. The climate has produced a rash of writers in every generation. Jaded Middle Westerners arrive in January, fresh from sloppy weather and aching from chilblains, gaze at a rose-bush in bloom, and immediately burst into iambics. There is scarcely a single retired capitalist in Southern California without at least one spinster daughter who cherishes poetic ambitions. The haughty Los Angeles *Times* has thus given editorial recognition to the effect of the climate on the inhibited sensibilities of Easterners:

> Every spot in Southern California seems to be prolific with romance. Every bit of clay feels a stir within. Poets are born here and some come on Pullmans and brakebeams. Verse blossoms out on the police force and stories are as likely as not to be spun by street-car conductors. The rattle of the riveter is drowned only by the click of the typewriter.

Where writing is a common heritage and every young man is a practising poet, it is not surprising to find a community inordinately vain of its literary achievements. This mounting pride dates from the time of the Chicago World's Fair, at which the State maintained a "literature room" in the custody of that formidable historian of California letters, Ella Sterling Cummins, famous as "the lark of California song." Mrs. Cummins became so infatuated with the Western *Zeitgeist* that she abandoned her maiden name and adopted the chromatic appellation of Aurora Esmeralda. Then, in order to make a permanent record of California's brilliant chapter in the national letters, she edited a collection known as "The Story of the Files: A Review of California Writers and Literature." With this heavy tome on sale, Mrs. Cummins had no difficulty in convincing the visitors to her literary aquarium that California was, indeed, a land of authors. In her tender solicitude for the vanity of all the bards west of the Sierras, she had omitted not a name in her review. From that time forth the notion has always been abroad that there is a peculiarly indigenous quality about the work of the State's literary amateurs. One Western critic, Ethel Turner, has even ventured the opinion that "west of the Sierras there is something aloof and lonely that creeps into the blood." Even Mr. Edgar Lee Masters was wooed to the confession that "the East is sterile, moribund. The Far West is leaping up. Let no one try to infuse any inferiority complex in you."

II

This industrious serenading of the arts, which began in 1893, has now passed beyond the phase of individual whim and become the subject of civic recognition. The governing body of Los Angeles has created a Civic Bureau of Music and Art which recently published a handsome brochure entitled "Los Angeles County Culture." From this document the curious may learn that Los Angeles is a great dramatic center: the proof adduced is that the following high-toned plays had their première in the City of Angels: "Peg O' My Heart," "The Bird of Paradise," "So Long, Lettie," "Canary Cottage," "The Right of Way," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Civilian Clothes," "The Arab," "The Nervous Wreck," and "The Fool."

The editor of the brochure goes on to say that "much notable literature has been produced here and gone forth to the world. The names of these authors are household words. An attempted list of them would be prohibitively long and probably incomplete." Such is the sort of thing that is perennially published in Los Angeles. Perley Poore Sheehan once wrote a book called "Hollywood as a Center for World Culture" in which he predicted, with unshakable conviction, that a "new Aryan culture" was arising among the movie queens. This prophecy, to be sure, was made several years ago, when the atmosphere was pregnant with great unutterable expectancies, none of which has come to pass.

At least once during every decade since 1893, an elaborate anthology of California writers has been published. The enterprise is usually carried on with such democratic inclusiveness that politicians, police magistrates and even Unitarian clergymen are lured into print. A contributor need only rehash some of the cherished literary legends of the State, such as that the Monterey peninsula was the inspiration for "Treasure Island" or that General William Tecumseh Sherman once flirted with Señorita Maria Ignacio Bonifacio over a rose-bush in Carmel, in order to be crowned as at least "a patron of the arts."

Some of these famous legends are now hoary with the charitable dust of antiquity. In Napa county the hills are dotted with the conflicting stones and monuments erected by rival committees of clubwomen to commemorate the spot where Stevenson lived while writing "The Silverado Squatters" in 1880. One of Stevenson's lady admirers recently made a pilgrimage to one of these shrines and wrote a memoir of the great man, a passage from which is typical of tons of similar Californiana:

> It was my good fortune to meet the author shortly after he left the little honeymoon cabin, and I well recall the gentle pensive quality of the man then hopelessly ill of body, but strong in the unquenchable inner life and buoyed to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

Insignificant incidents of Stevenson's brief residence in California have actually formed the subject of whole books, as, for example, "The Story of a Friendship" by Josephine Mildred Blanch. For years the faithful Stevenson enthusiasts visited a house at the corner of Hyde and Lombard streets in San Francisco, to gaze with wistful eyes upon the place where R. L. S. was rumored to have lived. But if the house was ever inhabited by Stevenson, it must have been by his ghost, for it now appears that it was erected long after his death.

The business of commemorating the great literary men of the State has become a fixed institution, and the art of reciting the State legends passes from generation to generation. Mrs. Finley Cook labors industriously to keep alive the slender literary fame of her aunt, the celebrated Ina Coolbrith, who wrote a volume of verse in 1895 and immediately became Poet Laureate of the State and the only female member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. The Ina Coolbrith Foundation has now become a civic institution. Similarly, one Cyril Clements works deep into the night propagating legends about Mark Twain. Recently he published "Mark Twain, New Anecdotes and Jokes and Stories." The volume is made up of such hilarious bits as the following, culled from the responsive soil of an aging Western memory: "Twain: I remember a certain day in San Francisco when if I hadn't picked up a dime that I found lying in the street, I should have asked some one for a quarter."

The work of fertilizing the Stevenson tradition has fallen to Stephen Chalmers, honorary secretary of the Stevenson Society of America. Mr. Chalmers had a floral wreath prepared on behalf of the society, and while it was being placed on the Stevenson Memorial in Portsmouth Square he played a tune on a flageolet that was given to him by a distant cousin of R. L. S.

The home of the late Charles Fletcher Lummis became a shrine in Los Angeles before poor Lummis had drawn his last breath. There is much talk now of a Lummis Foundation and a member of his family plans a series of books about the shrewd historian who kept his love diaries in indecipherable Spanish. The daughters of the late Jack London enjoy their father's fame in the customary manner. Judging from the frequency of the Robinson Jeffers numbers of the *Carmelite*, there can be little doubt that the site of the future monument to Jeffers has already been selected by far-sighted deliverers of funeral orations and memorial speeches. Jeffers will probably escape, however, the dire fate of George Sterling, to whose memory a water company in San Francisco recently dedicated a slab in a reservoir. George probably cared less for drinking water than any poet of his generation.

The diligence with which "rare" items of Californiana are pursued by rich collectors is a source of intense gratification to the Coast book dealers. The practice of these collectors is to horde a vast amount of costly material for private exhibition in their homes. Such material is thus automatically removed from the hands of research students, for the collectors seldom open their files. The racket gives the book dealers a splendid opportunity to pass off as choice items such esoteric bits as the City Directory of Eureka for 1890, the accounts receivable ledger of the Wells-Fargo Company, *circa* 1860, and a speech of Creed Hammond before the Railway Commission in 1910. The definition of Californiana is quite inclusive. If the journal of a Polish nobleman mentions California in an inaccessible footnote the item is immediately sought by an army of book speculators.

The literary vanity of the "land of authors" has recently soared to new heights. A massive set of books called "California" is being published by the Powell Publishing Company of Los Angeles (controlled by Harry Chandler, owner of the *Times*.) The purpose of this work is to create a private library for every Californian with a sense of pride and the purchase price. It embraces every fragment of "romantic tradition" and every morsel of exquisite nonsense pertaining to the State that keeps Tom Mooney in prison. The gentry of Los Angeles take delight in reading about the care-free days of '49 at the same time that they remain impervious to the irony of their city officials denying the right of free assemblage to a group of unemployed Communists and granting the courtesy of the streets and a police escort to a parade in honor of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion mascot. A volume on architecture assures the newcomer that his costly home in Westwood Hills is in the best California tradition. (When a new "Norman-French chateau" was opened for inspection in Los Angeles, the occasion was the subject of a radio broadcast and the presidents of two local universities served on the committee.) Each volume of "California" is autographed by one of the Covered Wagon Babies, a group of old women who claim to have been born in covered wagons.

III

Some time ago California's army of sonneteers and lyricists, swept off their feet by the celestial vision of Yosemite Valley seen through a mist, concluded that they should organize. During the years of the ignoble past, they had been content to compose in the silent circle of family fame. But the editor of the *Overland Monthly* (once referred to by Ambrose Bierce as the *Warmed-Overland Monthly*) taught his contributors the value of adhesiveness. The inspiring result was the formation of San Francisco Bay Chapter, No. 3, of the League of Western Writers.

The members recently met at a dinner in San Francisco (strangely enough, at Bigin's old den of Bohemianism). The meeting was given over, according to official reports, to a discussion of "How I Got My Idea for a Story." Miss Ethel Cotton, "president of the league at large," outlined the sorcery by which she conjured up the idea for "Cross Currents." Mr. Harry Noyes Pratt confessed that the inspiration for most of his fiction had come from old cemeteries. Mr. John Hamlin told how, by auto-suggestion, he obtained the idea for "The Alchemy of Jane Ellen." Miss Alma Jacobs told how she got the "material" for her story of a hard-boiled taxi driver. To quote from the report: "Mrs. Helena M. Redewill, president of the League of American Penwomen, spoke of the elusive quality of a story, how an idea often becomes so interesting it literally runs away with the writer."

The Writers of the West held their annual convention in San Francisco during October. The city by the Golden Gate had received the Democratic party, the American Legion, and the Metal Workers Union, but this was its first reception of the intelligentzia, one hundred and seventy-five strong. The group visited Portsmouth Square and placed a wreath on the Stevenson Memorial. Then, in congress assembled, they listened to talks on Ina Coolbrith, Mark Twain and "Joaquin Miller and His Other Self," and Mrs. Frona Colburn Wait spoke on Jack London. It was of this lady that the cynical Mr. Bierce once penned the lines:

> Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait,
> Head Venus-Herder of the State.
> Round up your girls. But Frona, dear,
> I think it very, very queer,
> That you yourself do not compete.
> Are you too plump or too petite?

This ditty was written in March, 1893. The year 1930 finds Mrs. Wait still head Venus-herder of the State.

One of the features of the convention was a poets' breakfast. Poems by Harry Noyes Pratt, Henry Meade Bland (the present Poet Laureate of California) and Dr. William Lafoy Hall were read. Mr. Hall is the organizer of a Poets' Breakfast Club in Seattle. The practice of poetry at breakfast seems to be infectious, for the Los Angeles *Times* recently carried a story about fifteen hundred poets who assembled for breakfast under the pines of Junior College. The finale of the convention was a barbecue at Montalvo, the country estate of Ex-Senator James D. Phelan. After the luncheon the writers adjourned to the open air theater and enjoyed "a splendid musical programme," including "Spanish and Russian dances in costume." More original poems were read, including "The Man of Montalvo," written by a local poet in honor of Mr. Phelan, the opening lines being:

> Ye moon of the misty mountains—
> Ye sun of the shadeless sea.

Thus the extravagant Californians, bursting with pride, have set an example for the entire West. Under the stimulus of such suggestive programmes it is now studded with oases of song. There is a colony of poets at Santa Fé who recently published a volume of New Mexican poetry, labeled, copyrighted, stamped, and homegrown. Innumerable professors of English in the colleges down Rio Grande way spend their vacations collecting the songs of highly inebriated cowboys and Mexicans home from the wars. An anthology of Southwestern song was published last year with copious biographical notes about the contributors. In San Diego the Troubadour group prints a magazine whose format might be described as trochaic. Its list of recent publications, privately financed by proud poets, includes such titles as: "Urgent Shapes," "Tirawa" and "Shadow of Wings." The ritzy Carmelites, with their theaters, magazines, open-air forums and bric-a-brac shops, are well known. An art colony flourishes at Laguna Beach. One of the beach poetesses wrote these lines to a sister Sappho:

> Thou art a living flame—
> Thy power, to devastate,
> Or to burn a silver blue,
> A calming sense of twilight's peace.
> Oft thy light's a flare, clear white,
> A lance of steel to bear,
> Again thou art a fairy-fire,
> A child's heart to delight—
> 'Tis then thy own glows warm.

IV

This touching poem was to have been included in an anthology of Laguna Beach song, but shortly after it appeared the lady to whom the lines were written shot the poetess and then in despair at the loss thus occasioned American poetry, took her own life. Poetry is a serious affair in California.

In their effort to recover the tempo of the early West, the modern poets have adopted a strange diction. I quote from a recent ballad:

> The gang from the E-d bar
> Wuz playin' stud
> In Baldy's place down
> In Larado when Pete Grimes
> Got filled with rot-gut tequila
> And started out to paint the ol'
> Town a crimson glow. . .
> Pete howled like a coyote and got
> A little careless with his heavy
> Artillery which he packed in each hand.

In fact, the work of most of the coast writers, particularly those who belong to the league, reveals a self-conscious enthusiasm for a genuinely Western spirit. It seems that this spirit must be defined, if at all, in a negative way; that is, it consists in freedom from the prevailing Eastern vices of sex interest, morbid psychology and realism. To quote from a recent lecture of a patriotic Westerner, Vingie E. Roe:

> The Western novel has its place, a place which I believe it will ever have—a cleansing, revivifying, happyfying place—in the heart of the American man. And there is one thing about it; I have yet to read a real Western novel whose moral tone was low. It seems it can't be done. There is no place in it for driveling sexual filth; the reactions of some weak-chinned sister to every sheik she meets are outside its pale; the bedraggled hero or heroine with the complex of self-expression does not fit in. For which I am thankful.
>
> I have written ten novels. All of them are clean stuff, I am glad to say. They are my monument, the one thing I shall have left behind when I take the long trail west; and so long as we have a Congressional Library, so long as we have a country, even, this monument will stand to me. I am proud that it stands not only to me, but to the cleanest and best ideals I could envision, and to that mistress of my heart, the West, as well.

Once, long years ago, Mike Gold tried to write of the Californians and gave up the task in despair. One can echo his cry, even at this date, with compassion: "O Californians! O Ladies and Gentlemen!"

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

TRIBUTE to a great Protestant hero and prospective martyr by a citizen of Gordo, here lifted from the Abbeville *Herald:*

> Everybody should have a reason for everything they do, so I will give a few reasons why I'd walk twenty-five miles (if necessary) to vote for Tom Heflin.
>
> While a boy I was taught to love freedom and our flag, and Tom Heflin is fighting harder for freedom and our glorious old flag than any other man now living.
>
> I'd vote for our own Tom, if he'd never done anything but use his trigger finger defending our white women.
>
> If all our Congressmen and Senators had been of the Heflin brand we'd have no Negro Congressmen nor would the Democrats have nominated a Negro in Missouri for Congress.
>
> I am for Tom for his fine nerve, for he is not afraid of Rome, the flesh or the Devil.
>
> Tom Heflin is the most fearless man I ever knew. It's only a question of time, when Rome will murder him, but they can't scare Tom Heflin with all their bloody threats.
>
> S. W. WILLIAMS.
>
> *Gordo, Ala.*

CALIFORNIA

AN EVENING of art in Hollywood, described by the able correspondent of *Variety*:

> At 3 P.M., six ladies with camp stools and box lunches made themselves comfortable in the right section of the open-air lobby of Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Thus started the première of the long-awaited "Hell's Angels."
>
> At regular intervals for many blocks on both sides of Hollywood boulevard, and even up in the hills against which Hollywood nestles, were distributed 185 studio arc lights. Before sundown 200 or 300 persons had collected outside the theatre, waiting patiently behind ropes for whatever might happen during the ensuing several hours. Stores along the street remained open beyond the usual closing time.
>
> At dusk there was an air of feverish expectancy, and the boulevard resembled Broadway at theatre time. Women glared and jostled. A detachment of national guardsmen and another of marines prepared for skirmishes.
>
> The arc lights suddenly shot their beams to the sky, and people said: "Ah." An airplane circled above the theatre, drawing circles in smoke. Darkness stole up suddenly. There were rumbling explosions in the hills, and the billows of smoke were played upon by red and green lights. People said: "Oh." Two more planes were discovered by the lights, and they let loose a succession of flares attached to parachutes. Up and down Hollywood boulevard people were jammed together and spoke harsh words.
>
> "I went to one of these things in New York," said a lady, "and Charlie and I were right next to a store window that was pushed in. Don't stand near any store windows."
>
> A marine shoved a boy from the center of the street. "You ought to be a bellhop," snarled the kid. "Thanks," said the marine.
>
> "What's it all about?" asked a bewildered man caught between a post and a stranger.
>
> "Sid Grauman," explained the stranger.
>
> Lights, cameras, newspaper reporters and sound apparatus cluttered the left side of the green and red and gold and orange theatre entrance. A barrage of microphones lined the green rug leading to the doors.
>
> Sid Grauman arrived early, pacing with dignity down the center of the street and lifting his hat in appreciation of huzzahs.

He planted himself on the edge of the green rug. Hollywood's nobility alighted in front of the theatre and faced the usual battery of lights and radio announcers, and there were cheers when a celebrity was recognized. A marine wrote a girl's name in his notebook. A woman who could see nothing shouted that she was sick, and suddenly she could see everything. A red-faced man offered to massacre the next person who tore his pants with a box.

The crowd pressed through the guards and took possession of the street, shutting off the lane reserved for cash customers with automobiles. Motorcycle cops with sirens screeching reopened the lane, and another woman was stretched out in the theatre lobby. Stalled limousines were besieged by wild-eyed fans in search of autographs.

As the last of the celebrities swept into the theatre the exploitation campaign which had cost over $75,000 was expended; $14,000 of it in the night lights.

People broke slowly from the boulevard, leaving a close-packed group around the theatre, still waiting for anything.

At 1.15 A.M., people still jammed the street around the house anxious for a glimpse of picture people.

An elderly man in grey tweed shook his head over the entire matter.

"To me," he said to nobody in particular, "it looks like a publicity stunt."

A great and good man comes to the town of La Jolla, as revealed by the *Light*, the community organ of opinion:

> The Rev. Charles Leon Mears, who just recently came to La Jolla from Wisconsin, was asked to state his opinion of what Kiwanis meant and his answer was, "To me the La Jolla Kiwanis Club is just about three blocks from the pearly gates."

Scientific advertisement in the Santa Barbara *Morning Press:*

> PLANETARY OPINION
> of
> Dr. James F. McGinnis
> local
> CHIROPRACTOR
> for
> FRIDAY .
>
> Moon 7 deg. 45 mins. in Libra, a moveable masculine sign ruled by Venus governing kidneys and loins. EVERY PLANETARY VIBRATION OPERATING FROM 10:05 A.M. until 9:01 P.M. is adverse nature, do not take any risks of any kind, this is one time when tomorrow will be a good idea, be conservative, quiet and leave changes and decisions for another time, the vibrations disruptive and inclined to err, turn to good books and all good reading and forget business for today. All of the above is the Planetary Opinion of Dr. James F. McGinnis, 225 West Sola Street, the chiropractor you have known in Santa Barbara for more than TEN years.
>
> PLANETARY OPINION will appear daily, except Sundays, on the society page of the *Morning Press.* Watch the society page for tomorrow's report.

COLORADO

Political announcement in the illustrious Telluride *Journal:*

> Elsewhere in this issue appears the announcement of my candidacy for the nomination of assessor on the Democratic ticket. The following is by way of introduction. First I was born a sucker (which may explain this venture). I later chased jack rabbits and horned toads on western prairie. Drifted to Colorado in 1888 at the age of sixteen and on my own resources worked from farming to ore milling.
>
> I entered a homestead in San Miguel county in 1898 and for thirty-two years have farmed in this county.
>
> I will say here that I am not entering the field to please my friends but to please myself, and there will be few tears shed by them if I lose the nomination unless perhaps for the losing of a mascot as the popular long-eared variety are becoming scarce.
>
> Am throwing my hat in the ring and am going to watch it. If it is kicked out on the square it is O. K. with me but I hereby sound a warning to anyone not playing fair that I was once a football player myself.
>
> Will say in conclusion that I am capable to run the office and to make it rain

> in season, build railroads where needed and revive the mining industry, etc.
>
> Edw. M. Schmid
> Placerville, Colo.

KANSAS

News note by the Hon. E. W. Howe:

> It is said Kansas, of all States, is most devoted to Prohibition. . . . It is further said safe liquor is most readily obtained in Miami, Florida, owing to its location on the Atlantic ocean, and close proximity to the Bahama islands. . . . Last Winter I met a Kansas man in Miami who had brought his liquor with him, refusing to trust that brought in from the English possessions. . . . And his liquor was indeed superior; where he got it I do not know.

KENTUCKY

Public notice in the eminent Danville *Daily Messenger*:

> Anyone having a wife or husband, son or daughter, son-in-law or daughter-in-law, father-in-law or mother-in-law or any other dear relatives estray in the Summer evenings, will, if they are anxious about these wanderers, probably find them parked in my lane. Those financially or otherwise responsible for these strays must either pay for parking space, furnish bail or pay fine for trespass. Will be glad to furnish inquirers with numbers of car or other information that will lead to recovery of these wandering ones.
>
> John L. Bosley.

MASSACHUSETTS

From a Christian reader of the illustrious Boston *American*:

> Where is the sense of naming this new planet after a heathen god? It was discovered by an American attached to Harvard University. Italians want it named Pluto, god of the underworld, brother of Jupiter. Is it not enough to have the days of the week named after heathen gods as well as the months of the year?
>
> Why carry this again to the heavens? Let us wash the sky of heathen names.
>
> We are all the time talking about reforms, and now it is about time that we rid the heavens, the months and weeks of the calendar from this tribute to the gods of the heathen. Call the planet Lowell; call it Percival; call it Hoover, but for goodness' sake, try to keep up the ban in the heavens against heathen gods.
>
> J. K. Knowlton.
> Boston.

NEW JERSEY

Bitter protest in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*:

> It hurts to have the New York *Times* herald, in the first three columns of its athletic section, the defeat of three major Princeton teams. However, every institution engaging in intercollegiate athletics suffers at some time or other from a depression. There are various degrees of intensity and naturally varying degrees of moaning among the alumni. Princeton is no exception to this rule and had it coming.
>
> The rather unfortunate coincidence is the fact that it arrived when the faculty is making a concerted drive to improve Princeton's educational standards. This latter idea is fine and commendable, but too much effort in that direction is harmful.
>
> It is regrettable to find men, who were on an outstanding varsity team, sophomore year, refusing to go out for athletic teams their junior and senior years, and using as an excuse the pressure of scholastic work. In other words, the honor of representing Princeton on one of her athletic teams means very little or nothing to these men. Such young men have no more right in Princeton life than the scholastic slacker who refuses to keep up with his work. There is something lacking in the Princeton spirit which tolerates such a condition. The faculty which permits its existence is to be censored and is failing to turn out well-rounded and well-educated men. The solution to this condition will evolve gradually. Princeton teams will improve, without doubt. To help matters immediately, every effort should be made by the undergraduate body and the faculty to develop that fighting spirit which has been so characteristic of former Princeton teams.
>
> John H. Leh, '21
> Allentown, Penna.

NEW YORK

Brother Arthur E. Hoffmire, of the Y. M. C. A., shows dry young men from the Bible country how to spend a week in Manhattan on $25:

MONDAY—Breakfast, 25c; fare to Battery, 5c; boat to Statue of Liberty and return, 35c; lunch, 50c; visit Wall Street, stock market, curb market, Trinity Church, City Hall, Municipal Building; fare to Times square, 5c; talkie theatre, 50c (matinee price); dinner, 65c; band concert, free; fare to Y.M.C.A., 5c; room, $1. Total, $3.40.

TUESDAY—Breakfast, 25c; bus, 10c; Metropolitan Museum, free; lunch, 50c; fare to Bronx Park, 5c; dinner, 50c; fare to Coney Island, 5c; amusements, $1; fare to Y.M.C.A., 5c; room, $1. Total, $3.55.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast, 25c; fare to museum, 5c; Museum of Natural History, free; fare to Battery, 5c; lunch, 40c; trip to Ellis Island, free; visit Governors Island, free; walk through Chinatown, Bowery and the Ghetto; fare to Times square, 5c; dinner, 65c; theatre ticket, 75c, cut rate; room, $1. Total, $3.20.

THURSDAY—Breakfast, 25c; car to Brooklyn Bridge, 5c; car to Navy Yard, 5c; lunch, 50c; fare to Stadium, 5c; ball game, $1; car fare to Times square, 5c; dinner, 50c; movie, 25c; fare to N.Y.U. campus, 5c; band concert, free; fare to Y.M.C.A., 5c; room, $1. Total, $3.55.

FRIDAY—Breakfast, 35c; bus ride Riverside Drive, Columbia University, Grant's Tomb, 20c; Chinese lunch, 40c; car fare, 5c; boat trip around Manhattan Island, $1.50; lunch, 50c; car fare, 5c; Public Library; theatre ticket, cut rate, 75c; room $1. Total, $4.70.

SATURDAY—Breakfast, 25c; visit stores, window shop; 11 o'clock, talkie show, 35c; lunch, 50c; carfare to Polo Grounds, 5c; ball game, $1; dinner, 65c; fare to Harlem, 5c; fare to Times square, 5c; midnight movie, 35c; room, $1. Total, $4.30.

SUNDAY—Breakfast, 15c; car fare to church, 5c; church collection, 25c; lunch, 75c; fare to museum, 5c; Museum of American Indian, free; carfare back, 5c; visit broadcasting station; dinner, 75c; leave for home. Total, $2.05.

Total for week's vacation, $24.75.

OHIO

From a full-page advertisement in the Springfield *Daily News*, paid for by a committee of "high-minded citizens":

SUCCESS

THE YOUNG MAN in business—whether office, shop or factory, owes it to himself and his future to go to church regularly.

Success and a ***certain amount*** of religion seem to go hand in hand.

Men at the top of the ladder of success look with a kindly eye on the young man they constantly see at church.

They know that church attendance builds character. Character builds success.

WASHINGTON

Aesthetic note from the celebrated *Spokesman-Review* of Spokane:

"Let us be prouder and talk more of our profession," Dr. C. M. Anderson admonished his audience in the closing session of the 29th annual convention of the Washington State Funeral Directors' Association yesterday at the Davenport.

"I don't believe in using soap boxes and yard sticks, but there is good advertising. Let people know that the life-like condition of the body is not a matter of course, but that it is the result of good technique. The body is your best advertisement. People do not come to see your funeral home, although it may be fine, or your expensive funeral coach; they come to see the body and when they depart it is of the body that they talk. I am a crank on technique."

Dr. Anderson commented upon the effects of depression on the funeral directors' business. "People get funny with me and state 'but business depression can not affect your business, people die just the same in hard times as good times.' As a matter of fact, the death rate is down 17% since the first of the year."

LOST SHEPHERDS

BY E. BOYD BARRETT

As far as the press of this country is concerned the problem of the lost shepherd is taboo. It is an accepted maxim that the sensitivities of Big Religion must not be hurt, as inevitably they would be were the provocative subject of the unfrocked openly discussed. The public therefore must await the coming of an ex-priest with the gift of a Jim Tully or a Michael Gold to tell the story of his fellow ex's and reveal the inner mind of the clerical ranker in the legion of the damned. He will need to dip his pen in raw realism when he describes the fallen priest's feelings and fortunes, his haunting sense of helplessness, and the tragic effects of the propaganda issued against him in the name of religion.

The ranks of the lost shepherds of America are augmented yearly by a constant trickle from a hundred and fifty dioceses and religious orders; a leakage to which the Official List of the clergy bears indirect testimony. From Italy and France, too, they come, and they cross the borders from Canada and Mexico. Young men and old are in the throng: abbots, monsignors, provincials, superiors, and pastors. Many carry with them into the desert purple stocks and papal decorations bestowed upon them in their palmy days.

They are learned men, after a fashion; skilled in Latin, and equipped with philosophy and theology. Some of them are fine scholars. All are fluent speakers, apt to spin a quarter-hour discourse upon any sacred subject without a moment's preparation. They have, for the most part, good stories to tell. They can play a good game of cards and many of them know how to select the wine that has a real bouquet. But not one in fifty of them knows how to choose a tie, or to make a call without over-staying his welcome. Though inoffensive, and for the most part inclined to be indolent, they are regarded by the Church as a dangerous menace, and we find the *New World* (January 18, 1929), the official organ of the archdiocese of Chicago, declaring that "American Catholics have felt the scourge of the ex-priest more than any people in the world." That scourge is felt most acutely by sensitive Catholics when a hot-headed recruit to the ranks of the unfrocked delivers a public lecture on "The Crimes of Rome," or when some old, starved beggar, standing near the door of a speak-easy, mentions the fact to passers-by that he once was a Catholic priest.

The authority of the *New World* cannot be gainsaid. According to His Eminence Cardinal Mundelhein it is "an influential, high-class, Catholic newspaper." In addition, it has had the honor of an endorsement from His Holiness, a papal rescript containing a blessing "for its beloved writers and readers." When therefore it flays those it calls "villainous ex-priests and mal-odorous ex-nuns" it represents official Catholic thought. It defines ex-priests as "renegades who like to play on low passions" and "groundlings wallowing in smut and libel." It describes them as "spewing out venom and vituperation" and "shaming our common humanity with debauches of lying." Other Catholic papers, the *Sunday Visitor*, the *Monitor*, the *Fortnightly Review*, etc., are at one with the *New World*, but the *Nativity Mentor* of Brooklyn prefers the phrase "wallowing in slime surrounded by serpents" to "wallowing in smut and libel." In general, the Catholic press calls down anathema on the ex-priest and declares him "ordained without redemption."

II

Catholic clergymen laicise, or to use the ecclesiastical phrase, apostatise from orders, for various reasons. Some quit through sheer ennui, fearing that their nerves will give way if they continue in holy orders any longer. Some leave because they cannot endure the autocratic rule of the bishops. Some, through reading and reflection, become rationalists and think it dishonorable to continue functioning as priests when they no longer believe. Some abandon the ministry in the hope of leading better and more useful lives in the world; some in order to be free of all restraint. In early Christian times the mere fact of laicising involved little more inconvenience than the loss of one's benefice, but in modern times the Church stigmatises every ex-priest with the ecclesiastical degradation *infamia* and makes him canonically "irregular." It matters not at all what his motive for leaving was. Unless he obeys the summons of his bishop and returns with an humble and contrite heart, he is liable to excommunication.

In theory, though only in theory, the Church admits the right of a priest to resign for his own reasons. A recent apologist whose book[1] was endorsed by His Eminence Cardinal Hayes writes: "When a man cannot give internal asset [to her doctrines] she [the Church] leaves his conscience to the mercy of God and sets him free. . . . The Church requires that all such men should draw the logical consequences from their new state of conscience and leave the Church. And in this she protects the sincerity of their conscience as much as she guards the sincerity of her own being." In practice, however, this teaching is forgotten. Every apostate from the ranks of the clergy, as well as from the general body of the faithful, is regarded as being in "bad faith" or at least in "culpable ignorance." No Catholic priest may do what the Rev. Selden P. Delaney has recently done; namely, follow the dictates of his conscience in the matter of finding a Church that suits him. Rome allows no freedom of judgment in the matter of faith.

When a priest abandons the Church he has social and economic difficulties to face that are veritably appalling. He has, beside, the trying, intangible task of adapting himself to a new kind of life. Socially, he becomes an outcast. His former friends shun him. More often than not his own relatives disown him. He is fortunate if he has a mother, brave and stubborn enough to refuse to condemn him. He is ruthlessly ostracised by all good Catholics. Even those who make no pretence of leading virtuous lives treat him as a pariah. Usually, the only contact his former flock maintains with him is through the medium of anonymous letters which deluge him with threats, abuse, and impractical, if well-intentioned, advice. Sensing the futility of looking for coöperation and understanding from his own, he soon realises that his wisest policy is to keep away from them. From older apostates he learns that "no Catholic can be trusted," and however attached he may still be to his religion, and however averse (as, indeed, most ex-priests are) to new religious affiliations, he is forced to recognise that his cruelest enemies are precisely the members of the faith to which he still clings.

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[1] "The Spirit of Catholicism," by Karl Adam; New York, 1929; p. 198.

The economic horizon of the ex-priest is as black as the social. He is confronted with the necessity of earning a living in competition with other men, although he has no trade or profession of marketable value. His appearance and manner are against his obtaining a secretarial post. Of high pressure salesmanship he knows nothing. He has no experience of office work, business, or teaching in the public schools. Should he try to write he is informed that his style is jejune, his material out of vogue, and his point of vision obsolete. His ponderous, seminarian diction, his preoccupation with moods and morals, and his trite scholastic formalism are poor equipments for a literary career. The manuscripts he composes laboriously come back to him and his sense of helplessness develops. Should he be fortunate enough to be given a book to review, and should his review appear in due time over his own name, some pious busybody is sure to write in to the editor to complain of "the insult to Catholics" implied in the publication of a review by an apostate priest.

Worse, however, than his social and economic difficulties is the psychological task of adapting himself to his new life. It is not enough for the ex-priest to forget (or to try to forget) his past. He must undo it. He must unlive himself and empty his mind of the ecclesiastical *cachet*; that curious, self-approving, patronising, wiser-than-thou attitude that marks off the priest from other men. Molded as he is and fixed in the sanctuary pattern, he is an incongruity in the world. He is still redolent of altar, pulpit and confessional. . . . "*Dominus vobiscum* . . . My dear brethren . . . Say for your penance, my child" . . . seem ever on the tip of his tongue. Beside, he is burdened with his secret, and embarrassed by the difficulty of concealing the fact that he is hiding something. The guilt of *infamia* overshadows him and suffuses his soul with over-much pathos. He is sensitive, emotional, and easily discouraged. Even the personal liberty that he has won through his departure from his parochial entourage is almost an encumbrance to him, so unskilled is he in its employment.

If, in his hunt for a job, he has recourse to an employment agency he is given a form to fill in which bristles with embarrassing questions. He may make out that he has been teaching Latin and history in a big ecclesiastical college and that he is an experienced lecturer, but his account of himself does not hang well together. If, as did one of my friends, he makes a clean breast of everything, and tells his whole story, his confidential memorandum becomes a topic of ribald conversation in the office and he flees in disgust. And if, as happened to another ex-priest friend, he obtains a position in a business house where Protestants predominate, and all goes well for a while, soon or late a Catholic is apt to be placed in charge of his department, and within a week or two after that happens he is fired.

One lost shepherd told the writer that soon after leaving the ministry he applied for a salesman's job in a Broadway store. He was asked to make a sales speech and he did it so well that he was engaged on the spot. But then the manager began in a kindly way to ask him questions about himself and the poor fellow was foolish enough to give him his confidence. Before he well knew what was happening, the manager who, as ill luck would have it, was a Catholic, took him by the collar of the coat and pitched him into the street.

One should bear in mind, before condemning ex-priests for any lack of courage in combating such injustices, that they have little experience of the world and are morbidly afraid of publicity. Beside, they are, as we have seen, virtually outcasts, and in a perilous condition economically. There is no one to whom they can turn for support. Their isolation and helplessness are of course well known to those who are ranged against them.

III

In the dark days which followed the present writer's exit from the cloister he had again and again to submit to injustices through the sheer impossibility of coping with them. These injustices were of many kinds. He was owed money by Catholic patients who had accepted psychoanalytic treatment at his hands. Some of them, when payment was requested, appealed to their confessors and were told that they were not obliged to pay debts to ex-priests.

High dignitaries of the Church published libellous attacks upon him. One of them in a parish paper accused him of running a love-nest for purposes of perverse immorality under the guise of psychoanalysis. Once he obtained a post as lecturer in psychology in a private school, but when some priests who heard of the appointment threatened to have all Catholic children withdrawn from the school the appointment was cancelled. The New York Board of Education nominated him, in writing, to give a series of lectures at a fixed honorarium. But when Catholic influence got busy the contract was cancelled without any compensation being made. All this seemed illegal, but what chance of support would an ex-priest have in establishing a legal claim against the New York Board of Education?

Every lost shepherd has similar experiences, and some have experiences that are infinitely more trying. One example will perhaps suffice. A priest of a Northern diocese, a Father K., fell foul of his bishop over some parish matters, and when visiting in the latter's city was suddenly seized and thrown into an asylum in contravention of the legal forms required by the State laws. He succeeded in having his case tried in a civil court and was awarded a judgment of $15,000 against the bishop for conspiracy and false imprisonment. The bishop appealed and a new trial was ordered by the appellate court. At this new trial, which lasted two weeks, the judge, a political friend of the bishop, dismissed the jury and decided the case himself by entering a non-suit.

Father K. had no funds to pursue the matter further, although he learned that the Court of Appeals had always ruled that in cases of false imprisonment it was not for one man but for twelve men to decide. The bishop subsequently taxed his diocese to the extent of $9,000, which represented his expenses in the trials. Father K. is now an old man of seventy-five, a lost shepherd of the old school, making his livelihood by selling books and begging, while he still dreams of having justice done him and of being recalled to his parish by a special rescript from Rome.

It would seem to be the policy of the Church to starve lost shepherds into repentance and surrender. As a means to that end, and also no doubt in order to protect her innocent lambs from the effects of scandal, she discredits and often defames them. Such was the trend of policy of Pius X in dealing with modernistic apostates like Father Tyrrell, and such more recently has been that of Pius XI, the present Pontiff, in respect to the ex-priests of Italy. In the Concordat which Pius XI effected with the Italian government last year there was inserted a clause so prejudicial to the ex-priests that as a result thousands of them were faced with complete ruin.

This clause (Article V), reads: "In any case apostate priests or those incurring censure cannot be employed in a teaching post or any office or employment in which they have immediate contact with the public." To sell stamps in a post-office or to keep children from playing on the flower plots of public parks would be such "employment." And the first sentence of Article V explains "office and employment" to refer to "offices and employments of the Italian State *or public bodies depending upon the same.*"

Mussolini swallowed at a gulp this piece of humanitarian legislation for the sake of his alliance with the Universal Church. It would seem that in the eyes of that Church the right thing, the decent thing for the lost shepherd to do is to hide himself away and await the coming of death by starvation. If there still be Machiavellians in the Church they no doubt desire that ex-priests should follow the example of the gentlemanly Judas, and after abandoning the priesthood play the game by hanging themselves.

But of course all ex-priests do not succumb to the steam-roller of ecclesiasticism. Not a few make good in various walks of life; in education, literature, politics and business. It has been the fortune of the present writer to make the acquaintance of distinguished men who faced and overcame all the obstacles to which reference has been made, and whose present-day serenity displays no trace whatever of bitterness or ill-will; men, too, who are in no way unmindful of the immense benefits they derived from their upbringing in the Church.

The gravamen of the hostility of Catholics in this country against the lost shepherds in their midst is, firstly, that they attack (or are supposed to attack) the Church, and secondly, that they bring discredit on Catholicism by leading "scandalous lives." The first charge is voiced by the *New World* in the article already quoted, when it says, "in the hands of the intolerant the ex-priest becomes a whip of scorpions," and by the *Fortnightly Review* (March, 1, 1929) when it speaks of "the vile vituperations against the Church *that characterise all fallen-away priests.*"

While it is undoubtedly true that some ex-priests publish strong denunciations of Rome and Roman ways and that a few write pamphlets in which they relate the stories of their quarrels with the Church, it is untrue to say that any considerable percentage of the whole number do so. To regard the ex-priest as one who is eager to rush into print to attack Catholicism is to grossly misunderstand his mentality. He wants to forget, to live in peace, to enjoy immunity from religious controversy. It is in the writings of the Church's saints and mystics, in the diatribes of men like St. Peter Damien, that one finds the real "hot stuff" against the Church.

As regards the alleged "scandalous lives" of ex-priests, the accusation has reference to the fact that some of them marry. By so doing they certainly violate an old Church law of the year 1123, but why the violation of that particular piece of ecclesiastical legislation, more than that of, say, the legislation forbidding lending money at interest, should equate with "scandalous living" is difficult to see. It is only from the point of view of post-Lateran Roman

Catholic asceticism that the marriage or non-marriage of priests has any bearing on the question of moral living. As a matter of fact, most of the lost shepherds have to fight so hard a battle to survive, and are so completely bereft of the kind of influence which covers up social and moral delinquencies, that they are constrained as a rule to lead sober lives. They cannot commit with impunity the imprudences which are not infrequently easily extenuated when committed by brethren who still wear the cloth with honor.

In spite of his constant watchfulness to conceal the fact that he once was a Catholic clergyman the ex-priest more or less inevitably betrays himself. His fatherly way in greeting people, his imperfectly repressed dogmatism, his ill-concealed expectancy of being treated with special honor, his taste in clothes, his assumption of authority, and a hundred other subtle clerical idiosyncrasies awaken suspicion in the minds of others as to what he has been.

Once in a while he betrays himself in a ludicrous way. One, of whom I heard, had bought a ticket for a Broadway show. He arrived after the performance had begun, and had to cross the middle aisle of the parterre to find his seat. As he passed in front of the stage his subconscious suddenly suggested to him that mass was going on and he *genuflected*! A titter applauded his misplaced act of faith.

At times the ex-priest's reactions are surprising. One whom I knew well, a former Jesuit professed father, was returning early one Christmas morning with his wife from a New York night club in the fifties. As he passed St. Patrick's Cathedral the thought of going in to hear an early mass occurred to him. It was about 5.30 A.M. A priest was standing vested at an altar waiting for someone to serve his mass. My friend, though dressed in a dinner coat, offered his services, and they were gladly accepted. At the end of mass the priest complimented him on his devout and accurate serving. My friend smiled. He had counted thirty mistakes in rubrics that the good priest had made, and he could not refrain from whispering to him: "I could have said mass myself much better, Father!"

Another ex-priest, who had recently been pastor in a Florida town, was spending the Christmas vacation there with his wife's family. He thought it would be nice to go with his wife to hear the Christmas midnight mass. But the news of what he proposed was carried to the local clergy, and when he arrived at the chapel he was warned off by the sheriff, a Ku Klux leader, on the ground that his presence at mass might lead to bloodshed!

IV

It is a matter of surprise that so far no *cause célèbre* has occurred to focus publicity on the problem of the lost shepherd in the United States. There have been "incidents" in connection with ex-priests which might easily have stirred public feeling profoundly had they come to light. But they passed quietly and nothing was heard about them.

One such incident was in many respects similar to the Micaleff case in Malta, which has stirred up of late immense controversy and resulted in a virtual cessation of diplomatic relations between the British Empire and the Vatican. The nucleus of the trouble there was the imposition of a penitential expatriation order on the British subject, Father Micaleff, by an Italian superior who was an alien in Malta. Lord Strickland, the Governor, intervened and refused to allow a passport to be issued to Micaleff. This was considered by the Vatican to be undue interference in ecclesiastical affairs.

The case that occurred in this country had to do with an ex-priest, Father G. The papal delegate, an Italian, ordered him, as a *sine qua non* condition of reconciliation with the Church, to return to the country of his birth, Hungary, and there remain in a monastery, to do penance for the rest of his life. Father G.'s case might well have aroused public feeling had it been taken up by the press. However, he solved it himself by refusing obedience to the delegate's order, and remains a lost shepherd in this country.

H. G. Wells in one of his novels adverts to the question of Catholic priests who leave the ministry. He recognises quite clearly the terrible economic difficulties that face them and expresses the opinion that it is the fear of having to face such difficulties that keeps so many of them faithful to their calling. Were there, he writes, an institution for the purpose of providing work and help for ex-priests there would be a large exodus from the ranks of the clergy. A Carmelite father, with whom the writer discussed this matter, expressed his agreement with Mr. Wells, and added facetiously that were there in existence the institution Mr. Wells desiderates, the exodus would be so sudden and violent that many priests would be killed in the stampede.

The present writer disagrees. In the first place the majority of Catholic priests are reconciled, spiritually and materially, to their lot, and save at moments of depression or accentuated ill-usage at the hands of a bishop, do not think seriously of abandoning it. Both mental and physical inertia tend to keep them where they are in the comfortable pastures of the Kingdom of God. As regards the minority who are restless and unhappy, it is the social stigma attached to the status of the so-called "renegade" which deters them from quitting the ministry. Accustomed as they are to honor and respect, they recoil at the prospect of being looked upon and treated as outcasts and pariahs.

Even such among them as would be prepared to face the gruelling competition of life in the world and the task of earning bread where crusts are few, shrink from becoming targets of threats and abuse. Better, they think, the tedious routine of life amid tinkling altar bells and swishing surplices, than the hard route marches of the legion of the damned.

VICTOR HERBERT

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

Said Andrew Carnegie once, in a moment of expansiveness, "My idea of Heaven is to be able to sit and listen to all the music by Victor Herbert that I want to." Certainly, if one is to judge by the trend of democratic amusements in this country, the people of the nation have ratified the sentiment of the great donor of libraries. Everywhere one comes upon the chief tribute that may be paid to a composer: the playing of his music and the singing of his songs. Herbert, within a few years after his death—he died on May 26, 1924—leaped into the position of "America's favorite composer." So, at least, the radio announcers kept telling us, with the mellifluous iteration of their tribe; there is every evidence, too, that they believed what they said, and that the makers of radio programmes believed it, too.

There was, for a time, a downright Herbert rage, and it has not yet quite subsided. He achieved the dignity of a Herbert Album, issued by one of the leading phonograph companies, and was thus whirled into the company of the immortals. There was a time—and not infrequently, even now, the experience may be repeated—when it was difficult to tune out of a Herbert number on the air; every wave-length broadcast a favorite refrain, and one only wondered that, with the wealth of material to choose from, the programme-makers harped on a wearying routine. Herbert himself, in his lifetime, got tired of the endless repetition of a few popular selections, not to speak of the fact that the radio had begun to cut in definitely upon the sale of his sheet music. They were playing him, almost literally, to death.

He did not live to enjoy his victory over the radio magnates, against whom he led the fight of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. He had been nobly instrumental—and vocal—in ensuring to the gentlemen who write our popular music the rights to their property in the air, as well as on land and sea. It was ironically appropriate that, as epilogue to that victory, he should become one of the most popular composers in the nightly broadcasts. He died just before the era of big money in the movies, the talkies and the radio. Although he was imposingly prolific, and was on the job to the very instant of his sudden death, he is said not to have made more than $20,000 a year in his heyday. His estate, valued at $58,156, was not sufficient to pay all his bequests. By the time his wife had died (on February 27, 1927) his royalties had sunk to $10,000 a year. Harry B. Smith, his most constant collaborator, told us in The American Mercury (August, 1924) that he "died from overwork in the sixties." There are boys in Tin Pan Alley—gentry who pick out tunes on a piano with their index fingers—who would regard his income as a pittance. New days, new ways.

Herbert, convivial soul, was not out primarily for the money. With him, music and friendship came first. His motto might have been, "Easy come, easier go." It came, and it went. What he might have accomplished had he discovered a public that was interested in more serious music, it is difficult to say. He himself was of the opinion, to judge from a few scattered remarks, that to succeed in the United States it would be hazardous to stick to serious composition. Yet it is easy to believe, as in the analogous case of Sullivan, that in writing his musical comedies he was obeying a deeper fiat of his nature.

Now, on the stage, he is being "revived." It was interesting to watch how audiences trained to the speed and precision of the jazz *revue* reacted to the ditties and humors of an age when neither drink nor music was synthetic. Herbert, then, shows all the signs of becoming a national classic. The new Britannica allots him fifteen lines, mentions three of his light operas (about 6% of his output), lists one of his two grand-operatic ventures ("Natoma") and has a line or two about his music for the movies. (He was the first important American composer to write an original score for a motion picture—Dixon's "The Birth of a Nation.") It is not much, and it is almost noncommittal; however, Herbert's famous grandfather, Samuel Lover, is awarded but two lines more, so that perhaps the grandson came off fairly well. A book on our native opera and its composers gives Grandson Victor a seven-page chapter; it appears, however, that four of these pages are taken up with the stories of "Natoma" and "Madeleine," and that the light operas, which won for him his more enduring fame, are deemed worthy of some five lines. "He reached the musically untrained and taught them to appreciate the difference between music of the day and music of all time." So he did, but not with "Madeleine" and "Natoma."

II

"America's favorite composer," like England's, was by heredity an Irishman. But he was really an international product, Irish by birth, German by education, and American by adoption. The Irish in him clung to his voice; he spoke with the decided suggestion of a brogue. A visitor to his home in New York found decorations in green on all sides, and a fitting climax was reached when the composer himself was discovered at his labors in a tweed suit of unmistakable green.

He was born in Dublin on February 1, 1859, a day before Havelock Ellis was born at Croyden, Surrey. His father, Edward Herbert, was by profession an artist; his mother, Fanny Lover Herbert, was the daughter of Samuel Lover, best known for "Handy Andy." Samuel Lover, as a direct and an indirect influence, was of great importance in the early life of Victor. Edward Herbert died in Paris when his son was but three years old; the family then went to live with Lover at his estate, "Seven Oaks." Here it was that Victor spent an impressionable childhood, under the eye of a doting mother and an understanding grandfather.

He owed everything to his mother, he said years afterward to Miss Enid Stoddard, who was at the time painting his portrait. It was a proper sentiment from an American composer, and from a fond son; but it overlooked much that Grandpa Lover had given to him. Lover was not only a novelist; he had also made his beginnings as an artist, and had been elected, in his thirty-first year, a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy. He is said to have been an excellent musician, and fused his interests in a portrait of Paganini. He wrote songs. At the time when the Herberts came to "Seven Oaks," Lover was along in years—some sixty-five, in fact; he died in 1868, so that the most Victor could have spent under his tutelage was six years. Yet the home breathed an atmosphere of culture and especially of music. "Seven Oaks" was a rendezvous of arts and artists.

It was Lover who, with the instincts of a musician, saw the talents of his grandson and insisted, from the first, that he be given the advantages of an education in Germany. This was the easier to accomplish since his mother, after his father's death, married a German physician, and soon established the family in Stuttgart. Yet the first plans for Herbert were that he should be, not a musician, but a doctor; he would enter his step-father's office. The child showed such unmistakable leanings toward music, however, and particularly such rare proficiency upon the violoncello, that his mother encouraged him in his ambitions.

His first teacher was Professor Cossmann, later to join the Hoch Conservatory at Frankfurt. Cossmann urged him to a musical career, and to the multifarious studies that are an indispensable preliminary to it. No more is heard of the plans to make a physician of him. At about the time when he would have been hanging out his shingle, he is discovered instead as first 'cellist of the Court Orchestra at Stuttgart. Dr. Emanuel Baruch, who knew him in those early, impecunious days, recalled upon his death that his talent for making friends was always as great as his talent for making music; he made both all the time. Leipzig, Munich, Berlin and other cities of Europe heard him on tour, and he returned to teach at the Stuttgart Conservatory, at the same time continuing his studies in theory and composition. He was polished off by Raff and Reinicke.

It was a love affair that brought him to the United States. Had it not been for Therese Foerster, who was about to set sail for New York to make her début at the Metropolitan Opera House under the baton of Dr. Damrosch, we should never have known "The Fortune Teller," "Mlle. Modiste," "The Red Mill" and their numerous companions. The opportunity held out to Fräulein Foerster was too good to let slip by—and Herbert, though still only an indigent musician, could not bear the thought of his sweetheart crossing the ocean without him. So, taking their courage in both hands, they crossed together, as man and wife. No sooner had Damrosch listened to Herbert's 'cello than he engaged him for the Metropolitan orchestra. The union began auspiciously, with Mme. Herbert on the stage and Mr. Herbert in the pit. In this household there had to be harmony.

As a musician, Herbert, in the United States, was a success from the start. He played under Seidl and under Thomas. In time he would lead, with equal grace, the famous Twenty-Second Regiment Band (called Gilmore's) and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, not to speak of his own band, organized in 1904. He would lead, too, at the Worcester Festival, and write for it his oratorio, "The Captive." His beginnings as a composer, however, were humorously dubious. His earliest efforts in composition he took to old man Schirmer, in New York. Schirmer shook his head and advised him to stick to his orchestra job and leave composition to composers. Herbert's revenge, however, was sweet and complete. Soon his music was appearing under the Schirmer imprint, including even the very pieces that had been rejected.

He had arrived in 1886. Within six years his "Prince Ananias" inaugurated his career as a composer of light opera. From that date onward he was to be alert simultaneously on several fronts, but the violoncello was slowly relegated to the memories of his beginnings. In 1894 he succeeded Gilmore as bandmaster of the Twenty-Second Regiment Band; in 1898 he was chosen as conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony, and wrote "The Fortune Teller" for Alice Nielson. This was but one of four operettas completed during that busy year. Before the end of the same year, so important for Herbert—and for Spain and the United States—there arrived from Germany, on October 20, his mother and his half-brother, by now a well-known German actor. During 1899-1900 he completed his first symphony; there followed a suite for strings, a concerto for his favorite instrument, a symphonic poem. The conductorship of the Pittsburgh Orchestra stirred in him, it would seem, the ambition to write serious music—an ambition that can never be put to sleep in the heart of him who was born to write strains of gayety. To this period belong his Suite Romantique, his tone poem, "Hero and Leander," and the suites, "Woodland Fancies" and "Columbus."

Herbert here ran true to form; it was the story of Sullivan all over again, with one eye on the concert hall and the other on the pit of the Savoy; it pointed to the story of Gershwin today, with one foot on the stage of musical comedy and the other planted on the platform of the symphony hall. De Koven, too, the only true rival of Herbert in the pre-jazzian era of operetta, sought for such of his pieces as "Robin Hood" a category that should distinguish them from the more vulgar musical comedy. What, deep down in the hearts of those who bring us laughter with their music, is there that makes them at moments ashamed of that levity? Why should man, almost universally, feel a glow of guilt when he is having a good time? Herbert could not have been very happy in Pittsburgh. He confided to a friend that the real reason he dispensed with the services of the band's guarantors was that they wanted him to play "Annie Rooney" instead of Beethoven and Wagner.

He made his sacrifices to the Great God Sobriety. He wrote his symphony, and, with the aid of the public, forgot it. He wrote his operas in the grand style, and cherished for "Natoma," with its Indian plot and its capable musical eclecticism, that affection which parents so frequently reserve for the more unfortunate of their offspring. Why, when he must write our great American operas, this passion for the Red Man? Or for a self-conscious archaism that takes us off the continent altogether? Sullivan, offering up his sacrifice, at least wrote an "Ivanhoe." Damrosch at least chose "A Scarlet Letter." American grand opera is still, in the minds of music lovers, something of an incongruity. Passionate utterance upon the operatic stage looks too much like an undignified surrender to the emotions—a lack of efficiency—an admission that one has an erotic life. This is all very well for musical comedy, where the matter is properly laughed off between one scabrous jest and another, or disguised in the rhythms of a jazz number, to words that rarely rise above the status of a moronic caterwaul. But Americans singing seriously of passion are not convincing to their fellow Americans . . . or to themselves.

Herbert was definitely of the pre-jazzian era. He belonged, after all, to the heyday of the waltz rather than to that of the foxtrot. I should not be surprised to learn that, despite his willingness to contribute to the historical jazz programme of Paul Whiteman, he did not, in his Irish heart of hearts, care too much for jazz. It came too late in his life. It was the music of a generation that stepped too fast for his corpulence.

III

He was a big, burly fellow, who could never shed a certain boyishness of manner. Miss Stoddard, painting him, studied his head and thought at once of Franz Hal's cavaliers. He was round and florid. His hair was black and wavy; its curliness was accentuated by his favorite photographs. His eyes were blue—"a deep Irish blue," as someone has described them. He was by nature generous, jovial, convivial, —the Falstaff of our popular American music—spendthrift of his earnings as of his gifts.

He composed with ease. An operetta like "The Wizard of the Nile" would cost him but a month, part of which would necessarily be spent upon other duties. "The Idol's Eye" took little longer. The melodies came almost unbidden. They were, as he told an interviewer, a divine gift arriving as he walked in the woods, rode on a train, or woke suddenly in the night.

"Some composers think in terms of the piano, but I pay little attention to it, and consider all the resources of orchestra and voices given me to work with. People often ask me if I work out my own orchestrations. If I did not, it would be as if a painter conceived the idea for a picture and then had some one else paint it." The real labor lay in the arrangements. Herbert, unlike so many of our popular composers, was his own master in the matter of orchestration. And, as musicians need not be told, a song that will take but a few minutes in the production may require many hours before it is scored with conscience and skill.

"He would come in," recalled Florenz Ziegfeld, shortly after Herbert's death, "and work out a new scene in my office, and the next morning appear with the full orchestration. Some composers will play a song or a chorus on the piano and it will sound pretty well. But when they write it down for the orchestra it sounds pretty bad. Victor was just the other way—not so good at the piano but very good in the orchestra. He used to say to me, 'I'm a rotten piano player' when he was running over a tune, 'but it'll be all right when I fix the orchestra part.' And it always was."

Herbert's thorough technique stood him, as we shall see, in good stead. He was eager to impress upon the younger composers of his day the need of a solid grounding. Irving Berlin has testified that he tried to interest him in musical theory. "I remember his saying, 'It is a mistaken idea that a little science will hurt your natural flow of melody. On the contrary, a musical education will give you a background that will improve your work.'" Gershwin has told me, too, that Herbert, with his characteristic generosity, offered to teach him orchestration, gratis. At the time, Gershwin declined; now he is fast remedying his deficiencies.

It was natural for Herbert to achieve his orchestral fluency. He sat in the best orchestras of his day; he knew the band as a player and as a conductor; his wife sang in the grand operas. The geniality of the man is mirrored in his tunes and in the humor that he could write into his instrumental parts. De Koven lacked his flash, his bubbling spirits, his versatility. I am not sure that "Robin Hood" is not superior to any single score that Herbert ever wrote; yet De Koven was never ratified by the public as Herbert was; he never captured the imagination; his attempts at popular ditties were commonplace, without the redeeming brilliancy—if too frequently also the tinsel glitter—of Herbert's orchestration. One has but to compare the frequency of De Koven numbers on the radio with that of selections from Herbert, to appreciate their relative standing with *hoi polloi.*

Within a span of thirty-eight years, Herbert wrote some fifty light operas. This fertility, this prolixity—were they tokens of creative exuberance or of mere financial need? The answer, as in the case of so many similar queries, lies not in the middle but at both ends. His first operetta, "Prince Ananias," was written when he was thirty-five. That was a late start, but he very soon caught up.

My experience with his lighter music has been, invariably, that it sounds better away from the opera house than in it. This may be an indirect commentary upon the general inferiority of the librettos. When in doubt, always blame the text. Or, as Herbert's librettist, Smith, once said in a curtain speech after the second act of "The Serenade": "When an opera is successful, the audience always say, 'What pretty music!' And if it is a failure they say, 'What a bad libretto!'" The fact is that every text was grist that came to Herbert's music-mill. He was too hurried, too harried, to exercise discrimination. So that now we recall, not so much the various operettas as the outstanding music in them. The earlier pieces are quite as likely to contain the finest writing as the later. There is no curve of progress; there is a wavering level of accumulation. The wonder is that under such circumstances Herbert should have done as well as he did.

He was a wandering minstrel—a thing of shreds and patches. But he was his own man, and it is good to think, even now, that the *Musical Courier* was compelled by him to disgorge $15,000 as a result of having impugned his musical honesty. "Everything written by Herbert is copied," announced that organ, editorially, on July 17, 1901, after gloating over the failure of "The Fortune Teller" at the Shaftesbury Theatre in London, and using the cablegram as a peg upon which to hang its denunciation of Herbert as conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. "There is not one original strain in anything he has done, and all his copies are from sources that are comic or serio-comic. He became popular suddenly by attaining command of a brass band and joining a rollicking club of actors and Bohemians known as the Lambs, who, removed entirely from any musical comprehension, accepted the good-natured band leader as their musical dictator, and, American-fashion, immediately paralleled him with serious-minded composers. It was never a serious matter in itself."

There was more of this twaddle. The editorial writer, priding himself on his prescience, reminded his readers that the *Musical Courier* had long ago put "The Fortune Teller" in its place, which was exactly nowhere. That operetta "had no merit whatever." Not this alone, but "all of Victor Herbert's written-to-order comic operas are pure and simple plagiarisms. There is not one single aria, waltz movement, polka, gallop or march in those operas that has touched the public ear"—shades (and wave-lengths!) of Marconi, Hertz, de Forest and Pupin!—"and the street pianos and organs have ignored them. . . . The whole Sousa repertory is alive and pulsating; the whole Herbert repertory is stone-dead. . . ."

This, of course, was animus, not criticism, as the trial was to bring out. Herbert, by no means as dead as his repertory was supposed to be, retaliated with a suit. The record of the trial reads today almost like a libretto that he overlooked. On his side appeared Walter Damrosch, Henry K. Hadley, Julian Edwardes and Herman Perlet; for the *Courier*, Platon Brounoff, a Signor Viennesi, a Signor Buzzi-Peccia,

W. C. Carl and W. J. Goodrich. Herbert's plagiarisms were alleged to have reached even into Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but Mr. Goodrich was hard put to it to substantiate the allegation. Anyone familiar with similar accusations knows how easy it is to point to similarities and how difficult it is to prove plagiarism. Much music by even the finest composers of opera—comic or grand—is reminiscent. As Sullivan replied, when there was called to his attention the similarity between "When a Merry Maiden Marries" (in "The Gondoliers") and "Love's Old Sweet Song," the two composers had only twelve notes between them.

Fortunately for Jim Huneker—and for the defendant—he had left the employ of the *Courier* shortly before. Huneker had a fine appreciation of Herbert's qualities and had written of them with his characteristic gusto. He would have been a prickly thorn in the side of his erstwhile employers. Their lawyer, Mr. Howes, in a lame attempt to save his clients, pretended to believe that there was no intent in the article to accuse Herbert of actually stealing music from other writers. "We have the kindest and best feelings toward Mr. Herbert personally. We would like him for a friend. But we detest his music and say that it is rot. And we earnestly say that the Pittsburgh Art Society disgraced itself when it took him as its musical director." A very winning offer of friendship, no doubt, but there is no record of Howes and Herbert embracing after the trial. It lasted, by the way, four and a half days; and the jury brought in its verdict after deliberating an hour and forty minutes.

The names of the operettas—this "rot" of Mr. Howes—come tripping to memory with the very lilt of Herbert's music. (And consider how, with the jazz vogue for double-time music, the lilt of triple-time has all but died out.) "Prince Ananias" had a libretto by Francis Neilson, long before his days of politics on the old *Freeman*. Some critics found the score too ambitious, subtle, highfalutin. But soon the grace and humor of the composer and the richness of his orchestration were noticed. Then followed "The Wizard of the Nile," and more praise for a tuneful score; "The Serenade," and a charm that still endures; "The Idol's Eye" . . . "The Fortune Teller" and La Nielson. Huneker was jubilant, praising the versatility of the composer, his choral work, his polyphonic writing and his orchestration. "The Singing Girl," with Nielson and Eugene Cowles, following hard upon the dubious "Cyrano de Bergerac" and an equally dubious Francis Wilson. "The Ameer," with Frank Daniels—and already cries that Herbert was played out.

Now the names crowd into a crescendo of memories in which not the chronology but the totality is important. For Herbert will live, not for any single operetta so much as for the selections, the melodious anthology, that will be made from his repertory. An excellent operetta could be put together from his works in the same manner that "Blossom Time" was tessellated from the writings of Schubert. It would well be worth trying. It is too bad that the evaporation of the texts he set so blithely should carry off with it so much pleasurable music. "Babes in Toyland," "It Happened in Nordland," "Naughty Marietta" (with a Lilliputian Emma Trentini and an Orville Harrold of Brobdingnagian proportions), "Mlle. Modiste" (and the temperamental Fritzi Scheff, with her perennial invitation to the kiss), "Eileen," which sounded more Irish to me, and essentially more tuneful than the unfinished "Emerald Isle" of the sick and wearied Sir Arthur Sullivan. It's a rollicking roster—

honest tunes, robust or charming, as the case called for, and usually finer to the ear when divorced from their words. Herbert belongs to the "ifs" of the operetta. If only he had had a Gilbert; if only he hadn't been rushed to death. . . . If—the cruelest epitaph of all. And keeping him company in the shadows are the younger Sousa, Gustav Kerker, Luders, Reginald de Koven. . . . Much vigorous music of our own day—unless it is caught up by the tabloid versions of the talkie-operetta—is destined to go the same way.

IV

Herbert, then, did not lack appreciation during his extremely active career. Perhaps our musical criticism had not, during the height of his productivity, acquired its present ability to deal understandingly with the lighter musical and literary forms. He was not so easily intellectualized, by the sophisticates, as of late our comic-strip men and our jazzophiles have been intellectualized. Indeed, as one thumbs through his scores one finds little of our contemporary sophistication. His melodies are forthright; his humor is robust and, in its simple manner, honest; by half, certainly, he is the conscientious craftsman doing his busy best by his job.

His death, of course, called forth from even the most critical of his friends eulogy instead of criticism. "He was the last of the troubadours," wrote Deems Taylor. "His musical ancestor was Mozart and the family of which he was so brilliant a younger son numbered Offenbach, Délibes, Bizet, the Strausses and Arthur Sullivan among its elders. What he had was what they all had, the gift of song. His music bubbled and sparkled and charmed, and he brought the precious gift of gayety to an art that often suffers from pretentiousness and self-consciousness in its practitioners." A few days later (June 1, 1924), in the New York *World*, Mr. Taylor returned to his theme:

> Herbert was a far more important figure in American music than he has ever had the credit for being. His chosen field was operetta, and though his achievements in that field made him world famous, the fact that his medium was primarily a form of entertainment caused self-styled serious musicians to regard him with a certain measure of condescension. He felt this keenly. He was a talented composer and a serious one and he knew it. But he knew that the musical public whose opinion he respected most did not bother to appraise his work at its true merits, and the knowledge embittered him at times.

Taylor was right, of course, in condemning the musical culture of Herbert's day for being so timid as to confuse seriousness with solemnity. He went on:

> They compare him with Sullivan, but I think he was a far more gifted man than Sullivan. Do not forget that Sullivan had Gilbert. Herbert never had a librettist who was completely worthy of him. . . . His tunes were neither glorified rhythmic patterns nor harmonic paraphrases. They were pure song, capable of being sung without accompaniment if need be, as pure in outline as the melodies of Schubert or Mozart. . . . There is more harmonic complication in a score like "Algeria" or "Mlle. Modiste" than there is in the entire output of Donizetti, Rossini and Offenbach combined.

Henry T. Finck, in "My Adventures in the Golden Age of Music," written two years after the death of Herbert, was quite as fulsome. "On the whole," he declared, "I consider Herbert the greatest musician of all time with Irish blood in his veins; greater not only than Balfe and Wallace, but than Field, Sullivan and Stanford."

It is not a well-tempered clavichord that sounds such strains as these; Taylor's enthronement of Herbert above Sullivan did not pass without protest from New York to San Francisco. It is a subtle disservice to Herbert for his admirers to pitch their appraisals in such a key. Or to write, as the reviser of "The History of American Music" has done, that Herbert's second concerto for violoncello "is one of the best existing works of this school." To maximize the man's achievements is quite as easy as to minimize them.

The truth is that Herbert, like most men of his nature, was too easily satisfied with the day's toil. Certainly half his bitterness at not being accepted by those who stood in his eyes for the musical élite, was at himself for never quite measuring up to his own highest standards. He was thwarted by the taste of the day, by the exigencies of his circumstances, by his very fertility, which made compliance and compromise all the easier. It would have been better if some of that bitterness had been transformed into a more determined self-criticism. But the man was hurried; his public was forever waiting for his next; he signed four contracts at a time, and lived up to them; he wrote in haste—if with uncanny skill—and repented at leisure. How are we to blame too severely those of his musical friends who improperly evaluated his light operas, when he himself showed them the way by his over-valuation of opera called "grand," and by his unquenchable faith in "Natoma"?

Herbert was right when he was wont to assure Ziegfeld that it would all come out well in the orchestration. His music frequently sounds much better than it is because of his dexterity with the instruments of the band. Such a tune as "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life!" for example, is really banal; and if, as Mr. Taylor has said, there is not a vulgar line in all of Herbert, surely there are numerous instances of banality, which is a step lower than vulgarism. I do not mean to imply any denigration of his melodic powers; at his best he was, for his genre, a gushing spring of tunefulness. I mean to suggest, however, that he was—at times; as all of us so frequently are—the victim of his finer qualities, and that his orchestration could cover a multitude of sins. After all, who would not gladly surrender a few piquant harmonic combinations—a few complexities that satisfied rather the technician than the dramatic situation—for another "Barber of Seville" or even another "Grande Duchesse"? Sullivan's orchestration is a model of simplicity—of fragility, on occasion; yet this fine-spun commentary will doubtless stand the wear of time far more successfully than the torrential flow of Herbert's harmonies.

Herbert enriched the tonal palette of his countrymen; he refined the humors of musical commentary: he added robustness and ebullience to the light opera of his day. He made no contribution, however, to the form. He left it little different from what he found it, and this, despite a certain intuitive feeling for dramatic touch. He did not begin an era; he ended one.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

International Law

MILITARY SERVICE BY AMERICAN CITIZENS IN FOREIGN ARMIES

By Carl L. W. Meyer

Cicero, in order to ease his or someone else's conscience, once said that *inter arma leges silent,* that is, "in the midst of war the laws are silent." Since then, owing in a large measure to the initiative of the great Hugo Grotius, international law has been established as a science, and law is supposed to reign always, both in peace and in war. Unfortunately, the development of international law has been a rather slow process, far slower than that of municipal law. The cause of its languid growth may be sought mainly in the cultural and economic differences between nations. But there has also been an obstruction in the special interest of individuals or groups who prefer the gamble of diplomacy and war to the certainty of law. Thus we still have today, in the relationship between nation and nation, a certain no-man's-land known to American and English authors as Conflict of Laws and to Continental writers as Private International Law.

One of the things which most often gives rise to controversies among nations is the question of nationality. As early as 1792 Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, informed the British government that it would be expedient "to form some arrangement for the protection of our seamen," who were in need of such protection because Great Britain claimed the right to impress into her Navy British sailors found on the high seas on board the vessels of other nations. The ill-feeling aroused by this claim was greatly intensified by the coincident enforcement of the rule of indelible allegiance, under which a person who had formerly been a British subject, although he had acquired American citizenship, might still be recognized as a British seaman and impressed accordingly. The ensuing War of 1812, which was fought chiefly because of Great Britain's continuance of this practice, did not finally settle the controversy, since no mention was made of it in the treaty of peace. However, it seems to possess at the present day only an historic interest.

Aside from this famous difficulty with Great Britain there have been numerous disputes with other nations. The cases below referred to had their origin in the fact that certain foreign governments require their citizens to serve a definite length of time in their armies or navies, and insist that such citizens cannot evade this duty by a change of allegiance to another country, in this instance the United States. These cases have vexed and perplexed the State Department throughout its existence. As is shown by the official records, American citizens have frequently been compelled by other governments to serve in their armies, and the efforts of our government to come to their assistance have usually met with failure. The trouble generally arises when the naturalized citizen is visiting his former home. The following cases may serve as illustrations.

Felice Largomarsino, a native of Italy and the son of Italian parents, was brought by them to the United States when he was two years old. Upon reaching the proper age he was naturalized in San Francisco, where he had established his legal residence. In 1875 he visited Italy for a temporary purpose, intending to return to the United States within a year. Shortly after his arrival in Italy he was officially notified that he had been drafted to serve in the Italian army. He refused to obey the summons, claiming to be an American citizen, whereupon he was arrested as a deserter. Upon appeal to the supreme tribunal in Rome the charge of desertion was not sustained, but it was insisted that he perform his military service. The American minister in Italy finally intervened in his behalf. A good deal of correspondence between the two governments ensued, but the Italian government declined to release him and based its refusal on the ground that he was an Italian subject and that his naturalization in the United States had no effect upon his status when he returned to Italy.

That the Italian government has not changed its position may be seen from the fact that as recently as July, 1929, several American citizens of Italian origin had to flee from Italy in order to escape punishment and forced military service in the Italian army. Two of them, Antonio Anastasi of Centredale, R. I., and Vito Schiliro of New York, were naturalized Americans of Italian birth. The third, S. Cefalo of Milwaukee, Wis., was an American-born citizen of Italian descent, who had gone to Palermo for a visit with his mother and bride. Mr. Cefalo's hasty retreat saved him from two years' forced service in the Italian army, but deprived him for the time being of the company of his mother and bride, who took passage for the United States on a later steamer.

These cases caused a good deal of comment in the American press, and on November 3, 1929, the Italian Embassy at Washington, in order to clear up the "uncertainties" surrounding the question, issued a statement saying that the Fascist government had decided to amend its practice, and that a decree to that effect had been passed. Today, in the event that former Italian subjects, born in Italy or abroad, should return to Italy, "they are authorized to remain there *in time of peace* for a period of one year if residing in transoceanic countries, for a period of six months if residing in Mediterranean countries, and for a period of three months if residing in any other parts of Europe, without being required to report themselves for military service during those periods."

Unfortunately, there is nothing to show what will happen to them after the period of lawful residence in Italy has expired. Moreover, the statement clearly indicates that the new decree does not apply in time of war, and it thus evades the most important issue, namely, the status of American citizens of Italian extraction in time of war.

A case entailing a good deal of hardship occurred some years ago in France. It was that of Armand Robert Garrot, born in Chicago of a French father. The latter, however, had become a naturalized American citizen long before his son became of age. When the Garrots, for the purpose of visiting an aged relative, came to Pontacq, in the department of Basses Pyrénées, the younger was detained by the French authorities for military service in the French army. The American Secretary of State thereupon instructed the Ambassador at Paris to request that he be released and permitted to return to the United States. But the French Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that "according to French law, Mr. Garrot is French, being born abroad of a French father," and that "the naturalization of the father, having been made after the birth of the son, does not modify his origin."

In order to protect such naturalized citizens travelling abroad, the United States has endeavored to conclude with other countries treaties which define their status and exempt them from military service. Treaties of this nature, which are generally referred to as naturalization treaties, have been concluded with Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Germany, Hungary, Norway, Portugal and Sweden. There are, however, a number of countries which thus far have not seen fit to enter into such agreements. Among them are France, Greece, Italy, Latvia, Netherlands, Persia, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey and Yugoslavia.

The Department of State recently issued a "Notice to Bearers of Passports" warning naturalized American citizens of the surprises that may be in store for them upon visiting their old homes. In France, for instance, the government, under Section 17 of the Civil Code, "will not recognize the naturalization of a Frenchman abroad if he is still subject to the obligations of military service in the active army, unless such naturalization has been authorized by the French government." Furthermore, American citizens of French origin who visit France and who, under the French military service law, may be considered as deserters, will be dealt with accordingly.

The Greek government refuses to recognize a change of nationality on the part of a former Greek if it was made after January 15, 1914, and without the consent of the Greek government. As a result, a Greek who has become an American citizen since that date, unless he has received permission from his former country to make the change, is liable to arrest and forced service in the Greek army or navy upon his return to Greece.

Italy, as we have seen, has of late made certain concessions to American citizens of Italian origin visiting Italy during times of peace. It remains to be seen, however, how the new law will work out in practice. How carefully the Italian government watches over her native sons may be gathered from the law which provides that "Italian citizenship is automatically reacquired after residence of two years in Italy."

The Polish law provides that persons who are liable to military service may acquire foreign citizenship only by permission of the Polish government. If they do not get this permission they continue to be regarded as Polish citizens and remain liable to military service and to punishment for violation of the military service law.

Provisions similar to those cited above may be found also in the laws of Spain, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Switzerland and other countries.The official position of the United States in regard to all this has been declared by the Department of State to be as follows: "While this Government objects to the punishment of naturalized Americans by fines, forced military service, or imprisonment for unperformed military service which accrued after the entry of the naturalized citizen into the United States, it can give no assurance that any objections which it makes will result in a remission or release." Meanwhile, Section 2000 of the Revised Statutes of the United States reads as follows:

> All naturalized citizens of the United States, while in foreign countries, are entitled to and shall receive from the government the same protection of persons and property which is accorded to native-born citizens.

The thought that any American citizen may be forced to serve against his will in the army or navy of a foreign country may not be a pleasing one. But, the government has been loath to meddle in a peremptory manner with the laws and customs of other peoples because it realizes that other nations have a right to suit their own needs and that the fulfillment of obligations inherited, so to speak, by an individual prior to his coming to the United States is a matter which he must settle with the country of his origin. The plight of these naturalized citizens, regrettable though it may be, is of a nature for which there is no effective remedy in international law except through agreement by treaty.

Quite different, however, is the position of Americans descended from American stock or from parents whose country of origin does not exact military service of its subjects, or has concluded a naturalization treaty with the United States. Under ordinary circumstances no foreign nation has a right to compel such citizens to do military duty in its army and navy. That there may be and, in fact, is a possibility that they may be required to serve under foreign flags may not be generally known. Yet, so it is. There are at the present time not less than five treaties between the United States and other Powers, duly ratified and proclaimed, under which any able-bodied American, naturalized or native-born, travelling or residing in the countries signatory, may be enlisted to serve in their armies or navies. Such countries are Canada, France, Great Britain, Greece and Italy. The treaties were signed on June 3, September 3, June 3, August 30, and August 24, 1918, respectively, and proclaimed in the order named on July 30, November 11, July 30, November 18, and November 18, 1918. In other words, two of them were proclaimed before, one at the same time as, and two after the signing of the Armistice. Article I of the treaty with Italy, which, as we have seen, was proclaimed one week after the signing of the Armistice, reads as follows:

> All male citizens of the United States in Italy and all male citizens of Italy in the United States shall, unless before the time limited by this convention they enlist or enroll in the forces of their own country or return to the United States or Italy, respectively, for the purpose of military service, be subject to military service and entitled to exemption or discharge therefrom under the laws and regulations from time to time in force of the country in which they are: Provided, that in respect to citizens of the United States in Italy the ages for military service shall be the ages specified in the laws of the United States prescribing compulsory military service, and in respect to Italian citizens in the United States the ages for military service shall be for the time being twenty to forty-four years.

The time "limited by this convention" is defined in Article 7 of the treaty, which provides that "the present convention . . . shall come into operation on the date on which the ratifications are exchanged and shall remain in force *until the expiration of sixty days after either of the contracting parties shall have given notice to the other.*"

As far as can be ascertained none of the countries with which we have concluded such conventions of military alliance has been notified of their termination by the United States.

To complicate matters, these conventions, ratified and proclaimed in the Fall of 1918, contain a stipulation by which any provision of any earlier treaty which may run counter to any of the provisions contained in them is "held in abeyance." Thus Article 6 of the convention with Italy says:

> This agreement while in force, holds in abeyance any provisions inconsistent therewith in the treaty of February 26, 1871, or in any other treaty between the United States and Italy.

Article 3 of the treaty of 1871, here referred to, provides that "the citizens of each of the high contracting parties shall . . . be exempt in their respective territories from compulsory military service, either on land or sea, in the regular forces, or in the national guard, or in the militia." This provision until recently, as we have seen, was not interpreted by the Italian government so as to include naturalized American citizens of Italian origin. And even now it exempts them only for a period of one year during times of peace and not at all in case of war. It is interesting to speculate as to what attitude the government would take if international difficulties should involve this country in the affairs of Europe because of these treaties.

Literature

A PORTO RICAN POET: LUIS PALÉS MATOS

By Tomás Blanco

Luis Palés Matos married for the first time—his friends gather the impression that he is always in the process of committing matrimony—when he was nineteen. The marriage was a riot of late Nineteenth Century Romanticism. Puccini's music translated into life: passion, poverty and puerility, even to the inevitable pallid glamour of tuberculosis. Mimi died of it before the second year—I almost wrote down, before the second act—leaving Palés a child, or, rather, Palés' mother a grandson.

His first and only published volume belongs psychologically, if not exactly chronologically (it was published before the marriage, in 1915), to this period: "Azaleas", a small book of trivial, insipid, and imitative poems. It shows what Palés had been reading, which was much: a *pêle-mêle* of Romanticists, Parnassians, Symbolists, Modernists and what-not. Hugo, Dumas, Lamartine, Byron, Poe, Sudermann, Gorki, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Valle Inclán, Herrera Reissig, Lugones, and, of course, Rubén Darío.

The book is quite worthless. Love and shame have equal shares in Palés' attitude toward it today.

His second book, "El Palacio en Sombras" (1919-1920) was naturally an improvement over "Azaleas". The volume, representing the years immediately after his marriage and the death of his first wife, was luckily never published. It contained a dedication to the deceased, translations from Poe, several prayers, and two compositions to "the Rabbi of Nazareth", among erotic utterances and songs to the rain.

Muna Lee's translation of "San Sabás", in "The Catholic Anthology" may be quoted here as a specimen of Palés' best at this time:

There is here an ancient anchorite
  Who so Spring-like shows,
That on a cliff inaccessible
  He tended his mystic rose,
Intoxicate with April and haircloth,
  And censers; and over all—
Since no earthly dew ever fell there—
  The dew celestial.

He lived remote in a cave,
  Viscous as an evil mind;
Amid thistles and brambles
  He was animal and divine.
The thorn spoke to his feet
  With an especial blessing,
By his own blood sanctified.
  No flower its perfume shed
On that gentle old body,
  An azure calm possessing.
Little poisonous creatures
  Were his only friends, and gray
Mists were dispelled from his eyelids
  When he began to pray.

Below him the pale hamlet
  A flock at dawn seemed to be;
And the sonorous sound of the anvil,
  The bell of eternity.

  Men going to the mountain,
  And women to their praying,
  Children to their playing,
  Dogs to their barking,
  Oxen to the plow,
  Cows to the milking;
  All birds to flying
  And all flights to the sea,
  All seas to the wind,
  All the winds to blowing,
  All the blowing to life,
  All life to labor.

And above this intranquillity,
  In the refuge he had made,
San Sabás, ample as a tree,
  Giving his paternal shade.

Palés' biography is both a determinant and a complement to his literary work, as much so as his poems are a compensation for his life. He was born at the close of the last century in Guayama, a wide, quiet, lonesome town on the southern coast of Porto Rico, the driest part of the island. This home town, as a theme, appears with persistent frequency through his writings. "The alcohol-preserved tapeworm at the drug store was its chief notoriety," he says. "Topografía" is an analysis of the influence of the poet's vision of the place on what he gathers his life has been. "Pueblo" is a direct personal reaction to his birthplace. Both poems figure in still another book that almost got published, "Canciones de la Vida Media" (1925). Here, within traditional molds, Palés shows his knowledge of the resources of Spanish, and the sense of rhythm and power of suggestion which were to be developed in his Negroid poems. I put "Pueblo" into English:

Mercy, Lord, have mercy on this, my humble town,
Wherein my humble people will die of nothingness!
That old notary letting his days go by
Through the minimal duties of his business;
This adipose *alcalde*, gross abdominal vacuity,
Flip-flopping on existence as on a muddy sauce;
That shop, slow, identical with what it always was;
These goats, forever chewing on the same glaring plaza;
A mendicant; a hack-skin, old bones and sores,
That knows by heart the length of all the country-roads;
The dead and asphyxiating Sabbath at siesta hour;
Petty gambling at cards and billiards at the club. . . .
The whole municipality, this herd of tedious lives,
This quaint decrepit town where nothing ever happens,
Where all dies smoothly, ruinously crumbling down,
Worm-eaten by the peaceful comfort of being at ease.

Mercy, my God! Oh, mercy on this, my humble town!
Amongst these simple souls turn loose a wholesome rascal
To stone the stagnant waters of their superfluous lives
With life-stirring shocks of iniquitous feats;
A burglar who would break into the very church;
A Don Juan to despoil the intactness of the maids;
Or a confidence-man able to upset the neighbors
And rend the trouble-proof, barren poise of their calm.
Mercy, Lord, have mercy on this, my honest town,
Lest all this humble people die of sheer nothingness!

In prose, beside numerous articles for the local magazines, Palés has written a short novel, "Memoirs of an Insignificant Man", dealing with the political and social life of a typical Porto Rican town and the changes brought about by the American occupation. The central figure of the book (which is more or less autobiographical) is an insignificant man oscillating between his Quixotic convictions and his Sancho Panza's pragmatism.

A list of Palés' jobs is illuminating. He has been a lawyer's clerk in Guayama at $20 a month; a draftsman's apprentice in a government irrigation bureau; the postmaster of a small town for three days; a rural teacher; a clerk for the Fajardo Sugar Corporation; the editor of *El Pueblo*, a small newspaper in the town of Fajardo; municipal secretary in the same town; secretary of a Bureau of Social Welfare in San Juan; secretary of the Insular Bakers' Association; sergeant-at-arms of the Insular House of Representatives; and, lastly, secretary to the president of the Senate.

The first part of the "Memoirs", dealing with Spanish Colonial times, is based on infantile recollections of the story of his parents. His mother was the daughter of a Spanish captain—the least possible quantity of militarism—a superficial, light-headed, good-humored man who sheathed his sword and put away his uniform after the American occupation. His father came from a pompous family of landowners and planters. Vanity and maladministration left them penniless. Don Vicente Palés was the youngest of the family, and, although he became the best-informed man in Guayama, all he knew he taught himself. He earned his meager subsistence by teaching French and conducting a small school for boys. He fell in love and married Luis' mother for their "common poetical ideals". They were both poor, and, what is worse, they both wrote poetry. Palés *père* took Liberalism and free thought very seriously, but his inoffensive anarchy was only the expression of an intrinsic tenderness and humanitarian optimism. A sedentary pacifist with a head full of revolutionary projects, he was intransigent only in religious matters. His son was not baptized until twenty-four, and then it was out of love-sickness for a very devout girl.

The father, in spite of his poverty, his literary inclination, and his passion for history and Liberalism, managed to bring up a family of six children. The two outstanding features of his life were his tragi-comic imprisonment and his dramatic death. The first was the result of an article written in defence of Renan. His friends took him out of jail, on the second day of his confinement, to the accompaniment of a brass band, and exhibited him at a Liberal meeting, mustered up for the occasion, as one of the "martyrs of clericalism". His spectacular death occurred suddenly on the stage of the Guayama theater as he was reciting some prophetic original verses in honor of the visiting South American poet, José Santos Chocano.

Out of these hereditary conditionings, and a passive resistance to the medium in which he has vegetated, Palés' indolence and sedentary habits have grown hand in hand with a theoretical passion for travel and a literary expression of exotic themes. He has never left the island. Once his relatives paid for a trip to Santo Domingo (sixty miles away), to enable him to be present at an aunt's wedding; but he embarked in Ponce and landed in Mayaguez, another Porto Rican town, four hours later, completely demoralized by sea-sickness.

Palés' conception of his own inner self is characteristic. This is from "El Pozo":

My soul is like a well of deafened waters. . . .
The landscape falls dead upon its surface,
And in its depths, for many years,

A misanthropic toad sits dreaming undisturbed.

And this from "Claro de Luna":

Under the moon, my heart is a dark frog
Hopping over the lawn. . . .
Under the moon, my heart, a dark frog,
Jumping out of its swamps,
Hops from star to star.

But his best work, the oncoming of his poetical maturity, the attainment of real originality, dates only from the publication of his first Negroid poem, "Pueblo Negro" (1925). During the past four years he has produced a series of poems inspired, not exactly by the Negro population of Porto Rico, but rather by the exotic Negro of travelers, missionaries, slavers, explorers and ethnographers, with an admixture of Haitian royalty, Cuban ñañigos, childhood reminiscences of slave-songs, and other West Indian flavorings.

Most of these poems have been grouped together in a book, "El Jardín de Tembandumba", which has been accepted for publication in Madrid. Among them there is one exceptionally local in subject, "Canción festiva para ser llorada" ("Festive Song to be Wept") dealing with the grotesque tragedy of the Antilles in a light and colorful mood. He has managed to pour the spirit of modern poetry into the classical vessel of the old *romance castellano*, reminding the reader of one of the foremost modern Spanish poets, García Lorca; yet the piece is quite distinctly Antillean and Palésian. It ends with a synthesis of the Antilles that may be roughly translated—thereby losing much of its worth—thus:

Snapshots of touring Babbitt—
Ragged niggers and palm-trees
Dreams of sensual Tartarin—
Sinuous Venustian half-breeds.
Only Don Quixote at times,
Out of idealistic madness,
From your Maritorneries
Recreates a Dulcinead.

It has been frequently said, with justice, by natives as well as foreigners, that Porto Rico is as ridden with poets as a stray dog with fleas. The saying carries obviously deceptive connotations of the word poet. With the exception of Palés; Luis Llorens Torres, apt in the coinage of folklore into lyrical stanzas of ten verses (*décimas*); José Balseiro, better known for his essays; Evaristo Ribera Chevremont, and perhaps one or two others, they are all unimportant.

The merits of Palés' later work have been recognized abroad—an unusual and difficult success for a Porto Rican. J. Robles Pazos, the translator of "Manhattan Transfer", credits him, in *La Gaceta Literaria*, Madrid, with possessing a sound instinct for the modern lyric, and places him at the head of all the Porto Rican poets. After comparing his *dances* with Borodin's music, Amado Alonso of the Centro de Estudios Históricos of Madrid, says that he "owns the secret witchcraft of rhythm." And Angel Valbuena Prat, visiting professor from Spain in the university, describes his Negroid poems as perfect.

The conflict that Palés sees between his favorite pastimes, marriage and dreams of extraneous adventures, has been sublimated out of the unconscious—as a Freudian would say—in the following:

The good husband this morning
Said to his wife,
"Prepare my luggage, I am taking a trip."
She looks at him in such a way
That he understands. He lights a cigarette
And throws about his sorrow in smoke-rings.

I offer this as a hint to his next wife, because by the time this paper is published Luis Palés will be married again. He is entering the holy state of matrimony as the pet of his bride's relatives, and hopes to be

Worm-eaten by the peaceful comfort of being at ease.

NEGROES IN CUSTODY

BY ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

During the last four years I have known rather intimately some 2000 individuals at odds with the law, of whom about 25% have been Negroes. I have come to expect certain modes of behavior from them that I do not expect from the whites, and to act accordingly. I brought no previous experience with colored people to the courtroom, and I must make it clear at the start that any observations I may offer upon the ones I have known are based only on individuals who were themselves under arrest, or who were with friends and relatives in this connection. I am therefore speaking of the poor, the ignorant, and the none-too-bright, for the gifted and the well-to-do do not enter our portals. When Negroes of education and economic standing cross my path, they act like anyone else. Their minds and feelings, so far as I can see, are indistinguishable from those of other races. I could not detect them on a blindfold test. But between the poor and ignorant Negro in trouble and the correspondingly poor and ignorant white there appear to have developed differences, and those differences, in a somewhat tentative fashion, I here attempt to analyze.

Perhaps some of the characteristics of the Negro were more noticeable to me because they were not what I expected to find, nor what I had been definitely told that I should find by those who pretended to know. For example, I was unprepared to observe that the poor Negro easily carries himself with personal dignity, whereas the poor white does so only with an effort. I had been told that Negroes were servile. I have never seen people less so. I had further been told that their good manners, when they had them, were the result of their training as waiters, Pullman porters, housemaids, and bellhops. But in all my court experience I have met but one defendant who was a waiter, and but one who was even related to a Pullman porter. I have never seen a bellhop in court. My acquaintance is far below the social level of the porter or the ladies' maid. I deal with the totally unskilled laborer and his somewhat more skilled wife (for she can cook). They have never seen the inside of a Pullman, or of a hotel, except maybe to clean it. They are field hands, deckhands, ditch-diggers, stokers, and scrubwomen, lately migrated northward. They have been trained by nobody. And most of them are unacquainted with the ways of elegance, even through the movies.

Despite all this, they carry themselves with a poise which even a court summons fails to shake. They do not meech, or grovel, or squirm, or whimper, or giggle, or rant, or apologize. They enter the room and glance about for the proper place to sit or stand. Having found it, they compose themselves, look me straight in the eye, and wait for me to speak. If the Prince of Wales were arrested incognito, and found himself in bonds, he could hardly improve upon their manners. Sometimes it is difficult to listen to what they say for wondering how it is done. And with such handicaps of costume!

We women of the white race, I reflect by contrast, are fundamentally dependent upon our clothes to hold up our self-assurance. We are serene if our clothes are right, but humiliated if they are wrong. This is true whatever our birthplace or the language we speak. We must have our correct costume and accessories. And like Samson, if our hair is not as we would have it, we are undone. As one penniless white girl gave for her larceny defense: "What could I do? Permanents don't come less than five!" Let the white woman's skirt be too short or too long, and the best of us are at a loss. I once traveled with a girl who, catching sight of herself in a station window, saw that there was too much or too little of her skirt. In a passion of nerves she rehung it on her seated person in the passenger coach, by the device of twisting it around her waist and altering the hem over her knees. She was in torture on a bed of spikes until she did so.

The white woman in court with a handkerchief over her head is cowed by the lack of a hat, but unable to nerve herself to wear one. She is more abashed over her head than over her sins. Much more. She cannot look her own behatted granddaughter in the face, let alone the court. So she tastes the dregs of abasement and gazes into her lap. Not so her colored sister. Draped in a chaos of fragments, she looks steadily out under a hat she has salvaged from some rubbish can, with the composure of Queen Mary in her toque. I have never seen a colored woman even faintly abashed by her costume. And I have never seen any women capable, at times, of dressing worse.

Sometimes all styles are exhibited in one family. The girl is dressed like all girls. Out of nothing she has somehow managed to look like all the world. So has her mother. Her grandmother perhaps is swathed in full black skirts of a Civil War pattern, with a wide white collar and gold breast pin. Her great-grandmother hobbles in on crutches, her garments pinned across her chest with a safety pin, and a cap tied on with a black ribbon. But it takes more than crutches and discarded ribbons to abash a colored grandmother. In fact, they are the only grandmothers whom I have ever known to come into their own. They are still persons. They never quail before a stylish granddaughter by so much as the fraction of an inch. If they look like scarecrows it embarrasses neither the one nor the other. Let the girl be saucy, and one look from her grandmother's dark, heavy-lidded eyes hits its mark.

Accustomed as I am to the spectacle of white grandmothers, idealized according to Whistler but relegated in spite of themselves to shawls and chimney corners, these doughty old colored women, physically infirm but spiritually undaunted, who have somehow managed to keep a hold on their progeny, seem to me to be very impressive creatures. I even find it refreshingly rakish that so many of the fights which come to our court start over the debated reputation of an old creature muffled in a ragbag. Her girlish escapades still have the power to set her offspring fighting, and one feels that neither she nor they think less of each other for the scrimmage.

No other race comes to court whose battles are waged so often in vindication of such ancient dames. They still represent the eternal feminine. They have drunk of the fount of youth and have never lost its flavor. Nothing, one feels, but their rheumatism keeps them from joining in the dance of life with their great-grandchildren. Often an elderly white woman loses her head in court and acts uncommonly silly. A colored woman never. She accepts what must be accepted, tosses or nods her head according to how the outcome suits her (they are not hard to please), and marches or hobbles out of the room as she came in, with her dignity unimpaired.

II

So much for colored age. But what of youth? Here again I had been somewhat misled by those who said they knew. I had been told (as who is not?) that the colored race was immoral in a manner not approached by the white. Such was their alleged irregularity that it exceeded all standards and bounds, and could be compared only with the amoral behavior of the cave-man.

Now, a courtroom devoted to the hearing of misdemeanors is hardly the place to meet the moralists of one's generation. Arrest is a selective process by which those who have offended, or who appear to have done so, are withdrawn from the rest of society and placed under restraint. And in general, those who have fallen a victim to their other impulses are not likely to be puritans as regards their strongest instinct.

For this reason, even the stoutest defender of colored delinquents could not say that they are a squeamish crowd when it is a question of the proprieties or even of the decencies. Observers of the inferior types among them are honest enough when they report them as unchaste. But such observers are limited in their social experience if they think that the whites of the same social background are any chaster. They may know their colored; they merely do not know their white. Granted a certain amount of poverty, ignorance and overcrowding, and the color line in morals fades into nothing. In fact, if one compares the sex standards of the completely underprivileged of both races as revealed in court, I believe (although there is not much to choose) that the Negro is somewhat superior to the white. He is more likely to be country bred, and not to have acquired all the city vices. Certainly so far as colored boys being a menace to white girls goes, I can say that in nearly four years I recall but three occasions when they were involved, and in each of these cases the white girl was the aggressor. The boy was not the pursuer but the pursued.

For example, one Essie, finding at fifteen that her home was dull, took to hanging about a dance-hall where Spikey was in charge of the check-room. Essie was white and extremely feather-brained. Spikey was colored, and had at least more sense than Essie. He told her frequently that she ought to go home and let him alone. This she declined to do. She plied him with the usual tale of ill treatment. She said that she was afraid to go home; that she had no home to go to. Would Spikey take her with him? If he didn't take her, she threatened to follow him. And so on.

At last she wore down his resistance, and he took her to a flat where he, with three other boys who lived there, were to have a poker game after the dance-hall closed. As soon as Spikey appeared with Essie trailing at his heels his three friends told him that it meant trouble and that he should take her home. Essie refused to give her address. They told her to go home by herself. She said that she wouldn't go, but intended to stay exactly where she was. At this deadlock the four boys held a consultation and decided that they could waste no more time with Essie, but would play poker in the kitchen while she amused herself as she chose in the other room.

The night wore on. From time to time, one or the other of the boys left the game in the kitchen and urged Essie to get off their davenport and get out of their flat before sunrise. She roused herself long enough to refuse, and dozed again. Eventually they had to enlist outside aid to get rid of her, and, the situation looking suspicious, they were all arrested. They stood before me, four assorted shapes and sizes of boy, one very tall and very black with a long gold watch chain; one short and light brown; and appropriate types in between. They agreed that Essie should have been turned over to the police long before she was, and regretted that it had not been done. But they said that her presence was an embarrassment that they hardly knew how to meet, and they plainly feared that their explanation would not be believed.

In case anyone does not now believe it, I can only say that the story was agreed to by the chattering Essie, by her four unwilling hosts, by her mother, her brother, two attorneys and two members of the police force. Since such unanimity of testimony is as miraculous as a hand of thirteen spades, I refuse to believe that all of them were lying. Essie's explanation, incidentally, was the same as that of all the white girls whom I have known (I have not known many) who consort with men of other races. She said that they were kinder to her. They were not so rough. They were not mean. Certainly, so far as these colored Galahads were concerned, I only wish that I might feel sure that if Essie had forced herself into the flat of four white poker players at 2 A.M. they would have been as kind, as little rough and as devoid of meanness.

I am inclined to think that although colored youths may resent injustices or discourtesies from their white neighbors, they do not particularly crave their company. They prefer their own. It is among themselves that loves and hates flourish, flare up in passion, and smoulder into jealousy. White Essies with only a craven obstinacy to offer in the place of sprightliness and high spirits can add little to the gayety of living, and their company is not courted. Any colored girl that I know who might have been attracted by Spikey would have played poker with him in the kitchen if he had let her. If not, there would have been a pitched battle, in which a fist on his side would have been met by teeth on hers.

They fight. I cannot deny it. At times they fight like wildcats. But only in the lovers' quarrels of the colored are the opponents approximately matched. White women throughout history have had to take what medicine their men have prescribed. The colored girl does not submit so meekly. And being a woman, I cannot help observe this democratic phenomenon with some relish.

I recall Florabel, lately arrived from the South, where she said she had been married by a "commissary marriage." This kind of wedding it seems, is bought at the commissary and costs two dollars if the couple think that it will last four years. If not, they get it for seventy-five cents. Florabel and her lover were of a cautious temperament, and invested only the lesser sum, which even then turned out to be an extravagant outlay. For the young man disappeared well within the six months for which his seventy-five cents was supposed to last.

Florabel accepted his departure with a cheerful philosophy, and started North to visit her sister, who was not, however, at the station to meet her as she had promised. Florabel contrived somehow to find her dwelling unaided, only to be met at the door by a milk bottle hurtling through space, which hit her squarely in the stomach.

The reason for this odd greeting was purely accidental. No one bore her the slightest malice. But her sister and her sister's mate had become so engrossed in an argument that they had forgotten her arrival. And nothing but her shadow on the sill had suggested to the harried husband the immediate advantage of dodging behind her to avoid his wife's missiles. The point of this story is only that the bottle was being hurled by the lady, and that her gallant was glad in an emergency to hide behind the protecting form of a female guest.

By the time I met them, all the quarrel was forgotten. No ill-will remained in the hearts of hosts or guest. In fact, Florabel confessed with giggles that she might have been mistaken. Perhaps she had not been hit by a bottle, but by a plum! I am accustomed to climaxes in the courtroom. But it sometimes seems that only the Negro appreciates the fine flavor of an anticlimax.

A more idyllic mating was that of Elazzuk and his Lutie Lee. Elazzuk was tall and very dark. He had lately migrated with Lutie Lee, a little stray inexperienced creature whom he loved, but who was far too young to marry him. The question was, if Lutie Lee did not marry Elazzuk, what else could she do? Elazzuk, in addition to his other qualifications for marriage, had a small government pension which he had earned by losing an eye on a U. S. oil tanker. When he lost it he had apparently gained access to some hair application which stood his thick thatch entirely on end. Huge, black, and bristling, he discussed his wished-for marriage with Lutie Lee like an ambassador.

Too young and too frail for marriage she was—that he admitted. But what else could she do? And where else could she go but with him? To school? What school? Were Northern schools supporting little Southern orphans? Or did Northern cities which did not want orphans pay their way back to Southern cities which wanted them still less? What school was she prepared to enter? If she stayed here—who with? If she stayed elsewhere, the same unanswerable question. In short, if she could not marry him in this State, without the consent of parents or guardians, neither of which she possessed, would we kindly direct him to a State where she could? That was only reasonable, said Elazzuk, and how could one differ with him? "The way I look at it," he said, "I'm the only one in the world to look out after Lutie Lee. I love her. No one else does. Why take her away from a man who wants her, and put her with people who don't want her, and where she doesn't want to go?"

He bent politely as he put forth this unanswerable logic, and Lutie Lee cast down her eyelashes like the clinging vine she was. Elazzuk was under arrest for harboring a minor, but one would never guess it. We discussed the affair with such an exchange of courtesies that but for the absence of wigs and gowns we might have been the King's chancellors. Granting the evils of child marriage as I do, there are still other evils quite as severe. And I could not take the responsibility of separating the silent Lutie Lee from her courtly champion. As she slid away with her one-eyed totem pole, she sidelong and helpless to the last, he angular, deferential, but determined, I asked myself again, Where do they learn it? Certainly in another school from the shoeshine parlor and the Pullman car. And they call such men servile!

III

The dignity of the Negro defendant coexists with a fine sense of comedy. Granted the possible explanation that they always have the advantage of English as a mother tongue, they are still the only clients in court on whom I can depend to take a joke. Let the joke be ever so feeble or so rapid, yet there is an answering flicker in a colored prisoner's eye. Thus Sara, who told me in one breath that she would love her Willy Jay till death, and almost in the next that she was sick of him—Sara still had the grace to give me this information with a snicker.

The ability to laugh at oneself springs from the same source as poise. It represents detachment from a situation. Or, in the modern phrase, the "facing of reality"—a capacity which appears to lie at the basis of the Negro's virtues as well as of his prime vice—a vice to which I shall refer later. The colored litigant is able to extricate himself from his previous disagreements long enough to discuss them when he has an audience, thus combining great emotional violence with a colossal imperturbability when the occasion demands it.

If a white wrangle is brought to court it is likely to keep the spirits of the contestants hot while they are there. If they fight, cry, or argue when they are at home, they keep it up when they walk abroad. But two colored opponents who have knifed each other seem able to discuss the knifing quietly in court, even though they resume hostilities as soon as they leave it.

I recall the stylish Pink, who was accused of making love to two sisters, one of whom he planned to marry (when both had secured divorces) but to the other of whom he was merely offering shelter. The family on both sides showed great restraint. And Pink was not only elegant, but so eloquent in proving his case that I was about convinced that he was not only blameless but generous as well. Moreover, I suppose that all the debaters agreed with me. But Pink's oratory was apparently not so successful with his fiancée. For when I asked for him next the answer was: "Pink? Oh, Pink's dead. She shot him." So that was that. I certainly never would have foreseen it. And if Pink did, he faced his taking off with admirable composure.

And there was Blanche, who was something of a rounder, and thereby haled not before us, but before the police court. The judge, who happens to be a woman, had heard of Blanche before, and disposed of her rather shortly with six months in the workhouse. At this sentence, which would have sent off most white girls crying or muttering, Blanche merely studied the judge's person with an appraising eye, and observed: "Say. You know the girls down my way, they call you Hard-Boiled Mary. But you ain't. You is a cute little trick!"

Could impartiality go farther than that? Six months in the workhouse. Yet the judge who sent her there was still to Blanche's unbiased judgment a cute little trick. And she did not hesitate to tell her so. It is this same philosophic remoteness which has made it possible for the colored race to sing, "Nobody knows the trouble I seen, Glory Hallelujah." Only they, I believe, among the elegists of literature, have presumed to begin a sentence with trouble, and end it with hallelujah.

I once asked one of these indomitable colored girls how it was that being what she was and had always been, she could face an utter change of life with respectable relatives, and apparently be neither abashed nor humiliated. Her answer was: "Colored folks aren't like white folks. When we're done with something, we're done. We don't think about it and we don't worry about it. You white folks go on worrying when it don't do no good. When it don't do me no good, I quit!"

Facts are facts. The past is past. Where the white race shrieks against the inevitable, the colored race has learned that the inevitable cannot be avoided by shrieking, and thereby saves both its voice and its dignity. Not that they cannot lie as handsomely as the best. But their lies are concocted to deceive others and not to fool themselves.

The familiar tailor-made disgruntled white girl, of the mannish stride and "the masculine protest," is a type which I have never encountered among Negroes. It seems, on the contrary, as if the sex characteristics of the colored were more firmly grafted on their personalities than is the case among whites, and that they tend to get less mixed up as to which sex they belong to. If a colored woman has on a man's coat it is for economic and not for neurotic reasons. Her eyes still roll appropriately to her sex. In my courtroom the sex escapades of the colored, which are many and varied, yet fall into rather normal types. People of suitable ages consort with each other along the lines which Nature has laid down. Men are bewitched by women and *vice versa*. They seldom go off on emotional tangents. When a colored cohort sweeps into the room, my instant reaction is, They are of course irregular, and doubtless promiscuous. But they are not perverted. If this seem small meed of praise, I do not consider it so. The only case of misplaced sex classification that I recall was that of a boy who insisted upon dressing like a girl. He said that he felt that everything was to be gained and nothing lost by that procedure.

Indeed, the colored woman holds an enviable position among her sex. As women go, she comes the nearest to emancipation. The time-worn jest of Rastus battening on the wages of his Dinah at the washtub is based, like many other half-truths, on the observations of those who know their colored but not their whites. The poor colored woman, like the poor white, works for her family's living. Who but poor white married women run the power machines in most of our factories? If they work only in their own kitchens for no money and less thanks, their colored counterpart works in other women's kitchens, and does not ask for thanks because she has her wages. Two kitchens. But an industrial revolution rolls between them.

Moreover, the colored wife handles her own money. What her mate receives from her is freely bestowed. A friend of mine asked her colored cook why she took to herself so many husbands when they seemed to be such an expense. "They do come high," was the answer. "But I am just so constituted that I like to have them." Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba could say no more than that. The colored man seems never to be burdened with the white Great Man complex, demanding that he snatch his woman's earnings with one hand while he pounds her with the other. If he pounds, he pounds but once. Before walking out of the door with her wages in her pocket his mate will have administered a sound box to the ear of her crestfallen lord. Servility before her taskmaster is never written on the face of a colored woman. Many is the white man who shouts to his erring daughter on whose wages he has lived: "Get out of my sight forever. You have disgraced the family." The typical remark of the colored father in a similar situation is: "Whatever she did, she is my daughter still." He seems never to have learned that his daughters deserve less consideration than his sons.

IV

If I seem to be indulgent to the colored race let me hasten to add that I am really not. On the contrary, the fact that I have met so many of them of high quality in court points to what is their greatest weakness.

Why were such people there? White families of like caliber would have been helped elsewhere by friends and neighbors, and they and I would not have met. Where were the conscientious citizens of their neighborhood when the fight was on? If a raised hand could have stopped it, why was it not raised? Why should such shrewd old women and ingenuous youths have to come to me? Where are their own churches, their lodges and their clubs? What are their substantial women doing? Their lawyers, their ministers, and their business men?

Sometimes the Elazzuks and Lutie Lees apparently crave a certain active busybody sympathy which they have learned to expect from their white rather than their colored neighbors, who often would prefer to gamble on how their wedding was likely to turn out rather than lift a finger to help it along. Our court is the last resort of the white race, and of its weakest or its most stubborn members. Of the colored, it is apparently the first, and of many citizens who should not have had to come. Aloofness and ecstasy are great qualities. But social ethics also has its place. And I would suggest that there are times when it is more suitable to prevent a murder than to chant the stateliest requiem over the corpse.

I stand second to none in my admiration for the magnificence of Negro art. But, with the suitable deference of the less endowed, I would suggest that there are times when a more appropriate refrain than the majestic Hallelujah would be the less poetic but more practical, Get Together, and Get Busy!

AMERICANIZATION: THREE CASES

BY LUIS MUÑOZ-MARÍN

El Pope Ramos[1]

Euripedes Ramos was a Nicaraguan typesetter. As a respectable artisan he would, of a Saturday night, sport immaculate white trousers pressed to a razor edge, a stiff-bosomed shirt closed at the neck with a brass button, no collar, no tie, no coat, and a flexible straw hat—in the Nicaraguan democracy, the gala costume of his class.

Although this class has dignity without having position—an admirable achievement—it nevertheless aspires to position, and the symbol of an advance toward position is *echarse el saco*—putting on the coat. Ramos yearned for the coat. But to put it on some salient event was necessary, otherwise he would have to stand the mockery of his fellows. You can go to the United States, or even only to Panama, and when you return you have the coat on and it is accepted, for you have traveled, seen the world beyond the native coasts, and that is an event. Travel, however, is not essential. You may become secretary of a labor union and wear the coat to your inauguration. Almost any event, in fact, will warrant your putting on the coat. But no events happened in Ramos's life.

He set type and learned about the world from the two hundred words a day that the Associated Press supplied to the paper he worked for. He knew when the French Cabinet fell, and whether Mahatma Ghandi was eating or fasting, and who was the new President of Uruguay. He set up the obituaries of prominent Nicaraguans and liked the language used in mourning them by the necrologist of the paper.

The articles reporting dances were also good. They made pictures. Every house was a palace, every garden an enchanted grove, every hostess a queen of graciousness. Of several dozen girls at a dance ten or twelve would be singled out by the *croniqueur* and described with various delicate adjectives. About twenty others would be mentioned by name. The rest were all enchanting, of course, but the writer, dazzled by so brilliant an assemblage, could not recall them all. This reporter, Ramos remembered, had been a barber who, upon evincing a talent for describing social events in a manner pleasing to the participants, had become a *croniqueur* and put on the coat. Ramos felt that if it ever fell to his lot to describe a dance he would find adjectives for every girl present, whether her father was a subscriber or an advertiser, or not.

Against this possibility, he practised in conversation with his friends, and made one enormously pleasing discovery: that when he opened his mouth and let himself go, sometimes five minutes would elapse before he came to the end of a paragraph. Such was his facility that often he did not even remember what he had begun to say.

Ramos apprehended that along this line

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[1] I am indebted to Mr. Salomon de la Selva of Nicaragua for biographical data on El Pope.

lay the coat. He practised and improved, not only as to the length of his paragraphs and the duration of his breath, but also as to variety and color. Opportunity lagged, however. And after a time he began to forget about the coat and to enjoy talking for its own sake. It gave him a feeling. It made him feel right all over. Sitting in a café with his friends, rounds went by without his touching his *copita.* He didn't seem to need it.

One night he passed a house from which a voice thundered. Ramos stopped and noticed that the voice was a foreign one. He followed the inflections and understood that it was saying a speech. He listened to the rhythm, fascinated. It was slow and mournful, with notes of anguish and passionate appeal. It was not until after a while that he tried to make out the words. Oratory to him was symphonic; it seemed that one must say something, but that wasn't the important thing.

The voice, Ramos realized now, was speaking in a sort of Spanish, and the speech was about God and the Pope: quite as it should be, for to Ramos God and the Pope were the senior and junior partners, respectively, of a concern known as the Catholic church, very respectable, which was all right for women (he had heard a Conservative politician with a beard say to the editor of his paper once that if it weren't for the Catholic church women would be making love all over the place), but not, of course, to be taken seriously by men. God and the Pope always worked hand in hand. This speech was about them —a sermon. For the first time in his life Ramos associated the ideas of speech and sermon. Whoever it was that was talking about how God and the Pope worked miracles together, was having a good time. The voice rang clear and strong through the crystal darkness.

Ramos approached the door and read the sign nailed to the panel: "Iglesia Bautista. Bienvenidos todos." The door was ajar. He slipped in and tiptoed to the nearest stool.

The orator, a squat man in his middle years, had a fluent, if incorrect, command of Spanish. He talked and mispronounced with great ease; but if his meaning was sometimes clogged, his rhythm was always smooth and vigorous. The word that Ramos heard mispronounced more often was the one meaning Pope, which was rendered by pronouncing in Spanish the English spelling—*popéh.*

The speaker, addressing a scattering of nondescript characters, was saying:

"There is only one Holy Father, and He is in Heaven, watching over His children, over the good men and the bad, the rich and the poor, the generous and the unkind, those that recognize His sacred commands and those that, in their ignorance, or because false teachers mislead them, flaunt His commands. Let no one command you in your spirit save the voice of God. Let none tell you that the Pope of Rome can speak the word that brings light to troubled souls. Only God Himself, in His heavenly mansion, . . ."

Ramos sat entranced. How the words and the pictures came! And how the squat little man threw his voice like a trumpet-call over the humble house, and out and upward to the listening stars, and inward to Ramos's heart, now pounding, violently moved, while his head vaguely puzzled at the seeming incompatibility between God and the Pope.

The little man went on and on. His paragraphs were long, almost as long as Ramos's, and modulated from stormy passages, probably containing prophecies, to a crooning understanding of the humblest need. He ended:

"And now, *mis hermanos*, are there any among you from whose eyes the darkness has melted, in whose hearts the glorious fire of the Lord has been kindled? Let them stand clear before God in this place and proclaim the light within them, fearlessly, for they walk with God!"

An old man rose, fingering his hat. "I stand up, yes, I want to walk with God." The preacher extended his arms. "Come to God, brother, and your sore heart will rest."

Ramos was full of music. He stood up trembling with a sense that he must be part of that music, that this place, where one spoke so, was his appointed place in life. But there was no calculation in him, only a tremendous rush of emotion, a light blurring thought and detail but feeling enormously like the truth. Ramos opened his mouth and the words poured out.

The darkness had melted away from his eyes, he said; his heart, though all on fire, was but a flickering light that awaited the advancing dawn of the Lord's word to snuff itself out in a holocaust of humility. And God's dawn was advancing over Nicaragua, from the closed jungles of the North, changing the ancient trees that shaded the love-idylls of the pre-Columbine Indians into flaring torches that turned the stars from gold to silver; advancing like a great sower that brought forth from the generous soil of the land, fertilized by the bones of countless patriots, harvests of golden light; a light that would confuse all traitors and dissolve the darkness from all eyes.

Let all the enemies of the Light beware, yes, even the *popéh* (strangely, Ramos did not say *papa*, which he knew to be the correct Spanish word), yes, even the *popéh*, for who can withstand God's word? Nay, not the *popéh* himself! "Arise, Nicaraguans, not with muskets in your hands, but armed with the great faith, ardent with the great fire, sweet with the great truth; arise, he urged, "not toward the goods of this world, but toward the battlements of Heaven, to reside forever in the glory of the Lord!"

He breathed and went on to forgive the *popéh*, to warn and forgive his enemies, and, as a gesture of courtesy toward the preacher, he ended by mentioning the American as well as the Nicaraguan flag. Under these two banners, he shouted, the one representing those that were great and generous in their power, the other those that were stern and spiritual in their frugal dignity, what would not God do for the happiness of the blessed?

Thus Euripedes Ramos received the call. And by the time he had finished speaking he practically had the coat on. For the Rev. Mr. Parker could not afford to miss the opportunity of using such a promising native and, psychologically, such a representative one, for furthering the cause of the Lord against the Devil and the *popéh*. Ramos was promptly armed with the weapons and insignia of an officer of Christ and sent to the backwoods of Nicaragua to join the advancing dawn.

He spoke to his heart's content. He made converts. For was not his mystical experience, his feeling of the Lord as Oratory, one that was readily communicable to his countrymen? With his coat and his message he was a complete success—in Pastor Parker's sense of the word, as one who was effective in his work; in his own Nicaraguan sense of it, as one who was happy. And from the viewpoint of his increasing audiences he was a success also, for those that he did not convert he entertained, and that is a large gift in Nicaragua, where commerce has not gone in heavily for entertainment, and people must entertain themselves. And with his garb his name was changed. No longer was the Christian warrior referred to as Euripedes Ramos, but as El Pope Ramos, Ramos the Popéh.

Why the *popéh?* Because it was noticed that Ramos never referred to the Pope by the correct Spanish word *papa*, but always used the Rev. Mr. Parker's mispronunciation of it. His attention was called repeatedly to this slight flaw in his eloquence, but he continued to say *popéh* when animadverting on the Pope. In an unguarded moment he revealed the source of this phonetic stubbornness. He had never entered a church since he was a child, and he did not take priests seriously except in so far as they gave good advice to his sister on questions of purity, but his germplasm had been Catholic for centuries, his mother, the only antecedent form of that germ-plasm that he knew, was devoted to Saint Anthony, and there was something in the Catholic church that made you respect it and fear it while disregarding it. It was a feeling, he could not explain it, but it was there. Ramos could not bear to insult the Bishop of Rome without at least mispronouncing his title. A man owes something to his inner feelings, even if he is a Christian soldier.

Pastor Parker groomed Ramos the Popéh as an exhibit. He was to tour Central America. He was to speak at Guatemala City, the hot metropolis. He was to meet the great in the world of godly eloquence, and he was to outlast them.

The Rev. Mr. Parker improved Ramos's English. He gave him appropriate books, which the Popéh spelled out diligently. But Ramos was not a laggard student who contented himself with learning what he was taught. He reached out for himself. By borrowing and browsing and scanning, he entered English literature and soon discovered a favorite author for whom he developed a vast enthusiasm. This author was Oscar Wilde.

Pastor Parker, remembering no doubt that the ways of the Lord are strange, continued to use Ramos in the great work. But now he had to compete with politicians, who are wont to believe that what is good enough for God is good enough for them. Ramos could be depended upon to draw a large mixed audience. And next to God comes the Republic.

So the great dawn that swept from the jungle sowing the light of salvation in the sacred soil fertilized by the bones of countless patriots—this phenomenon now did the planting for the Conservative party, traditionally the supporter of the Roman church. Here Ramos found larger audiences and a larger flow of words. His similes and metaphors, which had always had a strong political flavor (he had not been setting up editorials all those years for nothing, and he was not a Nicaraguan for nothing) turned out to be more appropriate when thundered at his new audiences.

He had put on the coat—God had practically held it up for him—and he had discovered in the untrammeled use of words something that looked to him like his inmost soul. And now, in politics, he found an instrument more suited to his vocation, more glamourous, more important, attended by brass bands and leading to rewards. In political eloquence too—it was a consideration—the themes were broader and the subtly ticklish business of offending the Pope did not have to be gone into. The President was different; he could put you in jail, but Ramos was a courageous man and could risk that easily. Beside, the President was a Nicaraguan, more or less like himself; he had seen him many times, he knew how he looked, and Ramos thought he didn't look like much.

Ramos poised the problem in his conscience. Should he stick to the struggling missionary movement which made so much of God because that was the only thing it could claim safely? Or should he definitely join the cause of Nicaragua, with all its open-air meetings, its parades, its boneless patriots, or countless bones, or bones of countless patriots, its well-dressed young ladies listening to oratory under the stars, dropping rose petals from balconies? Should he stand on minor points that were not clear to him? As long as he could be eloquent, as long as he could express the music of his soul in long paragraphs, what did it matter whether the general trend of the words was for God or for Chamorro?

The end of his ratiocinations came when he fell in love with a girl who wore high heels every day in the week and would have none of him unless they were married by the priest.

Ramos still believes that God is good, but realizes that He is not necessary. He wears the coat and speaks at length on secular matters. He never mentions the Pope. He is still known as El Pope Ramos.

II

St. Anthony in a Rooming-House

Old man Dominguez occupied the room at the other end of the hall in a Latin-American boarding-house of the West Eighties. Fifty years of age, thin, short, slow of movement and of word, he was, by his own account, the Don Juan of the neighborhood. How he had become sexton of a Methodist church uptown he never could explain to his satisfaction. He was, however, a reminiscent man in a haphazard sort of way, and by piecing together his rambling reminiscences I gathered the method of his conversion.

He was from Ponce, Porto Rico, and it seems that his father had shaken hands with General Miles when that commander led his troops through Ponce to the liberation of Porto Rico. The reason why Dominguez's father had shaken hands with General Miles appeared to be that two or three years before the Spanish-American War, the senior Dominguez had been to New York and had liked the place, especially the buildings and the Jewish girls. Having been among the first to take refuge under the liberating flag, he had been appointed some sort of assistant to the collector of the port of Ponce.

Coincident with these events, the Dominguez family as a whole—numberless daughters and some sons—had developed a strong sentiment of Americanism. Politically, they wanted Porto Rico to become a State of the Union—it would be an overwhelming honor—but at the same time they confessed that it would be a disastrous day when, the honor having been bestowed, Porto Rico, as a State, proceeded to elect her own government.

The sons of the family gave up suspenders and shortened their underwear; the girls did not give up anything or shorten anything, but, like good Latin-American women, they adopted the feelings of their men.

When a Protestant preacher camped with the Lord in Ponce it seemed as natural to shake hands with him as with General Miles. He represented an American God, a conquering one; the United States was a great country, wasn't it, what with freedom and all that: Dominguez senior had been made an assistant to the collector of the port; he had shaken hands with General Miles; he had gone to New York and liked the tall buildings and the Jewish girls. It was all natural and clearly linked. Beside, the Inquisition was, or at least had been, terrible. The Dominguez family joined the God that General Miles mentioned in his proclamations.

Being endowed with the foolish excess of shrewdness that makes Latin-Americans almost incapable of sustained concerted action, the life of the Dominguez here celebrated had been a sketchy pattern of odd jobs and ventures. After vicissitudes, it had brought him, through credentials and a good word, into the sextonship of the uptown Methodist church. If General Miles could give a job, God could give another.

Uptown, Dominguez was the soul of virtue. That, he explained, was why he did not live near his job. "A man must respect his church." On his own block, and even slightly to the north and south, most elderly and lonesome ladies were subject to his amorous advances, or were, at least, the victims of his tongue. The widow who kept the laundry, he supplied her with gin and spent evenings in her parlor while her son was out "raising wild oats," as Dominguez put it. The divorcée of the corner flat, buying cosmetics on a meager alimony and accepting delicatessen from Dominguez; the large, executive, and sentimental lady at the real estate office for whom Dominguez sometimes gallantly collected recalcitrant rents—around all these he weaved a dusty glamour that blurred, for them, the way their faces and waistlines had accepted the years before the ductless glands began to admit them.

In a neighborly way, I wrote love-notes for Dominguez and was called upon for ethical decisions, as when he reported that the daughter of one of his lady friends had been swapping naughty stories with him in a suggestive way, and what should he do? He was much in the habit of asking for advice. It gave him opportunities to describe scenes and state facts (usually of life) which, as a gentleman and an American Christian, he could not do except in so far as it contributed to a knowledge on which to base ethical decisions.

Then his job was temporarily discontinued for reasons, I believe, of financial stringency. I know that he remained in good standing at his church and continued to derive spiritual sustenance from it, even if for his other sustenance he had to look elsewhere. Months went by during which he had nothing to do except to prop up his spirit by answering want ads and communing with God on Sundays, and by recounting his adventures on week days. I wrote numerous answers to want ads for him, but nothing panned out—hotel jobs, delivery wagon jobs, cafeteria jobs, executive jobs involving a knowledge of Latin-American trade.

The lady at the real estate office gave him a suit of clothes and told him he could always count on a meal. That buoyed his spirit considerably. It testified to his worth as a gentleman of the world. It set him up, more or less firmly, on the ultimate basis of his self-respect. He loved to describe the meals, much as he would have bragged about his salary, and he explained that the lady,. though fat, had a ripe beauty and was not at all bad. He had a patronizing affection for her and understandingly forgave her for being jealous once in a while.

Nevertheless, Dominguez longed for a job. His soul was quieted, but he wanted to see ready cash, and that was one thing that either the real estate lady would not give, or that he would not accept. One Sunday he received word that at a certain institution a janitor was needed, and he applied in person.

That evening the Argentine salesman next door to Dominguez burst into his room with exciting news. A couple of blondes had moved into the floor below. The Argentine had appraised them with his shrewd rooming-house eye. He had become their friend by offering them his Sunday paper, and they had sent him out for egg sandwiches. They were all right, he declared. Dominguez looked at him austerely and changed the conversation.

"But it's a couple of blondes, I tell you!"

"Ssh!"

"I bought them egg sandwiches and one of them said . . ."

"Ssh!"

"What's the matter?"

Dominguez looked at him with disgust. "Don't you know it's Sunday?" he answered with hostile dignity.

When the Argentine retired in amazement, Dominguez went on to tell me about his new job. He wasn't a janitor at all; he was a maintenance engineer at a hospital. It seems that about an hour before he had arrived to apply for the job of janitor a dangerous leak had sprung in the cellar, threatening to flood it, and the manager had telephoned to an agency for a maintenance engineer. When Dominguez arrived looking dignified, he had been taken for the engineer, had been shown the leak, and had been appealed to to stop it. He took in the situation at once. On his next move depended whether he would get twenty or sixty dollars a week. He considered the leak attentively, and then splashed up and down the cellar, apparently meditating upon how to fix it.

"And do you know what I was doing?" he asked me, deeply moved.

"Racking your brains, I suppose, to see how you could stop the leak and become a maintenance engineer."

Dominguez looked at me solemnly.

"No. I was singing a hymn under my breath. After I had sung it several times, I took off my coat and stopped that leak! . . . And then this fool comes around talking about a couple of blondes!"

But his conscience was not to be stilled merely by setting aside Sunday as a day of austere meditation. For Dominguez not only got the job, but kept it. He made arrangements with a church brother who understood the physiology of buildings, so that whenever a difficulty in the discharge of his duties arose he could slip out to the corner, call the brother up, describe the trouble and receive instructions. This method clearly involved providential cooperation, for what would happen if his good friend should be out, or drunk, or feeling stupid, in the hour of his trouble? Dominguez felt that his conscience had to toe the line day after day, even from one moment to another, keeping out bad thoughts, adamant against the romance of illicit aspirations. Otherwise, how could he bring himself to say prayers and mumble hymns for his job, when there was sin in his life, in his thought? It wasn't that he had a very clear sense of Hell or Salvation, but that it would make him feel like a hypocrite. And Providence might go back on him.

Dominguez now knew the torture of the saints and hermits of whom he had been taught to disapprove. Demons and Argentine salesmen and washed-out blondes assailed his sixty-dollar check. The lady at the real estate office charged him with ingratitude for deserting her as soon as he had seen the ready cash that they had dreamed of together during evenings of wistful planning. His heart was troubled. He couldn't sleep. He called on me for advice.

I gave him veronal. As that did not help him, I asked him, since he couldn't have sin and his job at the same time, and he needed the job, why not give up sin for the time being, at least until he could master the relatively simple technique of maintenance engineering? But Dominguez needed sin more than he did his job. Not, I gathered, that he could not do without its direct joys—he asked me to believe that he was not a beast—but that it gave him a feeling of security and well-being. His life had been a crazy-quilt of haggard failures and devices, but he had discovered that he could always find elderly ladies ready to become sentimental in a practical way. That, and that alone, made him feel that there was some truth in that great document revered by his family, the Declaration of Independence. . . .

After that, I did not find it difficult to hit upon a means of easing his conscience. Within a few days I inveigled him into a discussion about Prohibition. It was queer, he said, how most people voted for Prohibition but everybody seemed to drink.

"Well," I expounded as doctorally as he expected me to, "you see, you can't make laws, or commandments for that matter, against old customs. The only laws that people respect are those that put their own habits of mind into the statute books. For instance, people are not naturally pickpockets, so that when a man pilfers a watch he doesn't feel decent. But drinking is an old respectable custom, and the fact that a law against it has been passed can't make anybody ashamed of drinking. A man is guided by the established mental habit of ages, not by the superficial fact that a law has been written and voted. No one thinks the less of him for drinking. It's an old custom, I tell you, and nobody is going to be ashamed of following an old custom or to disapprove of others because they follow an old custom."

A light of understanding flickered in Dominguez's eye, always on the lookout for the main chance, whether in morals or employment. I could see the shadows fall away from his conscience in great chunks.

"Oh," he said, elated, "then listen here. That's exactly what happens with love-making, isn't it? No matter what laws anybody makes against it, even the church, it's an old custom. I see it now. An old custom!

"An old custom, an old custom!" He repeated the revelation to himself, engraving the liberating slogan on his mind. "An old custom!" He grew flippant: "An old Spanish custom! That's all right, then. . . ."

Dominguez slept. He was again at peace with himself. To him returned the twofold happiness of the spirit and the flesh, harmonious and friendly, like two drunks in a bar-room.

For my part, I decided to set up as a psychiatrist, specializing in the neuroses of Pan-Americanism.

III

Vanilla, the Liberator

Toward his fortieth year, Agapito Labanillas, liberator of Cuba, was pushing perambulators from two Chicago addresses, and apportioning his income between two butchers, two grocers, two landlords, and two insurance companies. Having two families, he was a family man in an exaggerated way. He was no longer known as Agapito, but as Van, for Labanillas had been translated into Vanilla by his early associates in the United States. Two cultures had interbred promiscuously in his soul, and this is the story of how it came about:

When the Cuban War of Independence was at its highest pitch of blood and rancor, Agapito Labanillas, then a student at the University of Havana, slipped out of the city with a group of fellow-students and joined the *insurrectos*. His father, a conciliatory patriot with a large white beard, was in consequence compelled to take his family to the United States. Agapito, left for dead a few months later in a parched canefield, managed to make his way to Gibara, where an American ship picked him up and took him to Key West.

At the office of the revolutionary *junta,* where he went to get his father's address, he met an Italian who was leaving with a filibustering expedition. Agapito joined and, dropping a post-card to his family, was again on his liberating way. He was actuated by a lust for adventure and justified by a great anger against Spain.

The expedition landed and joined the men led by José Martí, the fighting philosopher of the revolution. The force wandered through the *manigua* and once in a while there were Spaniards to be killed, cauldrons of *garbanzos* to be stolen from under their noses, villages to occupy, peasant women to romance with hurriedly. Then an anopheles mosquito bit Labanillas, and while he swung in a hammock burning with fever, Martí came to sit beside him and talked to him for a few moments. He talked of Cuba and nationality, and of a lofty justice he was dreaming of. Martí was a saint in riding boots, a sort of Jesus haloed by flags and rifle-fire—this vision, swimming in the hot sea of his fever, Agapito took with him back of the lines, where peace and liberation found him.

Like so many young Cubans of the time, Agapito became secretly what Martí had been publicly: a patriot, a saint, a philosopher, and a poet. But while Martí was killed by a bullet at Dos Rios Agapito recovered from malaria in time to see Col. Roosevelt pull three corncob pipes out of his pocket and hand them to three tobacco-starved American privates after the fall of Santiago. He thus passed in youth and health into the century to be known as the U. S. century, the hundred years set aside by God to show what He could do once He let Himself go. In returning to his family, Agapito passed into that century's seat of government.

He found his family—father, mother, two small boys, and a servant girl—in bad circumstances. He must start working, and his father told him that for that purpose there was no place like the United States—the gutters were full of money; the nation was a cow to be milked; the El Dorado that his ancestors had starved for was here, set up and ready so that he too could starve for it. Agapito tackled Chicago in stockrooms and boarding-house kitchens, consoled by the favors of the servant girl, who was patriotic.

He soon discovered that, though the gutters were full of money, there were bulldogs watching it, and that there was more milking than milk to the cow. He noticed too—reality mixing the images that flowed from his father's beard—that those that stood by and encouraged the milking got past the bulldogs into the gutter for the money.

Now, it may have been remarked that the American tropics, with their squabbling mainland republics and their small island states, washed by a warm enclosed sea, and threatened by barbarians from the North, bear a striking resemblance to the Greek world. This resemblance, so far accidental, becomes vaguely purposeful when we come to the monstrous development of the literary aspect of their spiritual life. And when we observe how many boys eating bananas in cities named Corinth and Athens call to each other as Archimedes, Epaminondas, and Socrates, and we further realize how few orators can get through a spell of eloquence without likening themselves or their cause to the forces in a Greek myth, we cannot escape the conclusion that the suggestions of the environment have been seized upon with alacrity. Perhaps we tropical Americans would like to be Yankees, what with skyscrapers and machines and plenty of money. But it's too hot, and so we have to be Greeks. Being Hellenic has the added advantage of insulting by implication the Yankee Calibans, who not only make all the money that we should like to spend, but even make us provide some of it.

It will be easily understood that Agapito, having been patronized by Martí, felt Hellenic; and that, feeling Hellenic, and hungry, he was profoundly disgusted by the United States. More and more he tended to become literary, as the only way in which he could feel decently important, and more and more his nights were haunted by dreams of Ariel vanquishing Caliban—as Rodó would put it several years later.

The United States had become quite unbearably material when one hot day a friend took Agapito for a swim. They entered a dark brick building, went past a desk where a man smiled ingratiatingly, and got to some lockers. Agapito undressed and passed on to a tiled swimming pool. He was in the Y. M. C. A. In a corner stood a figure of the Discobolus.

From that day a glow irradiated from Agapito. At last here was the spirituality of the United States. The very grossness that the country had shown him was so vast that it rendered its own reality improbable. And here was the answer: a group of eager young men paying tribute to physical and spiritual perfection, shaping their muscles with infinite patience, as Phidias had shaped the torsos of immortal gods, bending the impulses of a headless civilization to the purposes of serenity, sanity, excellence.

In that cool gymnasium, in that white-shadowed pool, young men took shelter from a senseless life to give themselves to a conscious ideal that had seemed dead but was in fact imperishable—Hellas, winging the golden arrow of her tradition through medieval cloisters, through clanging factories, to the heart of the modern world, and now, too, graced with the name of Christ—as it should be, for was not Marcus Aurelius an unmystical Christian, as Agapito had read, and was he not a pagan?

As Agapito became immersed in the Y. M. C. A., the servant girl at his house began to miss his furtive embraces. The men who counselled purity to the youths assembled at the auditorium of an evening, weren't they fulfilling the mission of the philosophers who preached the sacredness of youth in the gardens of Athens? The servant girl, finding that it did no good to leave her door ajar or to come upon Agapito at the hour of the family siesta on Sundays, took to the ice-man, the Don Juan of American folk-lore.

Of course, at the Y. M. C. A. nobody thought of Marcus Aurelius, and if any of Agapito's companions happened to think of Greece, he looked at his shoes and went out for a shine. But Agapito was in the throes of his newly discovered intellectual pleasure of seeing things as they were, whatever their labels or disguises, and that meant that, given the slightest plausibility, he could turn anything into anything else to suit his needs.

Agapito associated with his friends, so far as they knew, on their own terms, and they liked him. He was a he-man, adept at all sorts of games, spoke a funny broken English, and told stories of his experiences in the Cuban revolution, taking good care not to mention a shameful affair with a mulatto wench at Guaynas. He dressed more like they did as time went on, and acquired American slang, and beneath his conscious point of view the mental habits of his companions found ample accommodation.

He felt more at ease with his friends. Only their strained pronunciation of his name gave him a feeling of difference, of isolation. Both his first and second names seemed hopeless in this respect, until one boy hit upon the phonetic equivalent of Labanillas as Vanilla. From that day Agapito was called Van. He asked his mother to call him Van. What his father called him did not seem to matter.

With Hellas, and exercises, and red-bloodedness and all that, the conclusion seemed inescapable that women were a hostile force, and that became a conclusion only after it had been a feeling for some time. There was, however, one difficulty. Men had mothers. And mothers were men's best pals. Van was devoted to his own mother, a saint doing housework in large kimonos and flapping slippers, patiently waiting nights for her husband to come back from sporting his Anacreontic beard in an uptown dance-hall so that he could have the hot *cadillo* tea that was good for his liver. Obviously, there were two kinds of women: your mother, or Somebody's Mother, or women fit to become Somebody's Mother, and the rest. A man had to be wary, Van thought. Far away, and hidden in the tender folds of his conscience, were the Guaynas days, and the early Chicago days before the iceman succeeded him.

All the time, by keeping everlastingly at it, Van was getting on. The Y offered a course in advertising of which he availed himself. Hadn't Martí been the advertising man of a Heaven where Greek philosophers were seraphim? And mustn't a man be of service? And if Martí had been the messiah of the Kingdom of Heaven in politics, why should he, Vanilla, who was a duly humble man, spurn to be the messiah of canned soup, say, of comfort and happiness in the home, of release for overworked women?

A man who could make an Attic garden out of the Y. M. C. A. could project a banquet from a can of soup. Van's career took a steep upgrade. Applied science was reaping its reward in an era charged with a dream of production, and so would, in advertising, applied poetry. Van turned out to be an applied poet of the first order. He was among the pioneers who discovered that the way to make sales was not to command the public in large type to buy, but to suggest to them how wise and eminent they would be if they bought.

And as success accrued, and respectability, and the ideas corollary to them in the environment, and as purity, though obviously related to success, became irksome, Van began to think that he ought to have a home of his own.

At Havana, where he had gone as contact man for an advertising firm, he acquired, as the first rudiment of a home, a wife. Juanita was the daughter of a prominent lawyer. She moved in high social circles; her name was in the society chronicles. Van, who had come as a live-wire, found himself taken as a distinguished young man of family. In the library of Juanita's father was a book of poetry by his grandfather. An uncle, long dead, had been mayor of Havana and, as people said with reverence, had not stolen a cent. Van was decidedly a distinguished young man, and he felt queer about it. All these people treating him as if he had written his grandfather's poetry or prevented his uncle from robbing the lottery, when he was Van, Vanilla, a prince of good fellows, he hoped, and a crackerjack advertising man!

To his father-in-law he was a good family name fortunately borne by an earnest and hard-working young man. For Juanita he had, beside the rather commonplace glamour of the revolution, the strange aura of foreign places and unfathomable manners. Then, too, he had about marriage the point of view of Americans, which had begun to be dimly apprehended south of Florida. It seems that, though they were not so courteous or flattering as the local talent, they really respected women much more, treated their wives as equals, and did not run around with other women all the time and as a matter of course. All Latin-American women have a vague yearning for faithful husbands, but they are strong matrons and they regard it as a vain dream. Van came to Juanita as an unexpected, almost unbelievable realization of that dream.

Juanita settled down to the possession of Van in fee simple, a form of tenure for the exercise of which she had no tradition. She enjoyed it as a child enjoys haphazard blessings and windfalls.

When the first baby was born, Van went to the café and talked about it to the amazed waiter, announcing that the boy would be President of Cuba, or even Minister to the United States. Juanita wanted the baby to be called Van. As it could hardly be named Vanilla, he was given the inspiring name of Vanguardia—José Vanguardia Labanillas.

Soon Havana was treated to an unusual, if edifying, spectacle: Agapito Labanillas, erstwhile of the Liberating Army, pushing a perambulator along the Prado. He liked to take the kid for an airing, and his wife would walk at his side looking ill at ease. Every few blocks she would ask Van to let her push the perambulator, but he waived her request aside indulgently. What kind of a man would he look like allowing his wife to push the perambulator? Juanita, who was thinking what kind of a woman she looked like walking beside a man with a perambulator, insisted that she loved Vanguardia too and liked to push his carriage. To this plea her husband always yielded, but only for a little while, for he felt ill at ease. The question of the perambulator became a monotonous issue.

Juanita hoped for the day when Vanguardia would learn to walk and spent much time in pointedly and impatiently teaching him that art. But by the time that Vanguardia learned to walk the sugar market had gone into one of its periodic agonies, advertising in Cuba was being curtailed, Mrs. Labanillas had to dismiss her maid, and that very night she found Van in the kitchen doing the dishes. Juanita had seldom washed dishes, but she had assumed that it was her rôle to wash them if the need arose, as it was her husband's rôle to place advertising, give up his seat to her, and send obstreperous coachmen to hell.

But there he was washing dishes and it was sweet of him. Juanita certainly preferred not to wash them, but somehow it didn't seem right. She tried to prevent him from doing it the next day, but Van wouldn't hear of the little wife getting her hands all greasy. Juanita loved him for it, even if the performance continued to seem ludicrous and in some way dismaying. It was as if Van has appeared in one of her dresses fanning himself.

It was that period, first in Havana, and then in Chicago, that marked Juanita's passing from the worshipping attitude of a girl into the tolerant, matronly attitude she had sought to avoid with Van. The aura of strange places became the mark of a queer place, and the unfathomable manner was explained as the acquisition of the commonplace habits of another people.

Van, not errant in morals, was incorrigibly errant in manners. He smothered glamour in kindness and wrapped romance away in considerateness. For Juanita he was a lovable man who had failed in being a lover. Had she not been of staunch blood the marriage might have petered out in infidelities and subterfuges. But Juanita had been bred to realize, at need, that the world was not perfect and that good enough was quite fine for a sensibly fatalistic woman.

In Chicago, Van again picked up the trail of success. He got a good berth in the advertising office of a prosperous magazine, he acquired a suburban home, he caught the five-fifteen with the meat and the groceries. The years went by, and the weather of the years was good within the closed horizons in which babies and increases in pay were the outstanding events.

In this state of blessedness Van entered that time in which the larger cities of the United States, with the aid of psychoanalysis, were interpreting Shaw's liberal Puritanism to mean that love-making was interesting to adults in the manner that tin soldiers and dolls are to children. In the parties to which he was dragged by his newspaper friends he found a looseness, exemplified in locked bath-rooms and a scurrying into adjacent hallways, that his maturing years, and the fact that he needed their company, induced him to regard with a somewhat forced indulgence.

His hair, though thinning, retained a black luster, and his eyes, when he took off his glasses, had an intent and innocent look; they seemed to be peering into your soul and finding a vast expanse of blue there. When induced to talk about the revolution, he did it shamefacedly as if he were remembering an entertaining but wasted time. Shirley, for whom the good Lord had made it easy to find men charming, found him altogether adorable. After vainly giving him all the signals and affording him all the opportunities, she decided on drastic action, and told Van that he was a beautiful man and that she'd like to have him.

Van, who had been thinking that the girl was quite attractive, was shocked. It had been his feeling that women did him a favor by being friendly. He had been shy because women were a hostile element, and also because they were so good, something to look up to even when they smoked. With time and an amicable marriage the feeling of their hostility had blurred. He was confused as to his shyness, and he rather felt as if it came from his unworthiness. That he should be desirable in the same crude way in which he had found women desirable in his adolescence, in the same crude and guilty way in which he had found himself thinking of them occasionally since his marriage, in the same way, in fact, in which he had been thinking of Shirley—that was an amazing notion. As he brooded on it he heard ancestral roosters crowing in his blood.

More than Shirley had shocked him by her aggressiveness, Van shocked her the next day when he called her up to propose that they elope. She hadn't thought of that at all. The fact that Van, beside having this and that kind of hair and eyes, had also an income which, even split, would be substantial, hadn't entered Shirley's calculations. It entered them then.

And so it came about, through Martí and Plato, and the resemblance between the Caribbean and the Mediterranean, and the Y. M. C. A., the Discobolus, and Greece, and Somebody's Mother, and perambulators and frying pans, that Agapito (Van Vanilla) Labanillas, Cuban liberator, pushed baby carriages from two addresses and lived on with a guilty conscience, a troubled brain, and a heart singing in falsetto.

THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA

BY ALBERT PARRY

Walt Whitman admired Ada Clare because of her great beauty, but also because he saw in her a New Woman born too soon. He was grateful to her and to the few other women who came to Pfaff's saloon in the 'fifties or frequented the literary gatherings at Ada's rooms. He called them his "sturdiest defenders and upholders," and added: "Some would say that they were girls little to my credit, but I disagree with them."

Among them were Daisy Sheppard, Jenny Danforth and Anne Deland, but they did not come to Pfaff's until after Ada had opened woman's way into the first Bohemia of New York. Moreover, they lingered but a short time, whereas Ada remained to rule. Her title originated in the very beginning of her career and persisted through the years, long after Bohemia was dispersed and she had become a prosaic and devoted wife. In 1874, after her tragic end, the newspapers saw good copy, not only in the tragedy itself, but also in her old Bohemian title. A few friends protested that her last years had been quite respectable, but their indignant letters to the editors of the day were disregarded by the subsequent authors of reminiscences. Not as a dutiful wife, but as Queen of Bohemia was Ada destined to go down in the history of American letters.

Though her fame in her early years was nation-wide, not many records of her survive. One finds a paragraph here, a hint there, a vague memory or a sentimental verse in one book or another. Her biography was not regarded as important, even to the authors of her obituaries. She was a brilliant woman to them, but with a past not exactly savory. Detailed biographies are due only to the upright dead. Even the garrulous William Winter published nothing about her save a poem, though he wrote endlessly about all the other members of Pfaff's Bohemia, and knew Ada well, and was on the coroner's jury which investigated her death.

She departed from life at the unfortunate time of the Temperance Crusades. The press of America was busy paying reverence to the good ladies warring against the saloon. Could it print detailed and respectful memories of one who once was the queen of a saloon? The country in general could only gasp at the unusual spectacle of a cultured and genteel female visiting a beer-house, not to pray and exhort, but to drink and smoke. The few Americans who had heard of Murger's "Scènes de la vie de Bohème" were wont to associate Ada's type with the frivolous Musettes and Mimis of Paris. She was more than the queen of American Bohemians; she was the first woman of American Bohemia. While the first men of American Bohemia were met by the public with reserved awe, she was treated with unreserved suspicion. The heroines of Theodore Dreiser and Floyd Dell had not yet come to life.

Her real name was Jane McElheney, and she was born at Charleston, S. C., in 1836.

Her parents died when she was a child, and she was taken North by her grandfather. She left behind a cousin, Paul Hamilton Hayne, also an orphan, who grew up to be one of the glorious poets of the South. The literary strain was probably a heritage from their grand-uncle, Robert Hayne, whose orations against Daniel Webster are still remembered. Of Ada's initial years in the North scarcely anything is known, except the fact that she early left her guardian-grandfather's home, and as a girl of nineteen won her first literary renown.

In January, 1855, she sent to the editors of the *Atlas*, a New York weekly, the short poem entitled "Lines to . . . ," signing it Clare. Its first stanza read:

Oh! sleep my darling, sweetly sleep,
No sound shall break thy deepest rest;
Oh! let thy dreamings faintly rise
From the sweet dreamland of my breast;
Oh! sleep, my darling, sleep!

The editors went into ecstasies over this piece. They called it, in an editorial note, "one of the most beautiful poems in the language." The young poet, encouraged, sent in more of her work, and the next week the subscribers to the *Atlas* were reading this:

It is not fear that binds my heart,
Nor do my tears from sorrow flow;
'Tis not because I love you not;
Ah! 'tis because I love you so!

Everyone wondered who this passionate and mysterious Ada Clare was (for, with her second effort, the full pseudonym appeared for the first time) and many agreed with the editors of the journal when they exclaimed:

> Ada Clare will always find a warm welcome to our columns. She is warm, ardent, and eloquent as young Catullus, who, when asked by his Lesbia how many kisses would satisfy him, replied, "as many as there are sand in the deserts of Lybia and stars in the high heavens." To one so passionate, so ardent, and so intellectual, we could—but it were idle to offer her a Lybian compliment.

One wonders whether Ada was indeed quite a stranger to the editors. Such a stranger, writing verses of fiery love, might one day appear in the editorial offices as a shriveled old maid, and where then would the editors be with their enthusiastic forewords?

One conjectures that they had at least met Ada in one of the literary salons that flourished in New York at the time, before anything of hers was ever printed, and that, in fact, the "discovery" of her genius in the columns of the *Atlas* was carefully and skilfully prearranged.

Whatever the way of her entry into the world of *belles lettres*, she was now a celebrity. The second poem, "To Thee Alone," was followed by a third, "To Thee!" which the editors pronounced "a gem of intellect." Verses dedicated to her soon began to appear in the same columns. An unknown poet queried:

Why dost thou wander waywardly
From kindred orbs afar,
And stray through dread infinity
A lone, a peerless star?

Other magazines clamored for her work, and she began to write sketches and short stories in addition to poetry, mostly on love and its pangs. She drank in her new fame excitedly and contemplated her future immortality. She wrote: "Who knows whether I may not go down to posterity as the Love-Philosopher?"

Soon she began to appear at first nights in the New York theatres, and, though her manner of dress was found by the connoisseurs to be a bit too showy and even loud, her beauty was admired. Men about town lauded her physical charms as much as her intellect, and the reputation of a ravisher was hers till her death.

II

The two portraits of Ada which I have succeeded in finding do not show anything save a tired, albeit sympathetic face. Yet "young poets raved about her and old beaux grew fond again when her fair locks fell over her fairer forehead." Another anonymous admirer wrote: "I certainly thought her one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, the very incarnation of beauty and grace." She had wavy and very light hair, of a peculiar flaxen hue, unusually short for the period, and parted on the side in a boyish manner. Like a boy she would toss her forelock back when it fell too low. Her eyes, set wide apart, and with almost level brows above them, were pansy blue and with a strange gleam of sadness. Some, indeed, said that her face drew men because of its pathos rather than because it showed any real beauty. Her skin, to some, seemed to be of dazzling fairness; to others it revealed an ivory pallor. Charles Warren Stoddard described her nose as tip-tilted but pretty and delicate—just "the right nose for a trim little person with a past."

Ada's past was acquired in the late 'fifties. Perhaps her Paris trip had something to do with it. If it was not an illicit honeymoon trip, then it was undertaken to find a safe place for bringing her son, Aubrey, into the world. The exact dates of the boy's birth and death are uncertain, but it is known that he was with her on her trips to California and Hawaii in the 'sixties, and that he died, somewhere in the East, still a boy. Ada's despoiler was Louis Moreau Gottschalk, a celebrated pianist and composer of the time. Ada was madly in love with him and invited her public to share her joys and sorrows. She mentioned his name in her articles upon the slightest provocation, and in January, 1857, in a treatise "On Suicide," she spoke of him as a quite sufficient cause for dispensing with life. However, for herself she decided to live, even without his love. She wrote:

> I say to myself, my poor Ada, this is a short play and you may as well see the end of it. Through the whole eternity of the past you have waited for the curtain to rise, and now will you escape from the theatre ere the play is halfway played? No, my poor child; you did not request to be brought to this play, you did not engage a seat in advance, you are not responsible for its heart-sickening and tragic effects, but you cannot know what its closing up may bring forth!

At this stage of the affair she evidently still hoped for Gottschalk's return. Two months later, she published in the *Atlas* her short story, "What Sequel?" again frankly autobiographical, wherein, through a heroine speaking to her lover, she vainly implored him:

> All that the merest friends demand, I resign; I will not ask for one kind word or look, and I will never stand between you and any object you may seek. Only let me go with you!

Ada's writing did not bring her any money to speak of—it was not the custom of the day to pay authors living wages—but she had property in Charleston, and her income from it was sufficient for her to maintain a comfortable home in New York and to make occasional trips about the country and abroad. Early in 1857 the New Yorkers were astonished to read in their press sparkling and worldly letters written from Paris by a girl of twenty-one, who proudly boasted of her "youth without guidance."

Ada found Paris "somewhat mirth-inclined and never-too-lugubrious." She wrote of its theatres and concerts, and she complained about the money-grabbing proclivities of the French, but she enjoyed "the finest of seasons, and under skies the brightest which the gods can give us." She described pathetically the case of a starving young violinist, arrested for stealing bread from a bakery. She made acquaintance with the French Bohemians of the period, not far withdrawn from Murger's time. She admired greatly a rich Frenchwoman who joined the Bohemians, but, thanks to her considerable means, managed to partake of the beauty and artistry of their existence without sharing its poverty and squalor. Years later, Ada said that this woman, leading a life unconventional yet moral, free yet unselfish, artistic yet comfortable, seemed to her "the incarnation and the highest type of a Bohémienne." Ada Clare fell in love with the Latin Quarter but felt that it might show more order and cleanliness. She returned to America with the idea of establishing and ruling over a better and smaller Quarter in New York.

But this idea had been anticipated, though perhaps by no more than a few months. Henry Clapp, a struggling journalist and theatrical critic, arrived in Paris before Ada. On returning to New York he boldly called himself a Bohemian, named his articles *feuilletons*, and for lack of sidewalk cafés cultivated Pfaff's beer cellar under the Broadway pavement. Immediately, several score of writers, actors, artists and even students of law and medicine joined him, or tried to imitate him in other saloons. They too called themselves Bohemians; they kept late hours; they pretended to flout conventions, and they clothed their poverty with the poetical cloak of Murger's philosophy. The time was propitious, for by the beginning of the second half of the century America had produced a sizable class of professional men of arts, but was not as yet ready to pay them more than a gingery and dubious admiration.

When Ada came back to New York she found the Pfaff's circle eagerly waiting for her. The Bohemians had to have their women. Perhaps most of them did not expect these women to be equal to them in brilliance, but once they realized the full range of Ada's interests and intellect they hailed her enthusiastically and proclaimed her their queen.

Soon she was helping to enliven the *Saturday Press*, the first Bohemian weekly of America, founded by Clapp in October, 1858, and jestingly referred to as the house organ of Pfaff's. She supervised the common-purse suppers staged by the Bohemians in honor of this or that member of the circle, and years later the New York *Herald* said in all seriousness that the famous American institution of the surprise party was originated at Pfaff's. She took part in the endless discussions and poetry-writing contests. In queenly manner she laid down a set of rules defining the proper behavior of her subjects:

> The Bohemian is by nature, if not by habit, a cosmopolite, with a general sympathy for the fine arts, and for all things above and beyond convention. The Bohemian is not, like the creature of society, a victim of rules and customs; he steps over them all with an easy, graceful, joyous unconsciousness, guided by the principles of good taste and feeling. Above all others, essentially, the Bohemian must not be narrow-minded; if he be, he is degraded back to the position of a mere worldling.

She protested against the sneers of "our Saturday papers," which maintained that the Bohemian "must be poor, that he must take pleasure in keeping his boots and his cheese in the same drawer; that he delights in cooking upon his shovel and tongs, and eating out of the coal-scuttle; that he drinks very much, and becomes affected by liquor; that he must go about making himself ridiculous by exposing his private views and feelings to the public, which cannot understand him." Her own mission at Pfaff's she understood as that of the purifier and guardian of a better and bigger Bohemia. She pictured herself as one who "can spread forth the white wings of an angel, and rising above them all, draw up to her own ardent height those who assemble around her."

But while those near her worshipped her and tried to do her bidding, the American public at large was growing more and more hostile to her. Her affair with Gottschalk had become widely known. She herself, in fact, though protesting against the false Bohemian habit of airing one's private feelings in public, was really the chief trumpeter of it and its embarrassing consequence. Not only in New York, but in the American provinces as well she introduced herself and her little boy as "Miss Ada Clare and son."

The excessively moral public of the time was shocked, and the more respectable journalists began to hound her in their articles, especially since she was no respecter of the sacred bulls in contemporary literature and often, in her columns, trod upon corns. The chorus of adulation that up till then had greeted her in the press was now made raucous by remarks to the effect that though her style was forceful she "lacked spontaneity as a writer," and that frequently she did not know what she was writing about.

Ada hit back. She also appealed to her Pfaffian subjects for help, and when that was slow in coming she helped herself by praising Ada Clare in articles signed "Alastor" and with other pseudonyms. Did she learn the trick from Walt Whitman, or was Walt indebted to her for it?

Friends and enemies thus carried her fame through the land. By 1860, it had spread, according to William Dean Howells, as far West as Columbus, Ohio. There, so he said, it was taken for granted that she was a brilliant woman. When in August, 1860, Howells came to Pfaff's, he hoped to see Whitman but he was also curious about Ada. His soul of propriety revolted at the sight of Pfaffians "who neither said nor did anything worthy of their awful appearance," but he forgave Walt's Bohemianism for his talent and dignity, and Ada's wild reputation for her "sprightly gift in letters." In later years he spoke with feeling of her fate, which, "pathetic at all times, out-tragedies almost any other in the history of letters."

III

However, Howells never saw Ada on the stage, and was thus saved a sad disappointment.

Her first appearance took place at the Academy of Music on November 27, 1855. She played Ophelia, but since the company was but a group of amateurs, not much was expected of her. Her professional début was made the following year, at the Lyceum. She played Julia in "The Hunchback." The performance turned out a dismal mess. The critics found her arms too thin and her voice too shrill.

The rebuff was so sharp that she did not again venture upon the stage until the middle 'sixties. In 1863, she accompanied Adah Isaacs Menken on a trip to California. Her boy Aubrey, who was seven or eight by that time, was with her. Whenever "Miss Ada Clare and son" happened to be in a town where Louis Gottschalk was giving a concert the pianist would send the boy tickets and toys. Thus he acknowledged his paternity, though in his memoirs he was to remain silent about it. But perhaps his sister Clara edited the mention out of his "Notes of a Pianist."

In January, 1864, Adah Menken sailed

from San Francisco for England, and Ada Clare remained behind. She contributed weekly articles to the *Golden Era,* wherein Bret Harte's "M'liss" was first published, and wherein Joaquin Miller versified and Mark Twain frolicked. She criticized books and the theatre, and the life and manners of the raw West. She did not like California, whose winds she defined as poisonous and whose atmosphere she called malarious. She suffered from neuralgia, and soon, on a sailing barque, she wandered to Hawaii.

In San Francisco, a few months before, she had met and conquered Charles Warren Stoddard. Now he followed her to Hawaii. When he inquired about her on his arrival—"Presto! Every eye was averted, every mouth drawn down." But Stoddard, finding her, "ran and fell upon her neck and kissed her, while the little hills rejoiced on every side, and clapped their hands and skipped like lambs." Soon everyone else of the American colony in Hawaii was too sweet for words. The reason for this striking change was simple: His Excellency, the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Hawaiian court, the Hon. Mr. Robert Crichton Wiley, an adventurer and scholar of seventy, had fallen in love with Ada!

The Hon. Mr. Wiley proclaimed his high admiration for her courage and cornsilk hair. He invited her to share his castles in the air and his dignity on earth. When she refused, he was satisfied to take her to the church pew next to the royal one. Thus the Queen of Bohemia sat within twelve inches of the Hawaiian Queen, and everyone now scampered to her side, begging for her photograph and autograph. Stoddard recorded: "She, being charitable and no Christian, forgave them and granted their request in some cases." When with her son and Stoddard, she sailed back to San Francisco, the Hon. Mr. Wiley came to bid her a tearful farewell. He brought her no flowers nor candies, but presented her with an armload of documents relating to his Hawaiian statesmanship and with forty pounds of flour for puddings.

Her dramatic conquest of Honolulu inspired her with confidence. Back in San Francisco, she decided to revive her stage career. Tom Maguire, who ruled the theatre in the Far West, agreed to give her the rôle of Camille, opposite Frank Mayo's Armand. But Ada again aimed too high. She had taken a too difficult rôle opposite too good an actor. Also, Maguire miscalculated the appeal of her name to the primitive public of the mining camp metropolis. The theatre was not full, the other players were frigid to Ada (there were among them some victims of her earlier critical essays), and the daring queen developed a case of stage fright. Snickers and guffaws from the gallery soon developed into catcalls and howls. Mayo was furious with Ada, and even more angry at the mob. He rushed to the curtain to silence the clamor. But the press finished the task begun by *hoi polloi,* and Ada fled back to New York in utter defeat and bewilderment.

She got in at a time when the city was trying to recapture its pre-war leisure and gay pace. Charlie Pfaff added a large garden to his establishment, also a "beautiful landscape," designed by the artists of a neighboring theatre. One of his clients wrote on the wall: "C. Pfaff and die!" Alas, when the Pfaffians began to drift back to the establishment, they were mourning over brethren who had seen Pfaff and died. Fitz-James O'Brien had succumbed to lockjaw as the result of a battle wound; Ned Wilkins to pneumonia. Walt Whitman was too saddened by his hospital service to return to Bohemian merriment. The kingdom of Ada Clare was fallen.

Henry Clapp tried to revive the old

spirit. On August 5, 1865, he renewed the *Saturday Press*, and the newspapers of the land applauded the first few issues. Charlie Pfaff advertised in the reborn sheet, and the *World* jested that Mein Herr was really the managing editor. Ada was spending the Summer amid some kindly Long Island farmers; she was besieged by the New York editors, but she charged them prices which she herself called "unconscionable." She had lost her property in the South as a result of the war, and now tried to recoup her losses from the New York papers. Yet at this time she wrote: "I shall withdraw from the literary domain, for I never loved it." She was good to Clapp and his Bohemian paper. She knew she could not hope to get any money from him, but she contributed articles just the same.

These articles showed a tone of bitterness. In the first issue of the *Saturday Press* she scored America for being "the Kingdom of Reserve." And she had her revenge on the theatre:

> The theatres are supposed to be places of amusement, and that we go there to enjoy ourselves. No such thing. They are places of distress, and we go there to see how dismal we can look. I don't know about the upper gallery. I believe it to be the most sensible portion of the audience, from the way in which it leads us with signs of genuine appreciation and animation, but I know how people are expected to look in the fashionable parts of the house. The men are to look as if their minds were entirely absorbed in something else, and they were moreover shortly expecting an interview with the undertaker. The women are to look scornful, suspicious, and implacable.

After the Summer amid the bucolic beauties of Long Island, she was, to quote one of her letters, "strong as an omnibus." She moved to the city, where, as of old, she attended first nights and presided at the *Löwengrube*, as Pfaff now called his place. But she was getting tired of this post-war replica of an earlier Bohemia. She realized that she herself was growing older and less gay. She thought she would settle down to some solid and memorable piece of work. How about the Great American Novel? Fitz-James O'Brien had talked about one, and even started making notes for it, but he was now dead. Other contemporaries and friends were gathering materials, nurturing ideas, and even publishing their first and second novels, but still the Great American Novel was not as yet written. Why not she, Ada Clare?

In 1866 one Mr. Doolady published in New York "Only a Woman's Heart." In it Ada told with some alterations the story of her unfortunate love. The hero of the book, Victor Doria, an actor and a sculptor, was a composite of Gottschalk and Edwin Booth. Laura Milsland, the heroine, was a self-portrait, except for the fact that Ada made her a hoydenish brunette. There were many emotions in the book, at the end of which the two lovers, reconciled, perished together in a shipwreck.

There came the reviews, and with them a tornado of sneers and jeers that nearly wrecked poor Ada. The kindest of the critics remarked that though the novel bore the impress of true talent, it was a failure just the same; that it was a collection of clever bits unskilfully put together; that though by no means deficient in passages of excellent merit, it showed an evident want of art. Other critics said worse things about both the book and its authoress. Old scores were evened up and bruises avenged by the queen's enemies. Ada was heart-broken, But her enemies were not yet satisfied. They spread the rumor that Bret Harte himself, one of her dearest friends, was the author of an adverse review in the *Californian*. This she stubbornly refused to believe.

It was a sad year for her. In the Fall she wrote: "I have been gradually separating myself from literature all Summer, and now am giving it up entirely for the present, honestly believing that I mistook my vocation when I attempted it." Once more she turned to the theatre, but in a more modest and practicable mood. She signed an eight-month contract to play the rôles of what she termed "walking ladies" in the stock company at Memphis, Tenn. She wanted to be as far from New York and San Francisco as possible. She announced that Ada Clare existed no more, and used a newly devised stage name, Agnes Stanfield. She corresponded with only a few friends.

She did not like the rôles of boys and young men that soon were her lot. She said that she had little hope of rising above the level of these and similar parts, but still she insisted that she liked the profession better and better the more she saw of its hardships, which she found to be preferable by far to "the anxiety, vexation of spirit, constant detraction and too frequent mental anguish which the literary profession entails." Again and again she repeated that she would never, never return to Pfaff's. "How sick I am of the petty notoriety which is not fame, how tired I am of exciting curiosity which is not interest!"

In her small rôles Ada was quite successful, and during the next season, that of 1867-1868, she traveled in the South with W. H. Crisp's dramatic company. On September 9, 1868, she married a fellow-actor of some local prominence, J. F. Noyes. He knew that Agnes Stanfield was no other than Ada Clare, and he knew about the Gottschalk romance and its consequences; nevertheless, he married her and was good to her. Perhaps he felt that he, too, was an outcast in the eye of pious American society, for in addition to being an actor he was divorced from his first wife. About this time, or shortly afterward, Ada's son by Gottschalk, the frail Aubrey, died. She moved on the Southern stage a really tragic figure.

IV

Her terrible death came in the early Spring of 1874.

By this time the critics were more or less agreed that she pursued her new profession without any conspicuous success, but with commendable and unwearied industry. In January, 1874, she and her husband were applying this industry in New York, looking for engagements. On January 30 she visited Sanford and Weaver's dramatic agency in Amity street. As she was talking to Mrs. Sandford, the pet dog of the house, a black and tan terrier, recognized her and jumped into her lap. Ada caressed the dog, continuing her conversation with the lady. Suddenly the dog snarled and attacked Ada. The cartilage of her nose was bitten through. The dog was dead the next day, and it was then learned that for several days prior to the attack it had been ill and irritated. Dr. S. R. Elliott cauterized Ada's wounds with nitrate of silver, and soon she felt well enough to accept an engagement in Newark, N. J.

But the old enemies were not idle. The St. Louis *Republican* printed a letter from its New York correspondent saying that Ada's disfigurement was so great that she would be compelled to retire from the stage. She became nervous, and on February 20 wrote back: "'Tis true I have been bitten by a dog, but the wounds were such as to endanger life rather than looks. Dangerous as they were, a vigorous constitution, combined with skilful surgery, have enabled me to recover rapidly from the accident."

She explained that she wrote the letter, not from any "personal vanity, but with a view to future loaves and fishes." She was full of misgivings, however, as to her recovery. Even as the days went by, and the wound healed, the foreboding of death was growing in her. To her friends she said she was convinced that the dog was mad; "she spoke of her probable fate with a kind of weary acceptance, as if she did not care much about it." When the end came, Mr. Sandford vigorously protested that the dog was not mad, and that Ada died of "sheer nervousness."

She died on Wednesday night, March 4. On the previous Sunday she had gone on tour with the dramatic company of Lucille Western. On Monday evening, playing in "East Lynne," in Rochester, she was seized with terrible pains. The performance was stopped, and Ada was taken off the stage, raving. Her friends took her by train to New York. It was a difficult and pathetic journey. Ada imagined that the passengers wanted to kill her, and when Dr. Elliott met her at Grand Central Station on Tuesday night, the good surgeon shuddered at her ghastly appearance.

At her home two other physicians joined him. She begged them to bleed her to death. She asked her husband to shoot her, and placed a handkerchief over her face so that she would not see the pistol. Instead, opiates were administered, and the Queen of Bohemia died at 9:30 in the evening. This was at the boarding-house of a Mrs. Marcus, at 166 Bleecker street, half-way between Pfaff's and Greenwich Village.

Ada was buried at Hammonton, N. J., next to her child's grave. The obituaries were short and full of errors in names and dates. The most accurate was published by the *Tribune*, evidently written by William Winter. He said: "It is a grave that will be hallowed to some hearts by gentle thoughts and tender memories. The friends that Ada Clare made, she 'grappled to her soul with hooks of steel.' Many false and harsh words have been said of this poor woman. She was really known to few persons." Later, Winter published a doleful poem entitled "Ada," in which he said in part:

> She strove, through trouble's lasting blight,
> For pathways smooth,
> And many hands she found to smite,
> And few to soothe.
>
> And wandering through the Winter night,
> For beggar's dole,
> Is not more piteous in its plight
> Than was her soul.

He extolled her golden qualities, but since the poem was signed by his own name he took care to explain that his relations with the Queen of Bohemia were quite virtuous: "A brother's place in that fond breast was mine to hold." Seven years later, Wilkie Collins wrote to Winter that he rejoiced to read once more his "special favorites . . . the exquisitely tender verses which enshrine the memory of 'Ada Clare.'"

But the best tribute to Ada was paid by Walt Whitman. One fine August morning in 1881 he took a train from Long Island to New York, found the new headquarters of Pfaff up in Twenty-fourth street, and there emptied, together with Mein Herr, tall glasses of champagne in memory of the Bohemians departed. The list was long, but Ada Clare was the first to be mentioned, with great feeling and sad love.

LUCK

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

Roy was sitting on a table in the back room of the domino parlor, waiting for something to turn up, when he heard about the accident on Mr. Cox's well. The derrick man had lost his balance in the wind and had fallen off the platform and landed on his head on the derrick floor. Mr. Cox had just brought him in to the hospital.

Roy slid off the table and buttoned his lumber-jacket over his flannel shirt. Then he stuffed his hands into his pants' pockets and hitched up the street toward the hospital. He didn't wish anybody any bad luck, but an accident was an accident, and a job was a job, and if there was work to be had, even on one of Mr. Cox's dry holes, he might as well have it as the next fellow.

Sure enough, when he had passed the undertaking parlors and cut through the filling-station at the corner, he spotted Mr. Cox's muddy Ford, parked in front of the hospital between a Lincoln sedan and a new Packard coupé. There were plenty of old Fords in the North Texas oil fields, but Roy could have picked Mr. Cox's out of the whole lot of them. Her top was gone, and her fenders were cracked, and one of her springs was broken, so that she hung on a slant, and a stream of rusty water was dripping from her radiator. The old bus had sure seen service.

Mr. Cox hadn't come out yet.

Roy let himself down on the running-board, which creaked and sagged under his weight, and dug his heels into the mud. He might as well take things easy while he waited. He yawned, and rubbed his eyes, and blinked at the sky. It didn't look so good. A stiff north wind had been blowing down from Oklahoma all afternoon, and it looked like rain. Lord! If there was one thing they didn't need just now, it was rain. It had been raining almost steady for three weeks and the roads had been growing worse every day. You could hardly get through in anything but a Ford. Most of the operators weren't even trying to get through. They had shut down their wells, instead, and turned their crews loose in town until things dried up.

Mr. Cox hadn't shut down, though, and Roy was willing to bet anybody ten to one that he wouldn't shut down, no matter how long it rained. No sir! You couldn't scare that bird with a little mud. Not him! Especially if what Roy had heard was true, and Mr. Cox, for once in his life, was on an oil sand.

Roy tucked his fingers under his cuffs and leaned farther forward to get away from the wind, which was cutting the back of his neck. If it kept on like this, they were likely to get snow instead of rain.

He had laughed, yesterday, when he heard that Mr. Cox was on a sand.

"Not that bird!" he said to the barber who told him about it. "He don't hit no sands, Cox don't!"

But the barber stuck to his story. He had it straight from old man Rouse, who had brought in four big wells on the next lease. Rouse had seen the cuttings, and the scum of oil floating on the mud of the slushpit, and he had told the barber that Mr. Cox was setting casing in the hole.

Roy didn't know whether to believe it or not. He'd like to see Mr. Cox hit a sand all right, but when a bird has drilled eighty-eight dry holes, one after the other, without bringing in a single producing well, you don't look for him to get a break, somehow.

"I'll bet you five dollars," said Roy, "that he don't make no well out of it."

But the barber wouldn't take him up. There wasn't a man in town, for that matter, who would have bet a nickel on Mr. Cox. They all knew too much about his luck. Nothing ever happened right for Mr. Cox. If he didn't run into salt water, he dropped his tools in the hole, or he lost his casing seat, or had his derrick blown down in a windstorm. He couldn't drill six inches without getting into trouble of one sort or another.

Mr. Cox might not remember it, but Roy had worked for him once, a couple of years ago, on a well he was putting down in the middle of the Burton pool, and he knew something about the way things framed up on Mr. Cox. He was in trouble all the way down. First it was his rig. The machinery kept breaking down and he had to send to Oklahoma City for parts. Then he ran on to a boulder which rolled over every time he managed to drill through it. Then he began dropping things in the hole. Five hundred feet of drill pipe twisted off, one night, when he was pulling the tools to change the bit, and the next day he lost a fishing tool and another string of drill pipe on top of that; and then, as if that wasn't grief enough for one well, he sent to Tulsa for a hydraulic jack, and lost one of the cylinders off it.

It was hard luck, all right, but Mr. Cox was used to that sort of thing, and the next week he spudded in another hole on the same lease. He had plenty of trouble on that one, too, but he got to the bottom after a while, and then, as luck would have it, he missed the sand. There he was, in the middle of one of the biggest pools in South Texas, without so much as a rainbow in the slushpit!

Roy had to hand it to Mr. Cox for one thing, though: he never hollered about his luck. He always wore a poker face, and you couldn't tell by looking at him whether he cared one way or the other. He was the same way when he gambled in the domino parlors or when he shot craps with the boys on the derrick floor. Roy had seen him cleaned out plenty of times, but he had never yet seen him bat an eye. He might grin a little and show his teeth, but that would be the end of it. He wouldn't crab or cry on anybody's shoulder, not Mr. Cox! They said in the oil fields that he had been a prize-fighter before the war and that he could stand more punishment than any fighter in the Southwest, and Roy believed it. Punishment was his middle name. You'd think he liked it, the way he always came back for more.

Eighty-eight dry holes, and still going strong! You couldn't get a bird like that down. As soon as he finished one dry hole, he got busy on another. And he worked like a nigger. You'd see him standing in some farmyard with his feet apart and his hands in his pockets, arguing with a farmer about a lease he was trying to block up. You'd see him stuffing circulars through the letter slot in the post-office. You'd see him sitting in a restaurant, with his maps spread out on the sugar bowls and sauce bottles, trying to make a deal with an oil man as broke as himself. You'd see him in the supply houses, trying to talk the managers into giving him credit. You'd see him standing on the hotel corner, buttonholing everybody who came past. You'd see him tearing along the roads in his Ford. And then, the first thing you knew, you'd see him rigging up in some pasture or cotton patch where nobody ever thought of drilling before. You'd see him driving stakes with a sledge hammer . . . breaking the ground for his slushpit with a pickax . . . hoisting derrick timbers, like one of his own roughnecks. He'd be everywhere at once for the next three or four weeks, until he abandoned that hole and started all over again on another. Some hustler!

Roy wished to God he'd get busy and do a little hustling now. What do you suppose was keeping him in the hospital? Trying to patch up his man, himself, was he?

And good Lord! there came the rain! A cold drop hit Roy in the eye, and he wiped it out with his knuckle. Another one landed on the back of his hand . . . on the brim of his hat . . . on his shoulder. A minute more and it was spattering down as if it meant business. Zowie!

Roy stood up and picked his way through the mud to the sidewalk. Wasn't that Mr. Cox's luck, now? . . . a norther . . . and rain . . . and him in a car without any top to it!

Roy hunched his shoulders and climbed the hospital steps to a little roofed-over porch which was built on the front of it, and sat down on the railing. Through the glass panel in the door he could see what was going on inside. A nurse was trotting up and down the hall and an old man was trying to get a drink from the water-cooler. Mr. Cox wasn't anywhere around. Once Roy thought for a minute that he saw him coming, but it was a young fellow in overalls, instead, with one kid in his arms and three more of them hanging to his pants legs as if they were scared to death.

Roy yawned. He leaned back against the corner post, where he could look through the windows and see the patients lying in bed, and crossed his feet on top of the railing. In one room a poor son of a gun had his leg trussed up in a harness that hung from the ceiling. In another, a man was sitting up with a white mask over his face, with slits for his eyes and nose and mouth. Roy had seen them like that before. That bird was burned; that's what was the matter with him. A boiler had burst, maybe, or a well had caught fire, and he had got burned. Maybe he'd get over it and maybe he wouldn't.

Wait a minute! There was somebody else coming down the hall, and this time, by God, it was Mr. Cox. No mistake about that. He was talking to a doctor in a white coat, and he stood for a minute just inside the door, scratching the back of his head, with his mud-spattered hat dangling from his hand. Then, all at once, he slapped his hat on his head, and thrust out his long, crooked jaw, which always made Roy think of a fishtail bit, and threw the door open and bolted down the steps.

"Hey! Mr. Cox!" Roy dropped his feet to the floor and caught up with him on the sidewalk.

"Looking for me, are you?" Mr. Cox looked bad. His eyes were bloodshot, and his face was yellow and pasty under his sprouting beard.

"I sure am."

"Well, what do you want? What in hell do you want?" Already the rain was running off his hat and his rusty leather coat.

"I heard you was a man short on your well," said Roy.

"Yeah." Mr. Cox let his jaw drop while he scratched the corner of his mouth.

"How about taking me on, then?"

Mr. Cox didn't answer him right away. He waited until a truck with a storage tank chained to its back had sloshed up the street; then he walked all the way round his Ford and kicked the tires to see if they were holding up; then he swung his boots over the door, and slid into his seat and turned the switch.

"Crank her for me, son, will you?"

Roy stepped into the mud and braced himself against the radiator while he heaved the crank over. The motor sputtered and choked. Suddenly it began to roar.

Roy jumped back out of the way.

"Pile in if you want to," said Mr. Cox.

II

As the car jumped forward, Roy climbed in beside Mr. Cox and sat down gingerly on the springs which stuck up through the upholstery. Then he turned up the collar of his lumber-jacket and pulled his hat as far down as it would go on his head. They had a cold, wet ride ahead of them.

With the soft mud spattering in all directions, they ploughed up the street past the hotel, the supply houses and the stores.

"The roads ain't so good," said Roy.

"Pretty slick, all right," said Mr. Cox.

"Have any trouble bringing your man in from the lease?"

"Yeah, I had a little trouble."

"Didn't go in the ditch, did you?"

"No, I didn't go in the ditch."

"Hurt pretty bad, was he?"

"Yeah."

"Think he'll get over it?"

"Not hardly."

"That's tough luck."

"Yeah."

At a gray stucco filling-station with orange trimmings at the edge of town they filled up the leaky radiator and put four gallons of gas in the tank under the seat.

"That ought to take us out and back," said Mr. Cox, grinning a little and showing his teeth.

"Sure," said Roy.

He could see that Mr. Cox was broke . . . flat broke. That was why he got only four gallons of gas instead of filling his tank. As it was, he lacked two bits of having enough to pay for it.

"I tell you what I'll do, son," he said to the boy, "I'll come by tomorrow and give it to you, see?"

They went on down the road, with the rain blowing in their eyes and the mud splashing on the windshield. At the refinery they had to wait while a string of round-bellied tank cars was shunted back and forth on the railroad tracks. Then they plunged down a slippery hill and slewed around the corner at the bottom.

"Damn that mud!" said Mr. Cox, through his teeth.

The boss was about done in. Roy could see that all right. Whenever he touched Mr. Cox's knee, he could feel it shaking. And the old boy blew up over nothing at all. Every time they slewed on a curve, he seemed to think he was going in the ditch, and began making faces and jerking the wheel around. Once, when they were driving past an old slushpit where somebody had drilled a dry hole, a ball of tumbleweed blew down the road and stuck in the rut ahead of them, and Mr. Cox dodged it as if it had been a boulder, and came near throwing Roy over the car door.

"Say!" said Roy.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing ain't the matter of *me*."

A few minutes later the car slewed again and righted herself just in time.

"I bet you been sitting up nights with your well," said Roy.

"I'll say I been sitting up nights with my well."

"Haven't had any sleep, eh?"

"Not much."

Birds like Mr. Cox, who drilled on a shoestring, never had time to sleep. They were all the time trying to make deals. They had to, as far as that went. They had to trade interests in their wells for everything they needed . . . for hauling and fuel oil and board for their crews. And Roy had an idea trading wasn't so easy when nobody wanted their interests under any circumstances.

No sir! Roy didn't know where Mr. Cox had got hold of the casing he had set in his well, but it was a safe bet that he had done a good deal of sweating and swearing before he found anybody who would trade with him. And then, Lord! the mud! He must have had a sweet time hauling that casing to the lease. Load a truck and a trailer down and see how fast you can go through the mud!

Oil men were all the same. If they weren't making deals, or traveling back and forth to town, they were standing around on the derrick floor, smoking cigarettes and getting in the way of the crews. Maybe, when nothing much was happening, they'd double up on the seats of their cars and go off to sleep for a while, but they'd be back before long. Roy had noticed that a man couldn't sleep very long at a time when he needed a well as bad as Mr. Cox needed this baby. He had too much on his mind. He'd be afraid all the time that his casing wouldn't be tight, or that he'd drop a string of it in the hole, or that they'd get nothing but salt water for all their trouble when they bailed.

No sir, Mr. Cox hadn't eaten a square meal, probably, or slept in a bed, or taken his boots off since he ran on to that sand four days ago, and what's more, he wasn't likely to eat or sleep or take his boots off until he found out just what was at the bottom of his well. And maybe not then.

Roy yawned and leaned forward to let the rain that had collected in the brim of his hat run off on to the floor between his feet. A little stream of water found its way inside his collar and ran down his chest under his shirt. Another twenty minutes and he'd be soaked to the skin, back and front, unless the wind turned cold enough to change the rain to sleet. Not that sleet would help matters much. . . .

The radiator boiled and spit steam back on the windshield as they pushed along in low gear past the fences and the clumps of rotten cactus and the bare mesquite trees. Roy was sick of looking at mesquite. It was all the same size and shape, and it was all twisted the same way. Now and then he saw a steer that had drifted down to the fence and was standing there with its nose between the wires and its tail to the wind, or a farm house set up on blocks, with a muddy water-tank in the yard and the dead cotton stalks standing in the field, or a weatherbeaten derrick on a hill. Once they saw a yellow Buick lying wheels up in the ditch.

"Trouble for somebody," said Roy.

"Yeah."

Mr. Cox had gone only about half a mile farther when he got into trouble himself. He met a fuel-oil truck crawling toward him in the ruts. The driver stopped in the middle of the road and waited for Mr. Cox to turn out.

"Damn that bird!" said Mr. Cox.

He swung the wheel to the right, but the old car was as contrary as a mule. She wouldn't leave the ruts. Then, suddenly, she skidded and slewed and started to slide sideways.

"Hold her!" yelled Roy.

Mr. Cox stuck out his jaw, and jammed his foot down on the brake, and swung the wheels the other way, and she slewed, again, halfway around this time, and stopped short, crossways of the road. The engine choked and sputtered and died.

Roy jumped down in the mud and cranked her. Then he tugged at the spokes of the front wheels . . . kicked the tires . . . heaved on the fenders. Then he waded around to the back and pushed while the wheels spun around and churned the road in his face.

"God!"

Mr. Cox rocked her back and forth, and suddenly she started forward. Roy ran after her with the mud tugging at his feet.

"Hold her . . . she's sliding!"

The old fool! Why didn't he head her back into the ruts? Why didn't he stop?

Roy scrambled for a footing on the bank. He tried to hold her up with his weight, but he couldn't do it. No sir, he couldn't do it. She was too heavy for him and the bank was too slippery. She hung for a minute on the edge, and then she began to topple. He'd better get out of the way, and he'd better do it in a hurry.

He jumped back into the ditch and pulled himself up the bank on the far side.

Mr. Cox was trying to get out from under the steering wheel. He couldn't make it. He didn't have time. There she came over! There went Mr. Cox, clear of the car, sprawling in the mud! There she lay, in the ditch, with her four muddy wheels in the air!

"How's that for luck!" said Roy.

III

It was snowing.

About dark, when a farmer with a team of mules was dragging them out of the ditch, the rain turned to sleet, and half an hour later, when they stopped to change a flat tire, the sleet turned to snow. The wind was still blowing a gale. One minute you'd see the road, and the next you wouldn't see anything except a flurry of snow which stung you in the eye and took your breath away.

Mr. Cox was having a sweet time keeping to the road. The wind was all the time beating him over to the left, and besides, he couldn't see where he was going because he had only one headlight. The other had been smashed when they turned over in the ditch. A little thing like that didn't make any difference to Mr. Cox, though. You'd think, to watch him, that all he cared about was getting out to his lease, and if he broke his neck getting there, why, that was all right with him.

Roy, however, had had enough of it right now. He didn't know why he had ever started out with Mr. Cox. He must have been crazy. A guy was crazy to start anywhere on a night like this, and he was worse than crazy to start anywhere with Mr. Cox.

Roy had been a damn sight better off before he had a job. At least he hadn't been sitting out in a blizzard in a car without any top, with a wet shirt freezing to his back and a pair of mud-soaked shoes freezing to his feet. He'd say he hadn't! And the prospects of a night's work ahead of him in the cold!

"How're you coming?" asked Mr. Cox.

"Not so good," said Roy.

"It won't be long now," said Mr. Cox. "That's Rouse City ahead . . . that light."

The fine snow blew down inside Roy's collar and melted on his neck as he leaned over the door. So this was Rouse City, was it? The last time he had been out here there wasn't anything at the crossroads but a soft-drink stand where they sold corn liquor on the Q.T. Now there were filling-stations and houses and restaurants and machine shops and lumber yards, all because old man Rouse had brought in a new pool down the road a ways.

At the crossroads, where a couple of trucks were parked with their trailers folded up on their backs, Mr. Cox turned to the right, and this time he got around the curve without any trouble.

"Road's beginning to freeze, eh?" said Roy.

"Yeah."

"It's sure getting cold."

"Well, what of it? What do you want me to do about it?"

"Nothing."

Mr. Cox slowed down, suddenly, and began poking his head around as if he were trying to get his bearings in the snow. Then he swung the wheel sharply to the left, and thumped over some loose planks which made a bridge over the ditch, and stopped short, with the nose of the car against a barbed-wire gate.

"Get out, son, and open the gate," he said to Roy.

Roy swore as he stepped down on the planks and edged along the car to the fence. The wind flapped his stiff pants against his legs and swirled the snow in his face like sand in a sandstorm. He couldn't get his breath, and he couldn't see what he was doing, even when he had scratched the mud from the headlight. And the wire tore his hands as he fumbled for the gate post. Lord! There, he scratched himself again on the back of the hand. He wiped the blood on the seat of his pants. Then he jerked the gate post out of the loop, floundered around for a minute in the half-frozen mud, ducked under the limb of a mesquite tree which he hadn't seen before, and stood shivering in the rustling snow while Mr. Cox drove through the gateway.

Then he had to hook it up again, without so much as a headlight to help him this time, and he came near to slipping into the ditch. Everything felt like everything else to his numb fingers. He couldn't tell whether he had hold of the fence-post or the wire or his own arm. Finally he lit a match with his finger-nail, and grabbed the loop as the flame flickered out, and jammed the gate post into place.

"Come on," said Mr. Cox. "Hurry up and climb in."

"Lord!" said Roy. His pants had frozen stiff and they cracked like boards as he bent his knees. "Lord, I can't see in the dark, can I?"

Mr. Cox pulled down the gas throttle, and the car began to bounce and jolt in the deep, crooked ruts. Roy hung on to the door with both hands. They seemed to be in the middle of somebody's lease . . . old man Rouse's, likely, and there wasn't any road . . . nothing but these crazy zigzag tracks through the fields. They ran over cactus and yucca and pieces of iron and boards. Then they passed close to a powerhouse, with light showing around its door, and Roy thought he could make out a battery of storage tanks against the sky, and the walking beam of a pump jerking up and down.

"Whose well's that? Rouse's?"

"Yeah."

"Rouse is sitting pretty, eh?"

"Yeah."

Some birds got all the luck, and Rouse was one of them. It didn't make any difference where he happened to drill: he always got a well. He could put down a hole ten miles from the nearest production and get a thousand-barrel well. He could take a lease which was spotted all over with dry holes, and find a new sand nobody had ever heard of before.

Rouse drove a blue Pierce-Arrow, and lived in a two-story brick house with a red tile roof and scalloped shades at the windows, and you could see him any day, almost, lying back in a chair in the hotel barber-shop while the barber patted his face through a wet towel, and the manicure girl filed his nails, and the nigger rubbed polish into his cordovan field boots. Afterwards, he would elbow his way through the lobby in his cowboy hat and his leather coat and buy himself a big cigar and light it with the gold outfit he carried in his pocket.

He had every damn thing he wanted, Rouse did. He had a box at the ball park, and a string of polo ponies, and a cellar full of whiskey and gin, and a hunting lease near San Antonio, and he wore a diamond as big as a strawberry on his little finger. They said in the oil fields that Rouse could buy out the whole town and never know the difference.

"He's drilling an offset over there to the north," said Mr. Cox.

Roy squinted into the wind and made out the thin, whitish lines of a steel derrick in the distance. Everything was dark, though, and there wasn't any steam up.

"Shut down, ain't he?"

"Yeah; he's shut down; it got too cold for him."

It was too cold for anybody, as far as that went.

They jolted down a hill, splashed through a mudhole at the bottom, and chugged up the side of another hill, with one cylinder missing. Then they scraped through some mesquite, jounced, suddenly, over a water line running to some tank Roy couldn't locate in the dark, and started up still another little rise. From the top of it Roy saw a lighted derrick standing up to its knees in steam, and a pair of fuel-oil torches flaring under their black boilers.

"That your well?"

"Yeah; that's my well."

As they drove up, they could see the crew huddled around a stove of some sort on the derrick floor. The driller . . . he was a tall bird with a big nose . . . came out to meet them, and leaned on his elbows on the door by Mr. Cox.

"What say we call it a day?" he began.

"What do you mean, call it a day?"

"How about shutting down; it's too cold to go on working."

"You boys ain't fixing to walk out on me, are you?"

"Well," said the driller, "we wouldn't be sorry if you was to quit. I'll say that much. You can't go on drilling in a norther like this, Mr. Cox; you sure can't. The water tank will be froze over by morning."

Mr. Cox kicked the door open so suddenly that he came near to knocking the driller flat on his back.

"Listen here," he shouted, as he climbed stiffly down to the ground, "I wouldn't quit if Hell was to freeze over."

IV

Roy couldn't see that the crew had so much to complain about. They had nailed up a lot of boards to keep the wind out, and they had made a stove out of an empty gasoline drum, and connected it with the fuel-oil line, and they had a quart or so of corn whiskey which didn't taste half bad to a man who had been facing a roaring blizzard all the way from town in an open car.

It was plenty cold enough, though. The derrick floor was covered with ice, and the wind blew in through the cracks, and piled the snow in drifts in the corners. Roy thawed and steamed for a good while, and then he dried himself out, a little at a time, holding one foot and then the other up to the stove, and turning around and around in the heat. Now he was stamping his feet and flapping his arms and biting down on his teeth to keep them from shaking.

So far there hadn't been any particular excitement. They had let down the bailer and pulled it up again, and Mr. Cox had bawled everybody out because there wasn't enough of a showing to make a well, and then he had told them to drill on down a little farther into the sand.

"Dry?" said the driller.

"Hell, yes," said Mr. Cox. "Dry."

Dry drilling was a good deal easier than filling a sixteen-hundred-foot hole with mud and bailing it all out again a few hours later, but even so, the driller didn't much like the idea. He was a family man, with a reputation in the oil fields for never taking chances unless he had to, and he had seen a gusher come in, once, near Beaumont, when they were drilling dry like this, and burn ten men until nobody could tell which was which.

"Think you're going to get another gusher, eh?" said one of the men.

"No; I don't think I'm going to get another gusher."

"What's eating you then?"

"Nothing."

"He wants to go home and get his asbestos suit," said Roy.

The driller told him to shut his mouth. Then he walked over to the stove, where Mr. Cox, with the mud plastered all over him, was shivering and rubbing his fingers and said something about turning out the fire.

"You can leave that to me," said Mr. Cox, and he turned his back on the driller and looked away.

Mr. Cox didn't look so good. He looked as if about all he wanted to do was to lie down on the floor and sleep for a week. And he couldn't seem to get warm. All the time they had been lowering the tools in the hole, he had been standing by the stove, kneading his hands, and kicking his ankles, and spitting on the floor, and not paying as much attention as usual to what was going on. They had been feeling along in the sand for half an hour, now, and Mr. Cox had hardly moved.

"I wish to God it would quit snowing," be said suddenly to Roy.

"Why? A little snow don't hurt nothing."

"Yeah, but the roads!" said Mr. Cox. "You can't drive through no drifts, son."

"I ain't planning to drive through no drifts."

Mr. Cox spit on the floor. "Yeah," he said, "but suppose I want to get a storage tank out here in a hurry!"

"You ain't going to need no storage tanks," said Roy.

"I wouldn't be too sure, if I was you," said Mr. Cox, and then he marched over to the rotary table and told the driller to pull the tools.

"I got a hunch we gone far enough," he said.

"What you say goes," said the driller.

Mr. Cox couldn't wait. "Get up in the derrick, you," he said to Roy. "What's holding you?"

"I'm going," said Roy, "I'm going, ain't I?"

As he started up the ladder, he heard the driller hollering about the stove again.

"Didn't I say I'd look after the stove?" Mr. Cox was shouting. "Didn't I say I'd turn it off in plenty of time? Didn't I?"

"I guess you did, all right."

"Then, for God's sake shut up about it."

Roy fought his way up the ladder. Everything was coated with ice . . . the rungs of the ladder and the derrick timbers, and the planks of the platform on which he had to stand, with nothing but a strip of corrugated iron to protect him from the wind. It wouldn't take much to carry him off; that was a fact. The wind would swoop up from below, and then, before he had caught his breath, it would come back at him from the open side of the derrick. The strip of iron would bang, and the timbers would creak. And with all that snow in the air, he couldn't see half the time, what he was doing.

Sometimes, for a second or two, there wouldn't be any snow, and he would see the roughnecks heaving on the chain tongs, and the driller with his hand on the brake lever, and Mr. Cox leaning over the stove. The next second he wouldn't see them at all, but he would see the pink mud in the slushpit behind the derrick, and the two black boilers with the steam pouring out of their stacks. Then another gust would swirl the snow back in his face, and he would have to feel for the drill pipe as it rose from the hole, and fumble for the side gate which fastened the elevator, and trust to luck as he swung the stand of pipe in its place in the corner of the derrick. If he lost his balance . . . if he made a wrong step . . . well, he was gone, that's all.

It was bad business all right, and it was slow. One sixty-foot thribble, and then another sixty-foot thribble, and then another sixty-foot thribble . . . and sixteen hundred feet to go! Roy's fingers were so stiff he could hardly bend them, and his eyeballs felt as if they were freezing over. Well, he didn't have anybody but himself to thank. He'd walked into it himself. He ought to have known better. He ought to have known that if he took up with Mr. Cox he'd get into something like this . . . or worse.

The snow was blowing the other way, now, and he leaned over to see what was going on below. The driller had left his post by the rotary table and he was walking kind of stiff-legged over to the stove. Roy was too high up in the derrick to be sure just what was wrong, but he could see that Mr. Cox was leaning back in the corner of the derrick. The son of a gun looked as if he had gone off to sleep on his feet. Anyhow, the driller stooped over as if he were turning off the fuel oil, and then he began to shake Mr. Cox by the shoulders.

After that, Roy didn't pay much attention to Mr. Cox, or the stove either, for that matter. He was watching the next thribble come up from the hole. He saw the driller throw the brake, and he saw the roughnecks toss the slips which held the pipe from dropping back, and he saw them wrap the chain tongs around it and start to break the joint.

Half a second later, he saw something else. He saw a thin stream of oil spurt sideways from the joint. Boy! There had been oil standing in the hole! And it had worked its way up inside the hollow drill pipe! Mr. Cox was likely to make a well out of it yet!

Yeah . . . but the stove! the stove! Roy caught his breath. God! If the oil sprayed on that red-hot stove!

"Hey!"

There was a roar, and a sheet of flame and a cloud of black smoke and another sheet of flame, which flashed in his face and sizzled his eyelashes.

"Christ!"

Somebody screamed, and he saw the driller running through the fire with his arms out in front of him.

The slushpit! Where was the slushpit? He'd have to jump for it! He ducked under a cross brace, swung out from the derrick . . . peered through the smoke until he caught sight of the slushpit far below . . . and jumped.

His neck snapped as he struck bottom. Then he fell on his face, and fought for his breath as the mud filled his eyes and nose and throat.

V

Roy felt somebody pull him out and drag him along the ground. He lay there awhile, sneezing and choking and spitting mud, as sick as a dog.

Somebody trampled on his hand.

"Where's Cox?"

There was so much mud in his ears that everything sounded a long way off.

"He's over here. Roll him over again."

"Get a doctor. Get an ambulance!"

"An ambulance! You're crazy! How can I get an ambulance!"

"Where's the Ford? Somebody start the Ford."

"You damn fool! Can't you see the Ford's on fire?"

"Don't touch him any more."

"Leave him alone."

"Look at his face!"

"Yeah; I see it."

Roy wiped the mud out of his eyes. He could begin to see a little. He got up on his knees and blinked at the blazing derrick. Something was moving in front of him, and he saw that it was a man dripping with mud and holding one hand over his cheek. There was another man sitting in the grass. He didn't have any hair or eyelashes or eyebrows or any skin on his face, and he was staring at his hands as if he didn't know what it all meant.

Roy knew what it meant! It meant that he didn't have a chance in the world.

The man looked up suddenly, and grinned, and showed his teeth.

"Son," he said, "I'm going to make a well out of it. . . ." And Jesus Christ! It was Mr. Cox!

Roy crawled over to him on his stomach. Yeah, it was Mr. Cox, all right; it was Mr. Cox, burned so bad he couldn't feel anything. When you were burned like that you were done for. You wouldn't know it, but you were done for just the same.

Roy's throat was full of mud again, and he leaned over and spit in a bunch of yucca. Then he began to bawl. He bawled like a baby, and he couldn't stop.

"It's your luck," he heard himself scream at Mr. Cox. "It's your goddamn luck!"

MUSIC

THE MARVELOUS COSIMA

By Ernest Newman

To understand what the union with Cosima Liszt meant to Wagner we must examine the previous history and the character of each of them.

There were times in Wagner's life when the artist in him receded into the background, and the man seemed to be heading for destruction. So highly charged a personality could hardly be expected to run his life intelligently along normal lines; and it need not surprise us to see him now and then completely losing his bearings. It was so during the Jessie Laussot affair; it was so again during the Vienna years (1861-1864) that ended with his rescue by King Ludwig. In the Vienna period in particular he seemed to all his friends to be making for total shipwreck: disappointment at not being able to produce "Tristan," rage over the baseness and stupidity of ordinary humanity, and his uncontrollable passion for luxury all combined to drive him into a reckless course of living that could have only one end. What would have become of him had not King Ludwig stepped in at the critical moment it is impossible to conjecture.

The Munich days, at first so full of promise, brought him before long to something probably not far from madness. His disappointment was all the greater because of the hopes with which the generous idealism of the young King had originally filled him. Caught up against his will in the stream of Bavarian politics and intrigue, he saw all his plans being frustrated by what could only appear to him as the incurable blindness and Philistinism of the type of men through whom alone, unfortunately, the artist can realise himself in a court opera-house. The years 1865 and 1866 were the darkest in his life.

Through all the unyielding strength that was the basis of his artistic character there ran a curious human weakness: he could not exist without a love and devotion from others amounting to complete self-sacrifice on their part. Many of his friends had shown him a fidelity and a generosity at which the world now wonders; but this was not enough. Nothing but utter self-sacrifice would satisfy him; he knew what treasures for humanity were locked up within him, and, forgetting that this is after all a real, not an ideal world, he expected of his friends more than even the truest friendship could be expected to supply. The saying of one of them in the later Vienna days, that Wagner "could not be helped," rankled in him for years afterward, and is answerable for much of the bitterness of his autobiography.

Cosima alone not only saw that he could be helped, but was willing to help him at any cost to herself or even to others. There is something almost mystical in the rounding off of their common story. On the occasion when, as a girl of not quite sixteen, she first met him, he read to the company his drama "Siegfrieds Tod"—the original form of the work that, after many years' interruption, he was to bring to its triumphant conclusion under her care. As Cosima von Bülow she was at Zürich during the Mathilde Wesendonck catastrophe of 1858, and it is tolerably clear that as early as that the pair felt subtly drawn toward each other; Cosima had even then not only a profound pity for the unhappy man but a kind of sixth sense of the fundamental cause of all his unhappiness and of his inability to make a success of his life, and an instinct that she could "save" him. It was not till years after their union that Liszt, after a good deal of misunderstanding and estrangement, recognised the vein of fatality that had run through the long story. "C'était une mission," he said when some one spoke to him of his daughter's taking charge of Wagner as she had done. Cosima herself had been in some mysterious way conscious of her "mission" from the earliest days.

By nature and by training she seemed pre-destined to regard life in general and her own life in particular as a mission. She had in her all Liszt's lofty idealism, together with a strength of character, probably derived from her mother and her maternal grandmother, that is not always discernible in Liszt, who allowed himself to be dragged this way and that by people who were both intellectually and morally his inferiors. Cosima was brought up as a child in a hard school, by elderly women who took the severest Nineteenth Century views of duty. Her marriage with Bülow, who, for all his excellent qualities, had some in addition that made him anything but an easy person to live with, still less one in whom so strong and resolute a character as Cosima's could sink itself, gave her an early sense of life as a struggle of idealism against harsh and ugly reality. By Bülow's own testimony, in the letter he wrote her before the final parting, she had acquitted herself nobly of her "mission" with regard to him as an artist. Her final resolve to throw in her lot with Wagner was due in part to the attraction of a greater personality than Bülow's, partly to her instinct—now seen to have been extraordinarily sound—that Wagner, after the Vienna and Munich experiences, more than ever needed someone to save him from the brutal world and from the weaker part of himself, and that she alone could play the part of savior.

Cosima was conscious of the injury she had done Bülow, and her heart ached over him to the end. But she was convinced also that in devoting herself to Wagner she was fulfilling the mission for which she had been sent on earth. Bülow also had no doubt that in the interests of something greater than the mere domestic life of all concerned it was his duty to stand aside and let Cosima devote herself to nursing the bruised spirit of Wagner back to artistic creation. Bülow himself told Klindworth, in 1869, that "if Wagner ever wrote another note it would be due to Cosima"; and even without the direct evidence of the as yet unpublished Wagner-Cosima correspondence it is clear that she had risked all and fled to him because he had assured her that without her he was finished. His great regret, as he told her again and again, was that he had not found her earlier. Without in the least disparaging poor Minna, who also had sacrificed herself to him in the only ways she understood, the world can now share that regret.

For all his self-pity and his unshakeable belief that his life was one long resignation, Richard Wagner was among the luckiest of men: he asked more both of his circle and of the world than any other artist has ever done, and in the end got everything he wanted, even to that theatre of his own that must have appeared at first to his contemporaries as the mere dream of a hopelessly unpractical idealist. But his supreme stroke of luck was Cosima. All his life he had looked to women, rather than to men, for "salvation"; in Cosima he found a woman who not only shared to the full his own theory that women are sent on earth to devote themselves to great men, but was no less convinced than himself that the worthiest object on earth for a woman's devotion was Richard Wagner.

The world has long been familiar with the story of Wagner's "egoism." But we need to recognise now that, all in all, this egoism was more pitiful than censurable. He simply could not live without the devotion of others; it was as necessary to him as sunlight to a flower. The slightest failure on the part of a friend to live up to the doctrine that when Richard Wagner wanted anything Richard Wagner must have it, was enough to poison the unhappy little man's life for weeks.

He could not merely not forgive, for instance, he could not even understand, how Cornelius and Tausig, instead of coming to him when he had expressed a desire for their company, could prefer to take a little holiday in Switzerland—an excursion "no doubt of a more important and more agreeable nature," he says with bitter irony. "Without the slightest expression of regret at not being able to meet me this Summer," he tells us in "Mein Leben," "I was simply told that they had just gaily 'smoked a splendid cigar to my health.' When I met them again in Vienna, I could not refrain from pointing out to them the offensiveness of their conduct; but they did not seem to understand that I could have had any objection to their preferring the beautiful tour in French Switzerland to visiting me at Biebrich. They obviously thought me a tyrant." That he obviously was a tyrant never seems to have occurred to him.

In Cosima he had the good fortune to meet a being whose view of Richard Wagner, and of humanity's duty to Richard Wagner, was in every respect Richard Wagner's own. She was possessed with the same inflexible idealism where matters of art, culture, duty, and so on were concerned, and, like him, she saw all these things centring in Richard Wagner. Her intellectual interests and tastes were the same as his. It was not that she deliberately took her cue from him; the extraordinary thing was that, thinking for herself, she invariably saw life and art from the same angle as he. For the first time in his life he found himself in daily communion with a woman, and a beloved woman at that, who was perfectly tuned-in to himself. They read together and thought together. To the irreverent there is a slightly comic side to it all; but Nature had mercifully deprived Cosima of a sense of the comic where Wagner was concerned. The pair lived in a constant state of intellectual high pressure: Wagner, like some mighty tree that knows instinctively what will nourish it and what is useless for its growth, had no eyes or ears for anything in the world that could not minister to his own inner development; it comes as something of a shock to the reader to find that for a time he took a certain interest in anything so low-brow as a murder story! He needed solitude for the terrific concentration involved in the creation of the great works of his last period, but the solitude had to be a solitude *à deux*; and by a miracle he found in Cosima all he desired—unquestioning love and obedience and perfect understanding. How necessary it was for him that he should be the sole sun in his own planetary system is shown by his strange jealousy even of Liszt; he could not bear that Cosima should give a particle of her love even to her own father.

She had intellect enough to enter into all his ideas, but not intellect enough, or at any rate not the kind of intellect, to see round them or beyond them and criticise or question them—a course of action that would assuredly have hurt him and hindered him in his work. She shared his contemptuous opinion of "Professors"—the people who, with a specialized training of their own, failed to theorise upon art and culture and politics along Wagnerian lines. She could live, like him, for ever upon the highest slopes of the mind: she was as incapable as he was of stooping to such minor or lighter products of civilisation as "Carmen" or the operettas of Offenbach. His world was in every respect her world. Further—and in no respect is she more wonderful than in this—not all his patent defects of character could soil the vision she had of him. She knew, at any rate in outline if not in every detail, the often murky story of his dealings with other women. She saw him, by the malicious publication of the "Putzmacherin" letters in 1877, held up to the gleeful ridicule of the world. She suffered agonies from his uncontrollable temper and from what he himself has admitted to be the wounding scurrility of his language in moments of anger. She knew him to be ungrateful and unfair to friends who had done their best for him according to their light. But nothing either in him or reflecting upon him from the world without could shake her belief in him as not only a great artist, whom at all costs it was necessary for her to cherish for the world's good, but a great man; and if posterity cannot quite share her whole-hearted admiration of him as a man, it must give us food for thought when we find that for her, from whom none of his weaknesses were hidden, and who, living with him day by day, suffered more under them than friends at a distance could ever do, he was fundamentally great and good.

It may be that she saw him thus only because of her own fundamental greatness and goodness; but whatever the explanation, the fact remains that she could say of this, to the world at large often repellent character, "Whoever is used to his company, whoever has had his mind penetrated by his, is indifferent to everything else; the cleverest people seem to me in comparison as flat as a field, since I have given myself up to his pure and glacier-high being." The important point for us is not whether she was justified throughout in her view of him, but that she held that view; for had she not done so it is a reasonable certainty that the world would have lost part at least of the greater Wagner of the later years. Whatever the final verdict of the world may be upon the total activities of Cosima, this credit at any rate can never be taken from her. And no one knew better than Wagner himself what he and the rest of us owe to her. To no one but Cosima would the proud egoist have said, as he did in 1877, "You and I will live together in the memory of men."

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

SYMPHONY No. 3, "EROICA."
The Berlin State Orchestra
By Ludwig van Beethoven. *Columbia*
$12. Album of 6 12-in. records *New York*

There has been much ado about the relation of Napoleon to the genesis of Beethoven's third symphony. The familiar story runs that from 1803 to 1804, during the period of its composition, it was actually designated upon the first manuscripts as "Grand Symphony—Napoleon Bonaparte." Then, in May of 1804, came the news that Napoleon had proclaimed himself Emperor. Beethoven, something of an emperor himself, in a grandly symbolic moment ripped off the title page of his new work and prophesied the degeneration of the Corsican into a tyrant. The title was changed, perhaps with a glance back at the promise of the earlier Napoleon, to "Sinfonia

Eroica—To the Memory of a Great Man" . . . Should it have so long remained a secret that the Great Man, the Napoleon, of the symphony is Beethoven himself? It is his heart that beats throughout this masterpiece; all the rest is superficial programme . . . The Berlin band is conducted by Dr. Max Schillings. He displays a fine sense of dynamics, but somehow misses the grandeur of the work. The lower parts occasionally acquire too much prominence because of the excessive resonance that is characteristic of electrical reproduction. Perhaps there will have to be, in recording, a change in the old-fashioned grouping of instruments. Phonograph discs, in general, seem unable to hold the immense volume of sound that is released by a modern symphony orchestra. Not infrequently, too, there is an unpleasant echo. Recordings for cinematic purposes avoid these ills by being scored chiefly for the middle register.

"IBERIA" & "L'ISLE JOYEUSE."
A Symphony Orchestra
By C. A. Debussy. *Victor*
$6. Album of 3 12-in. records *New York*

These are pieces, predominantly, of refined atmospheric suggestion. "Iberia" comprises "In the Streets and Byways," "The Odors of the Night" and "The Morning Of a Fête Day." "L'Isle Joyeuse" is orchestrated by Molinari. The orchestra is led by Piero Coppola. Debussy, in the suite, is the master of musical nuance; one's response, under his spell, easily scales down to his self-imposed limitations of sonority, until an occasional tonal emphasis produces the effect of a triple forte. This is all, of course, caviare to the general, but for those who are properly attuned to Debussy's subdued lyricism it offers a rare pleasure.

"TILL EULENSPIEGEL'S MERRY PRANKS." *The Berlin State Orchestra*
By Richard Strauss *Brunswick*
$3 2 12-inch records *New York*
"DON JUAN." *The Berlin State Orchestra*
Ibid. *Brunswick*
$3 2 12-inch records *New York*
TRIO & DUET from "DER ROSENKAVELIER." *Soprani with Orchestra*
$1.50 12-inch record *New York*

The Brunswick Company offers in these five exemplary records a miniature Strauss festival. The tone poems are conducted by the composer himself. The selections from "The Rose Cavalier" are sung by Elisabeth Ohms, Adele Kern and Elfriede Marherr, with the reliable Julius Prüwer directing the orchestra. The singing could hardly be bettered, whether as pure vocalism or as interpretation. The playing of the tone poems is at moments superb, and the registration of the lower parts is refreshingly free of that *borborygmus phonographicus* which afflicts even the best of orchestral reproductions. Fine sonorities and clear instrumentation distinguish all these records.

SCORES

"FIVE NIGHTS & DAYS."
Baritone & Orchestra
By Valentina Ramm. *Text by Vera Imber*
$2 10½ x 14; 19 pp. *Moscow*
"FUNERAL MARCH."
Tenor, Baritone, Chorus & Piano
By A. Kasianov. *Text by Roukavihnikov*
$1.80 10½ x 14; 17 pp. *Moscow*
"FUNERAL ODE" (To the Memory of Lenin). *Mixed Chorus & Orchestra*
By Alexander Krein.
$2 10½ x 14; 35 pp. *Moscow*

These scores are imported by the American Society of Cultural Relations with Russia. The typography, though not as clear as it might be, is far better than one would have looked for under the circumstances . . . The three pieces form but a part of the musical mourning that was occasioned by the death of Lenin. For the texts—they are printed in Russian—little is to be said. Patriotic verse the world over exhibits the same symptoms: conventional grief, conventional Tyrtaean exhortations. . . . Though dead, he lives, and the cause must go forward to new triumphs! Composers have rarely been famous for a sound choice of words. As for the music, much of it, were Lenin to experience a resurrection, would make him content to die a second time. The Soviet, as politics and economics, may be a modernist institution; its poets and musicians, however, buried Lenin to the most conventional of artistic devices

. . . Exception must be made of the score by Alexander Krein. His writing shows musicianship. The "Funeral Ode," if we are not mistaken, has been performed in this country by Stokowski and his undaunted Philadelphians.

SHEET MUSIC

SELECTIONS FROM "FLYING HIGH."

Voice & Piano
By De Sylva, Brown & Henderson.
30 cents 9⅛ x 12; 5 and 7 pp. *New York*

This Broadway triumvirate specializes in light musical plays, and has a record of uninterrupted hits. Henderson—his real name is Brost—is the composer, but in genuine musketeer fashion they are all for one and one for all; sometimes Brown and De Sylva suggest tunes, and Henderson helps fashion a lyric. The music from their latest hit, "Flying High," includes the following numbers: "Thank Your Father," "Good For You—Bad for Me," "Red Hot Chicago," "Wasn't It Beautiful While It Lasted?" and "Without Love." The lyrists don't go in for subtleties; at times they are guilty of naughty-naughtiness, which, in musical comedy, is probably only another name for honesty. Henderson's music is unfailingly interesting; he uses the less conventional chords with a sense of humor and usually manages to spice up his tunes with unexpected quirks. "Thank Your Father" is the most popular of the numbers, but "Without Love" is just as good and perhaps better.

"I'M ONLY HUMAN AFTER ALL."

Voice & Piano
By Vernon Duke. *Harms*
30 cents 9¼ x 12; 7 pp. *New York*

This is one of the outstanding pieces of the current "Garrick Gaities." The lyric, by Ira Gershwin and E. Y. Harburg, is clever; the music has an ingratiating suavity and is the work of a genuine composer. As Vernon Duke, he has been responsible for various English musical comedies, for theme songs, and for other talkie noises; as Vladimir Dukelsky—his real name—he has written ballets for Paris, symphonies for Koussevitzky in America, and other works in the higher forms.

BOOKS

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

The Grossman-Roth Company
By C. E. LeMassena.
$1 4¾ x 6¾; 176 pp. *New York*

This is a self-styled "modernized version of the Wagnerian Tetralogy." The music dramas are frankly novelized and jazzed up for the impatient reader of this hurried day. "Time for our morning dip," exclaims Woglinda to start the tale a-spinning, and from then on it proceeds in a patter of unrelenting dialogue. At the beginning of each drama the cast is listed below a short musical motif; Fafner talks of giving things the once-over; at other moments the language becomes stilted and self-conscious. Truth to tell, there are many dull moments in the Wagner of the Ring, and perhaps we should be more grateful than we are to those who would enliven the series. It is a choice between genius on a holiday and mediocrity ever on the go.

NEW MUSICAL RESOURCES.

By Henry Cowell. *A. A. Knopf*
$2.50 5¼ x 7¾; 144 pp. *New York*

It is scarcely a tribute to our musical world that this book has not aroused more interest. Not, of course, that Mr. Cowell unfailingly carries conviction, but he is a most persuasive advocate, armed with fundamental knowledge and an engagingly inquiring manner. He bases his investigation upon the phenomenon of the harmonic, or overtone, and leads up to his famous "tone clusters," in which our present addiction to a harmony-system based upon superimposed thirds gives way to one in which the second is the basic chord-interval. The evolution of harmonic appreciation, he maintains, follows the system of upper partials; we have passed through the stage of the octave, the fifth and fourth, the third (and, by inversion, the sixth); our trained ears should now feel consonance in seconds and sevenths. Evolution, and not any arbitrary domination of special intervals, determines what we feel to be harmonious. There are many tables and illustrations.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Penguin's Eggs

THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD, by Apsley Cherry-Garrard. $5. 8⅜ x 5¾; 585 pp. New York: *Lincoln MacVeagh.*

THE journey that Mr. Cherry-Garrard describes was made during the Antarctic Winter of 1912; it took but a month, covered but 100 miles, and was no more than a minor incident of Captain Robert F. Scott's successful (and fatal) dash to the South Pole. Nevertheless, it is probable that few travelers, ancient or modern, have ever met with greater difficulties or suffered greater agonies than Cherry-Garrard and his two companions, both of whom afterward perished with Scott.

The tale as he tells it—and he is a very candid and persuasive narrator—is really quite appalling. In a temperature that sometimes dropped to 75 degrees below zero, with dreadful hurricanes blowing, the three dragged their sleds across the glassy glaciers and tumultous shore-ice of the Antarctic coast. To one side of them was the frozen sea; to the other loomed the sinister cone of Mt. Erebus, 13,350 feet high. They had no dogs or other transport animals. They had no shelter save a small tent. For thirty days and nights they struggled and suffered, shivered and shook. They fell into crevasses, were blinded by the whirling snow, and got lost in the trackless wastes. Horrible frost-bites tortured them. They went without food for days and saw their small supply of oil reduced to a few pints. But still they battled on, and at the end of their Dantesque month they were once more back at Scott's base—three shaking, speechless and dreadful caricatures of men. And to what end? For what purpose did they risk their lives so heroically? They did it because they wanted to get some eggs of the Emperor penguin. They came back with three!

Mr. Cherry-Garrard, I suspect, is quite conscious of the futility of the adventure. More, there is reason to believe that he has his sly opinion about the whole enterprise of Polar exploration, though he himself is one of its shining ornaments and escaped sharing Scott's fate only by a hair. Certainly there is a plain touch of irony in his argument that such exploits as the one he describes so graphically are useful (and even necessary) to the progress of science. First he shows, on the authority of Professor Cossar Ewart of Edinburgh (whoever he may be: I can't find him in the reference-books) that the eggs of the Emperor penguin are enormously valuable—that they throw light upon the origin of all birds. And then he shows, on his own far safer testimony, that when he went to the Natural History Museum in South Kensington to get a receipt for those he had brought home at such cost he found that no one took any interest in them, and that he himself was regarded as a nuisance. Was the joke here on the English as scientists, or on Cherry-Garrard as hero? Perhaps it was on both.

These penguin eggs, however much the pundits at South Kensington may disdain them, were yet the most valuable scientific baggage brought home from the Antarctic by the Scott expedition. Scott himself, struggling back from the Pole and freezing to death within eleven miles of a secure and even comfortable camp, had nothing save thirty pounds of fossils, none of them very interesting. They were recovered when his body was found, and are probably at South Kensington today, keeping company with the eggs. The other members of the party took endless meteorological observations, but there is no evidence that they discovered anything save what was already palpable to their five senses, *e.g.*, that it was very cold in such latitudes, that the Winter storms were most unpleasant, and that the glaciers kept on moving. Not all their observations were sufficient to save Scott and his four companions from death. They went to the Pole fully expecting, on the assurance of the expedition's scientific staff, to find mild Summer weather, and were undone by a tremendous blizzard. Moreover, their medical experts helped them no more than their meteorologists. At least one of them seems to have died, not of the blizzard, but of scurvy. Mr. Cherry-Garrard says, indeed, that he now believes the expedition's ration was grossly inadequate. Yet it had been planned very carefully, and was based upon Scott's experience on the *Discovery* expedition, upon more than a year of preparatory work, and upon the unanimous counsel of his medical men.

The truth is that the scientific value of Polar exploration is greatly exaggerated. The thing that takes men on such hazardous trips is really not any thirst for knowledge, but simply a yearning for adventure. But just as an American business man, having amassed a fortune, always tries to make it appear that he never had any desire for money, but only wanted to set up an orphan asylum or get time to study golf, so a Polar explorer always talks grandly of sacrificing his fingers and toes to science. I daresay Admiral Byrd will be doing it before these lines get into print. It is an amiable pretension, but there is no need to take it seriously. Byrd actually took his armada South in order to be the first man to gape at the South Pole from an airship: the rest was no more than *lagniappe*. I am ready to venture that the whole scientific fruits of his enormously costly expedition were no greater than lowly zoölogists pluck every Summer at Wood's Hole. As for Lindbergh, another eminent servant of science, all he proved by his gaudy flight across the Atlantic was that God takes care of those who have been so fortunate as to come into the world foolish.

Mr. Cherry-Garrard's book is very well written, and makes capital reading. He is plainly far more intelligent than most explorers. He has a gorgeous story to tell, and he tells it without heroics and with enough quiet waggishness to make it very unusual.

The Scourge of Satan

D. L. MOODY, by William R. Moody. $3.50. 8½ x 5¾; 556 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

Dr. Moody published a life of his rev. father thirty years ago; the present volume seems to be a reworking of it, with the addition of some new material, chiefly derived from the recollections of old friends and associates. It is full of interesting details, but fails to give a coherent and plausible picture of the man. There is nothing in it to show how and why he was so much more successful at his chosen art than any of his rivals. By what process, precisely, did he save 1,000,000 souls from Hell (as he is commonly credited with doing by his admirers), whereas Henry Ward Beecher bagged less than 10,000 and even Sam Jones never claimed more than 50,000? Why did rich men melt at his approach, and pour money into his hat? What was there in him that caused even hostile newspapers to speak of him always as *Mr.* Moody, the while they belabored almost every other evangelist of his age with opprobrious nicknames? His son, I am sorry to have to report, answers none of these questions. He has written a book that shows diligence and filial piety, but in the last analysis it is hollow and vain.

So, alas, are all of the other books and tracts that have been written about Moody. Even Gamaliel Bradford's leaves him a shadowy figure, and ends with pious flummery. This is surely not as it should be, for Moody was one of the most forceful and interesting Americans of his time. He established soul-saving as a Big Business just as surely as John D. Rockefeller established oil-refining, or old Phil Armour the assassination of hogs, or Pillsbury the milling of flour. When he started out an evangelist had no more dignity and social position among us than a lightning-rod salesman or a faro-dealer; when he finished he was on terms of intimacy with such august characters as John Wanamaker, Morris K. Jesup and General O. O. Howard. Presidents came to hear him expound the Word, and he stopped traffic wherever he went. Nor was his fame confined to his native land, for he was also a great man in England and Scotland, and even in Ireland he had his fans. Certainly such a hero deserves a full-length study, searching and satisfying. I commend the job to Mr. E. F. Dakin, whose treatise upon Mrs. Eddy lately had its day. He has the industry for it, and he has the philosophical point of view.

My own view is that Moody beat all of his competitors by preaching humanely—that is, by putting the soft pedal on Hell. He began, like the rest of them, by trying to paralyze his customers with fright, but an English evangelist, the Rev. Harry Moorehouse of Birmingham, showed him that it was a bad scheme, for when they ceased to shiver they tended to slip back into sin. Moreover, being harrowed was unpleasant, and so the more timid, who were precisely the most likely Bible fodder, remained away. Thus Moody was moved to heave his original Calvinism overboard, and toward the end of his life he was mild and reassuring. "I used to preach," he once said, "that God was behind the sinner with a double-edged sword ready to hew him down. I have got done with that. I preach now that God is behind him with love." It was a pleasant novelty in those gory days of Christian endeavor, and made a palpable hit. Today there is a reversion to the old alarms and bellowings. But it is not without significance that the only really successful evangelist now in practice among us, the beauteous Aimée Semple McPherson of Los Angeles, takes the Moody line. She never threatens her trade with Hell, but promises a grandstand seat in her Hollywood Heaven to everyone willing to accept the Four-Square Gospel.

There is, of course, more to La McPherson's success than that simple promise: she also entertains her morons with excellent band music, stimulates their hormones with her pulchritude, and knows how to keep on the front pages, even at the cost of scandal. Moody had similar side-lines. He tried to look as little like the conventional ecclesiastic as possible. He wore a bristling beard, cultivated a paunch, and took the hearty, innocent manner of a high-geared drummer into the pulpit. He was, indeed, always far more the business man than the theologian, and I suspect that he often regretted his abandonment of the shoe profession for the sacerdotal shroud. If he had stuck to trade he would have died rich. Even as it was, his income was enormous, though he kept little of it for himself. His rivals used to whisper that he was a millionaire, but that was a libel, for he supported many good works out of his own pocket.

John Wanamaker liked him at sight, and gave him, first and last, a lot of money. So did many other pious captains of industry. He was at home in the Y. M. C. A., with its familiar mixture of prayer and double-entry bookkeeping, mission work and scientific salesmanship, and once served for a while as a Y. M. C. A. secretary. His successors imitate his bluff heartiness to this day, and have added to it a refined technique of back-slapping. Had there been any Rotary in his time he would have joined at once, and no doubt he would have anticipated the later discovery that Jesus was the first Rotarian, followed by Washington and Lincoln, and, in the South, by Robert E. Lee. He had a talent for platitude comparable to Arthur Brisbane's. He discharged the obvious with all the explosive effect of an auctioneer. Also, he knew how to weep, and how to make others weep. His pathetic stories—of drunkards' children, wives, sisters, aunts, grandmothers, etc., of atheist soldiers dying on the battlefield, of heroic missionaries garroted in slums—were famous in their day, and kept the country damp. And in hymns his taste was ever for the maudlin.

But he was a man of parts, and perhaps the greatest evangelist since John Wesley. Whitfield, Charles G. Finney, Alexander Campbell and other such performers were puny compared to him. They performed their great feats mainly upon yokels, whereas Moody tackled the big cities and brought down great bags of fat and juicy game. Nor are any of his successors in his class. The McPherson confines herself to half-wits, and Billy Sunday, after a few unfortunate ventures into the paved areas, has gone back to the bush. Moody was greater than any of these, and by far. He deserves to be put into a high-toned book.

Risum Teneatis?

OUR GOVERNMENT, by James M. Cain. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 241 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

Mr. Cain's pawky ironies are familiar to readers of The American Mercury; at least two-thirds of the present book, indeed, first appeared in print in its pages. He has an ear that detects every shade and gurgle of the American vulgate, and an eye that misses nothing in American character. Here, in the solemn guise of what the historians call a source-book, he presents a dozen pictures of democracy in actual operation—a special half-day in the life of the President, a debate in the Senate, the trial of a criminal, the meeting of a legislative committee, another of a board of county commissioners, yet another of a town board, a discussion between a county sheriff and his cabinet, and finally, a scene from the late war.

Patriotic criticism, I gather, has found the humor somewhat painful: the book is being treated to the same accusations of libel that were launched at "Elmer Gantry." But like "Elmer Gantry" it is quite true in all essentials, and if there is any departure from the record in detail it is in the direction of leniency. At one place, as if to forestall the charge, Mr. Cain turns from his imaginary scenes to the solid realities of the *Congressional Record*, and reprints a speech by the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama. It is twice as idiotic as anything that has gone before—but who will argue seriously that it is as idiotic as Dr. Heflin can do, and has done? Certainly no one familiar with what goes on in Senate and House, day after day, year in and year out. Nor is there anything worse in Cain's grotesque dialogues between county politicians than there is in the ensuing colloquy between Heflin and the Hon. Daniel F. Steck of Iowa.

The Governor in "Our Government" appears in his cups, and is represented as carrying on a maudlin, imbecile debate with a lawyer at a pardon hearing. The chapter, it seems to me, is excessively humane, for among American Governors the booze-fighters are plainly the best. I think over those of whom I have some personal knowledge, say twenty in all—Governors and recent Governors. One has served a term at Atlanta for fraud, two have been impeached, and another escaped prison only by pleading the Statute of Limitations. So far, four rogues out of a score, or 20%. The rest shade down through hirelings of the Anti-Saloon League, notorious vote-buyers, petty swindlers and professional war veterans to rowdy drunks, with maybe four decent fellows at the end—another 20%. And of the four, two are official drys who seldom miss a drink: one of them, indeed, is reputed to have the largest cellar in his State.

At one of the national conventions two years ago a salient figure was an ex-Governor who is a great hero to the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. During his term of office he signed a search-and-seizure bill which surpassed in ferocity anything ever heard of before. Thousands of persons were jailed under it, and there was a dreadful riot of oppression, espionage and blackmail. Well, this noble statesman was stewed during the whole term of the convention. Every night he went to a hotel suite where free drinks were on tap, and got a skinful. In order to get him out of the place the host had to slip a bottle of Scotch into his pocket and shove him down the hall. Clutching the bottle, he staggered off. The next morning he was busy among the Methodist parsons, whooping and blubbering for stricter Law Enforcement.

It is thus absurd to argue that Mr. Cain's Governor, a souse but an amiable one, is a libel on the clan. In truth, he flatters it, and in the same way most of Cain's other personages flatter the public officials they stand for. We are governed, both locally and at large, mainly by ignoramuses, and many of them are also crooked. Not 10% of them have any rational understanding of the business before them, or any capacity to master it. For a Congressman to be as intelligent as the late Stephen G. Porter of Pennsylvania is a sort of miracle; when he gets into the news by dying there is a gasp of astonishment that he ever existed at all. The rest are stupid, sordid, dull, puerile and ignoble fellows, comparable to police sergeants in intellect and to petty lawyers —which most of them are—in their standards of honor.

It is by such vermin that the greatest free Republic ever heard of is run. Mr. Cain has not gone beyond the plain facts. But he has embellished them with a humor that is singularly fresh, lively, searching and devastating.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

E. Boyd Barrett *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

Tomás Blanco *was born in Porto Rico a year before the Spanish-American War. Soon after the American invasion he was taken to Andalusia, where he stayed three years. The rest of his childhood he spent back in Porto Rico. He obtained his formal education in the public schools of the island; at the Army and Navy Preparatory School, Washington; and at Georgetown where he was made an M.D. in 1924.*

Nelson Antrim Crawford *is editor-in-chief of the* Household Magazine. *He is the author of several books.*

Abraham Epstein *is executive secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security. For seven years he was director of research for the Pennsylvania Commission on Old Age Pensions. He is the author of "Facing Old Age," "The Negro Migrant," and "The Problem of Old Age Pensions in Industry."*

Isaac Goldberg, Ph.D. (Harvard), *is the author of a dozen books. Part of his article in this issue will appear in "Tin Pan Alley," to be published next month.*

Stewart H. Holbrook *was born in Vermont, and has worked as a logger in every important logging camp in the United States and Canada. He is now living in Portland, Oregon, where he edits a loggers' and lumbermen's magazine.*

Raymond F. Howes *was born in Ithaca, N. Y. He was graduated from Cornell in 1924. For the next two years he was instructor in English and coach of debating at the University of Pittsburgh. He is now assistant professor of English and director of forensics at Washington University.*

Lawrance Maynard *was recently released on parole from the New Jersey State Prison at Trenton. While in prison he took to writing, and in June, 1929, his first article, "Murder in the Making," was published in* The American Mercury. *Later he wrote a novel, "The Pig is Fat."*

Carl L. W. Meyer *was born in Germany in 1880 and came to the United States in 1905. He took his A.B. at the University of Michigan and his A.M. at Columbia, specializing in international law and legal history. He is a member of the legislative reference staff of the Library of Congress.*

Ernest Newman *is the well-known music critic. Among his books are "The Unconscious Beethoven," "A Music Critic's Holiday," "A Musical Motley," and "Wagner as Man and Artist." His article in this issue will form part of his introduction to "Cosima Wagner," by Count du Moulin-Eckhart, to be published in October.*

Albert Parry *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

Oland D. Russell *is assistant telegraph editor of the New York* World. *He was formerly its Japan correspondent.*

Winifred Sanford *is a frequent contributor of fiction to the magazines. She lives in Texas.*

Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, Ph.D. (Radcliffe), *is referee of the Juvenile Court of Cuyahoga county, Ohio. She is the author of "Other People's Daughters."*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Beginning with this issue The American Mercury appears in a new dress of type. It is a Granjon 11-point, and it represents the latest advance that has been made in cutting type for magazine use. In 1924, when The American Mercury first appeared, the best face available was Garamond 10-point, and so it was adopted. Its success was immediate, and since then it has been used in a great many other magazines and in an immense variety of other printing. The new Granjon promises to make the same success. It is quite as graceful as the Garamond, and it has the advantage of being somewhat simpler, and hence clearer. Altogether, it will help to make The American Mercury more readable. In the body of the magazine the 11-point face is used, cast on a 12-point slug. Quotations are set in 10-point solid. In the advertising pages, where the smooth, hard paper permits the use of a smaller face, the 8-point is employed.

Dr. E. Boyd Barrett, who contributes "Lost Shepherds" to this issue, was for twenty years (1904-1924) a member of the Society of Jesus. He was born in 1883 in Dublin, Ireland, and after passing six years in a famous Jesuit College, Clongowes Wood, entered the order. His upbringing was intensely Catholic and he entered on his apostolic career with immense ardor.

In the course of his studies in the order he attained the highest academic distinctions at the National University (Ireland) and at Louvain University. At the latter he was made a Ph.D. in psychology. The great promise he gave as a student of psychology led his superiors to put him under Elliot Smith, Starling, Spearman and Bayliss at the University of London. He there conceived the idea of setting up a mode of treatment for nerve troubles, adaptable, as he thought, to Catholic principles, which he dreamed of using to help those of his own religion who were afflicted with neuroses.

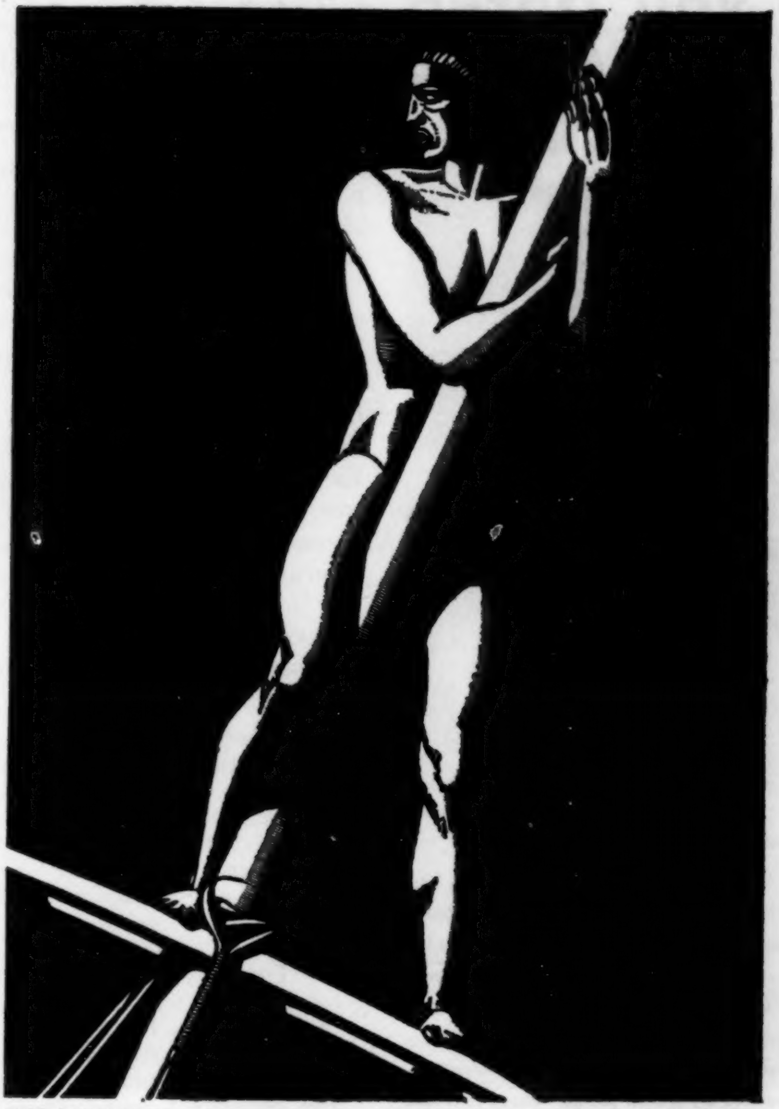
© Bachrach

Dr. E. Boyd Barrett

His writings and lectures on psychology were at first tolerated by his church, but soon opposing elements put obstacles in his way. He began to be regarded with suspicion by the orthodox. In 1924, when he was sent to Georgetown University as professor of psychology, he found that American Roman Catholics were no more disposed to accept his ideas than those of the old countries. He became an American citizen in February, 1930.

Since leaving the Jesuit order he has practised as a psychoanalyst in New York City. His book "The Jesuit Enigma" (1927) which studied the Jesuit spirit and mentality, was well received and ran into six editions. His next book, "While Peter Sleeps" which made a plea for radical reforms in the Catholic church, was no less successful. It went into four editions. One of its effects was to bring him into contact

Continued on page xx



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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

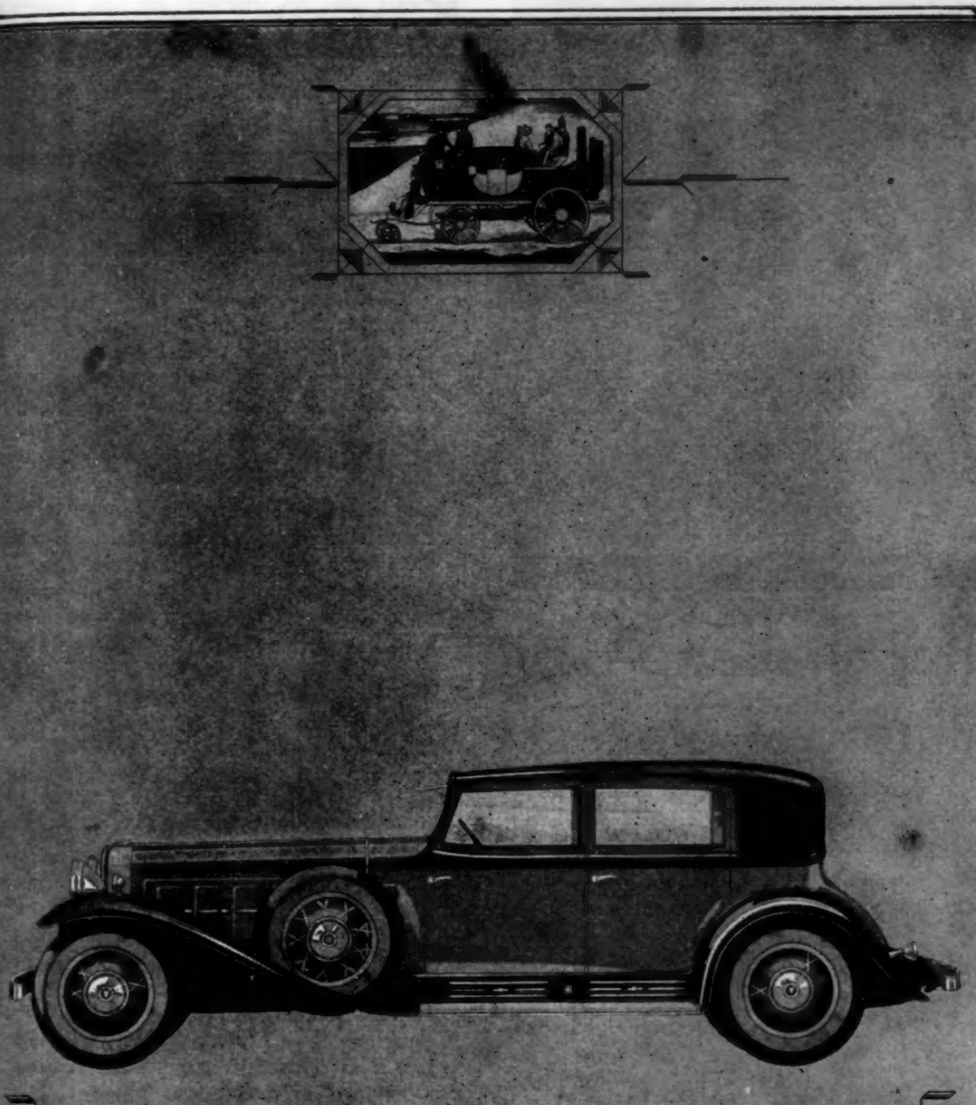
with a large number of ex-priests. Sympathy with their lot, which is in large part also his own, supplied the motive for writing about them.

Dr. Barrett's new book, "The Magnificent Illusion," will be published this month. It is at once a description and an analysis of the emotional crises through which he has passed. His first article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY was "The Catholic Church Faces America," January, 1929. He has also contributed to the *New Republic*, the *Forum*, the *Nation*, *Religion*, the *Churchman*, and the New York *Evening Post*.

ALBERT PARRY, author of "The Queen of Bohemia" in this issue, sends in the following autobiographical note:

> I was born at Rostov-on-Don, in the Land of the Cossacks, in 1901. I was educated in the local high-school, named after Peter the Great. In the early years of the Revolution I tramped through the Crimea and the Caucasus, working in vineyards on the way, and sending articles to newspapers in Rostov, Sebastopol, and Yalta. Returning to my home city I worked as a reporter and published special research articles on local history. In 1919 I entered Don University, but soon afterward I was drafted into the White Army. I deserted twice, and presently I found myself in the Red Army.
>
> On the dawn of my nineteenth birthday I was captured by the White Cossacks and led out to be shot, one of sixty prisoners. Seven broke away from the snowy trail to the cemetery and fled. The other fifty-three were executed. I was among the seven. Some months later, after a serious attack of typhus, I decided that I had had enough of Russian excitement. By way of Transcaucasia, Asia Minor, Constantinople, Greece, and

Continued on page xxii



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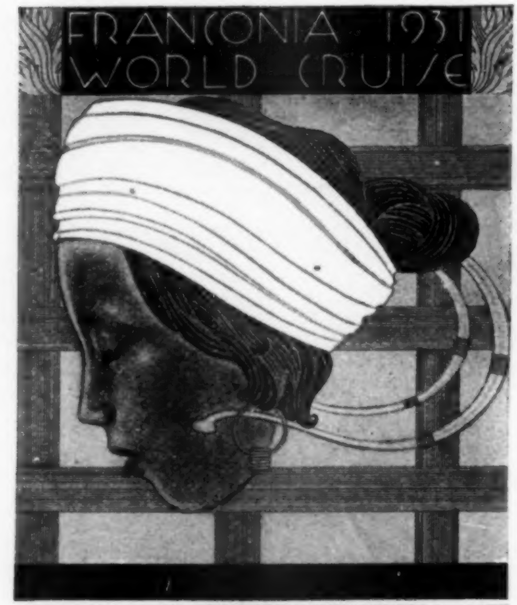

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xx

Italy, working as a sailor, kitchen-man, and interpreter (I knew some French and German), I finally reached New York. It was in 1921. I landed here with a bullet in my back (a souvenir from an unknown Turk), $3.25 in my pocket, and no knowledge of English whatever. I got a job on the Russian newspaper, the *Russky Golos* of New York, and took some courses at Columbia.

For over a year I lived and worked in Hollywood as a correspondent for some foreign publications. I am back in New York now, at my old job on the Russian newspaper, writing for American publications in my spare time. I have contributed articles (and one short story) at various times to the *Nation*, the *New Freeman*, *Asia*, *Plain Talk*, the *Theatre Guild Magazine*, the *Mentor*, *American Speech*, the *Journal of Negro History*, *Opportunity*, the *Literary Digest International Book Review* (now extinct), the *Forward* (the English section), the *Jewish Tribune*, the *American Hebrew*, the New York *Sunday Times*, the New York *Sunday Herald Tribune*, the New York *Sunday World*, the Haldeman-Julius publications, and *Variety*.

In January, 1929, I married Evangeline Powell, teacher and social worker, the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman. We live in Greenwich Village. I am writing a book on early American Bohemianism, for which I have succeeded in finding much interesting material.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for October will be the following:

"The Americans in the Argentine," *by Jorge J. Blanco.*

"The Holy Spirit at West Point," *by Lloyd Lewis.*

"Hearst: A Psychological Note," *by George P. West.*

"A Socialist Boyhood," *by Samuel Yellen.*

1880 GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR 1930

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page x

RELIGION

THE POWER & SECRET OF THE JESUITS.
By René Fülöp-Miller. *The Viking Press*
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 523 pp. *New York*

Herr Fülöp-Miller, in his preface, denounces the "esoteric language" and the "impartial dryness and objectivity" of what he calls "the professional historians," and gives notice that he will indulge in "subjective appraisement, enthusiastic affirmation and denial, awe-struck reverence, indulgent humor and malicious mockery as the subject at the moment demands." Following this programme, he presents what amounts to an elaborate defense of the Jesuits, both as theologians and as politicians. They have done more than any other agency, he believes, to preserve what remains of the Universal Church, and on the whole they have carried on their business intelligently and decently. Above all, they have rescued the thoroughly modern (though very old) doctrine of salvation by works from the corruptions of the contrary doctrine of salvation by grace alone. The book is full of curious and unfamiliar matter, especially the chapter on Jesuit casuistry. The purely theological and philosophical sections are the weakest. There are many excellent illustrations, and the writing shows much skill. The translation is by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait.

THE DECLINE OF THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH.
By Alexander Clarence Flick. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$12.50 *New York*
9⅜ x 6; 2 vols.; 398 + 542 pp.

Dr. Flick, who was formerly head of the department of history at Syracuse and is now State historian of New York, has devoted many years to a study of the forces which opened the way for the Reformation. Here he presents a detailed history of the Roman church from the end of the Thirteenth Century to the beginnings of the great Protestant schism. The abuses that led to discontent are described at length and there is a careful and almost exhaustive account of the various attempts at reform within the church, including those made at the great councils. Nor is the background neglected, for social and political conditions are dealt with, and there is an interesting chapter on the economic revolution which began in the Fourteenth Century. The work shows wide learning, and is very fairly written; it is a valuable contribution to the history of the Renaissance and pre-Renaissance periods. It is heavily documented and includes extensive bibliographies. At the end there is an index.

Continued on page xxvi

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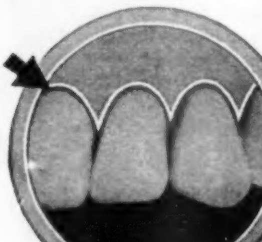

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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CRITICISM

D. H. LAWRENCE: *A First Study.*
By Stephen Potter. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$2.50 7⅞ x 5⅛; 159 pp. *New York*

In his introduction Mr. Potter expresses the hope that his book will be of help to some people. In Part I he devotes a paragraph or two to the discussion of such themes as "Lawrence's Reputation," "The Lawrence Hero," "'The Lawrence Man,'" "The Dark God," and "The Philosophy Summed Up." In Part II, entitled "Autobiography," he does the same to "The Failure of Love," "The First Step to Fulfilment," "The Impediment," and "The Climax." There follow two more parts: "A World" and "Some Conclusions." The book will be useful to lady thinkers and other persons who are worried about the decline of the art of conversation. Others will find little in it. There are three photographs of Mr. Lawrence. One of them, showing him at the age of twenty-one, resembles the pictures Mr. Calvin Coolidge used to take as Governor of the late State of Massachusetts. There is a brief bibliography.

THE DONNE TRADITION.
By George Williamson. The Harvard University Press
$3 8¼ x 5½; 264 pp. *Cambridge*

Ben Jonson said that "Donne himself, for not being understood, would perish." Dr. Williamson, who is professor of English at the University of Oregon, thinks that history has given the lie to this judgment. Donne, he thinks, has been a great force in English poetry, and has influenced the work of George Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, Herbert of Cherbury, Cleveland, and Cowley, to mention only his immediate successors, and of Browning, Meredith, and T. S. Eliot, to come down to more recent times. Donne, he says, deserves to stand nearer to Shakespeare than even Milton. "And the two subjects in which he went deepest are those which try the understanding most—love and religion. Love poetry could never be quite the same after him, and religious verse that is also poetry descends from him."

BIOGRAPHY

FRANCIS JOSEPH I.
By Karl Tschuppik. Harcourt, Brace & Company
$3.75 8½ x 5¾; 509 pp. *New York*

It is significant that, in this book of 500 odd pages, Herr Tschuppik devotes but thirty to the World War. The downfall of the Hapsburgs, he believes, went back to causes long antecedent to the war—in fact, to the closing years of the Eighteenth Cen-

Continued on page xxviii

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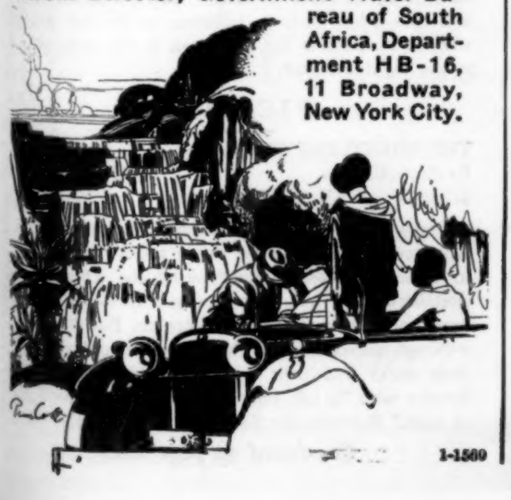

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tury. Francis Joseph, coming to the throne during the tumults of 1848, was marked for doom from the start. Probably even a strong ruler would have gone substantially the way that he did, but Francis Joseph was not strong: he was merely stubborn. He ruled, says Herr Tschuppik, "in opposition to the tendencies of the times. Against the external forces which threatened his Empire he pitted the tradition of his House. . . . The war hastened the course of history and precipitately brought to a conclusion an inevitable process." The book has a great deal in it that is not otherwise accessible in English.

HINDENBURG: *The Man & the Legend.*
By Margaret Goldsmith & Frederick Voight.
William Morrow & Company
$3.50 8⅛ x 5½; 293 pp. *New York*

THE BIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG.
By Rudolph Weterstetten & A. M. K. Watson.
The Macmillan Company
$2.50 8⅜ x 5⅜; 276 pp. *New York*

Neither of these books is quite satisfactory as a biography of the German *Reichspräsident.* That of Messrs. Weterstetten and Watson is excessively friendly, and often somewhat naïve in its judgments. That of Mr. and Mrs. Voight tends to accept the English view of the war, and thus tends to run down some of Hindenburg's most considerable achievements, notably the victory at Tannenberg. But both books cover the main facts of his life well enough, and both pay tribute to his high patriotism and strong common sense since the war. Hindenburg, say Messrs. Weterstetten and Watson, is "a dull type of man: sober, religious and unpassionate. . . . He has followed the plain path of his duty, and has wielded an immense influence over his countrymen at a time when such an influence as his was sorely wanted. . . . He is the right man in the right place at the right moment."

FICTION

THE WHISTLERS' ROOM.
By Paul Alverdes. *Covici, Friede*
$1.50 7⅜ x 4¾; 135 pp. *New York*

The whistlers' room is named after the four soldiers who have been shot in the throat and await recovery in a German hospital overlooking the Rhine. The stretcher-bearers who first bandaged them under fire pronounced their cases utterly hopeless. But they have survived, miraculously, with silver tubes sunk through their necks into their windpipes, causing them to breathe with "a soft piping note, like the squeaking of mice." Pointner, the Bavarian peasant, is the worst

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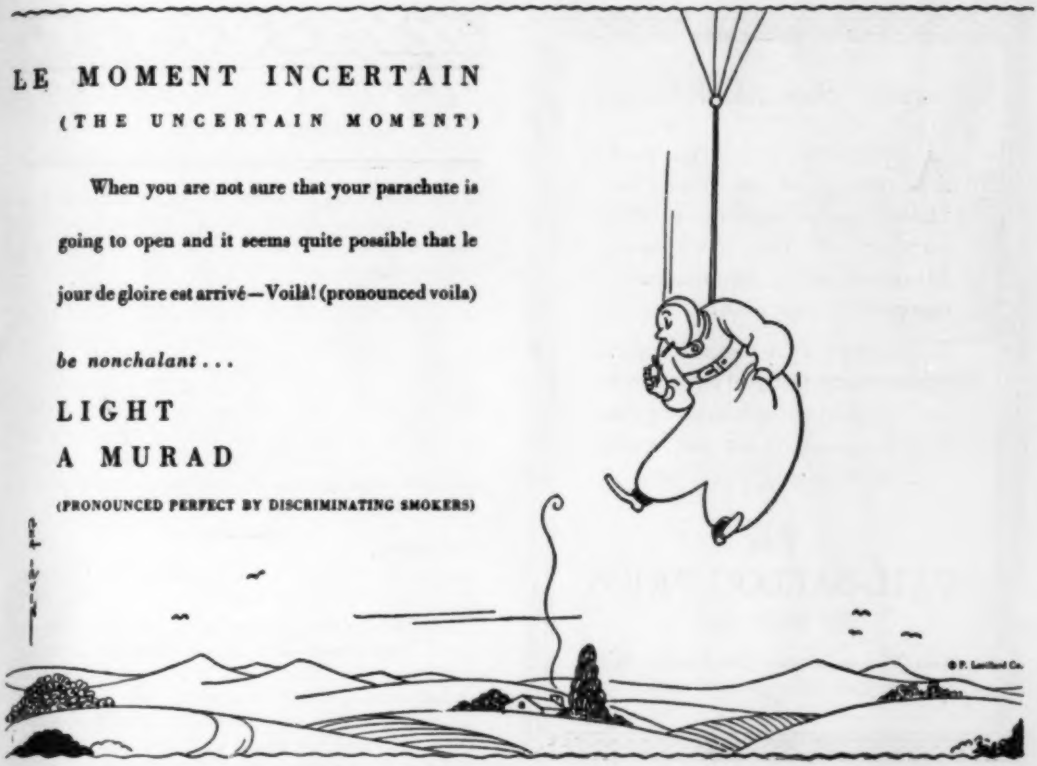

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of the four; a shell splinter has smashed his jaw, it has become infected, and it is only a question of time until he must die. Kollin, the second whistler, is a Prussian pioneer, with bright blue eyes and an air of fearlessness. The third whistler is called Benjamin. He is a boy of seventeen, who has confronted death so often he is beyond all terror. Harry Flint, the fourth whistler, is an Englishman and an enemy, but he is soon pressed into the peculiar comradeship that binds the others. When, in the end, Pointner and Kollin die, and Flint is ordered home over the exchange route of neutral Rotterdam, these two who have recovered suffer a worse death in separation. A compact and moving story.

OBLOMOV.
By Ivan Goncharov. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 7¾ x 5; 525 pp. *New York*

Ilya Ilyitch Oblomov spends his life in a dressing gown, lying down, not because lying down is "either a necessity as it is for a sick or a sleepy man, or an occasional need as it is for a person who is tired, or a pleasure as it is for a sluggard: it is his normal state." Oblomov, in brief, is incapable of the most negligible decision. If he receives an unpleasant letter from his estate advising him there are to be less funds than usual, or if he falls in love, or is pressed by his landlord to move from his present mussy rooms, it is one and the same: he lapses into an inertia from which only death can drag him. Finally, he does move; he threatens to return to his estate and rebuild his house; he even imagines himself in love with Olga Sergeyeuna. "But when for a moment Olga appears before his imagination, there rises at the same time that other image, that ideal of incarnate peace, life, happiness." He ends by marrying his landlady, and sinking into oblivion. A distinguished novel in an excellent translation by Natalie A. Duddington.

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